THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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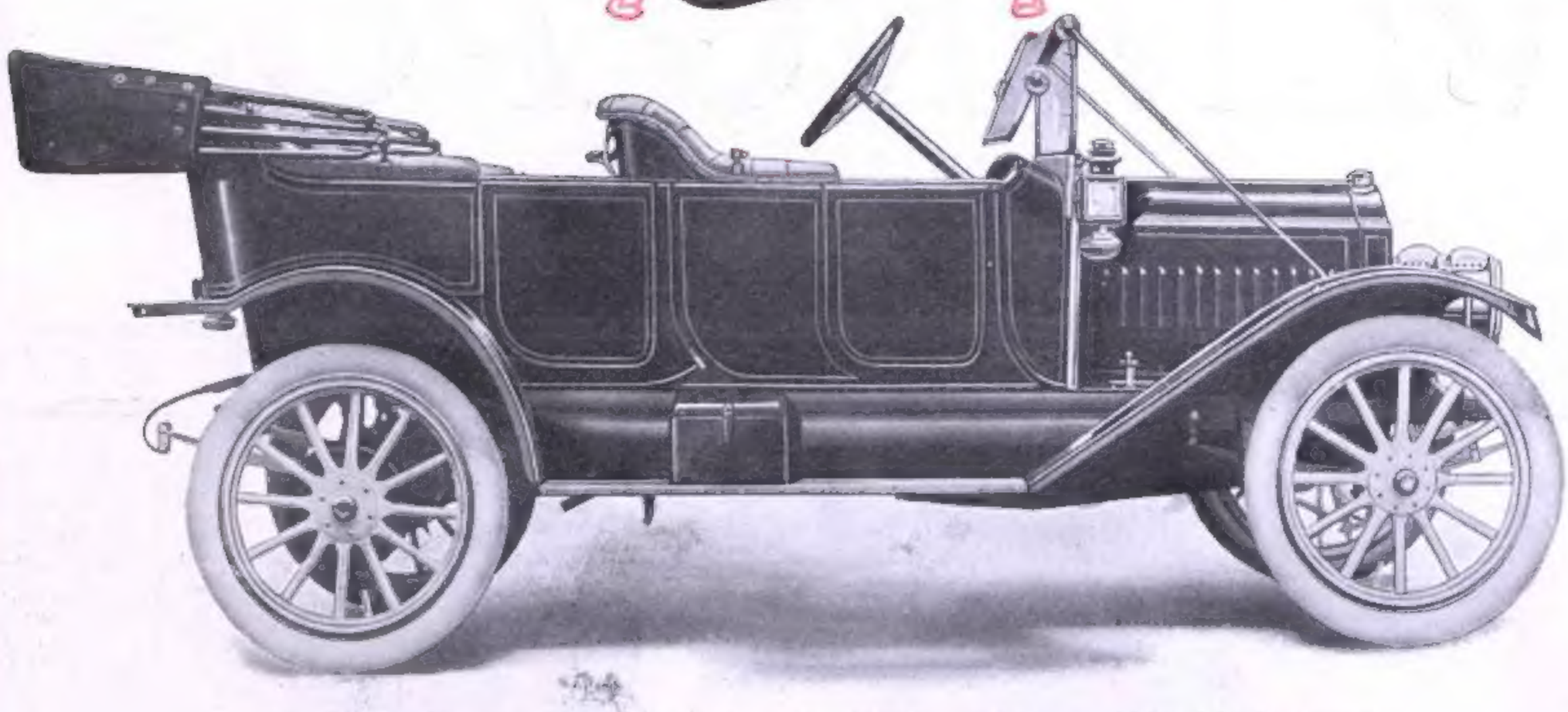
In This Number

An Interview With

Former President Roosevelt

Elmore



Model 27—Five-Passenger, Light Torpedo, $1250; with Top and Windshield, $1350

The Advantages of Owning an Elmore

EVERY one is interested in the silent valveless Elmore. It is a topic of conversation wherever motorists congregate. But in this advertisement we want to show you definitely how it is to *your advantage* to own one. Here are the three points to consider:

***First*—What the Elmore valveless motor does for you by way of reducing running expense and upkeep cost. *Second*—How its simplicity and freedom from continual overhauling and attention makes it a source of constant pleasure to the owner. *Third*—What it means to have perfect running qualities, backed by simple, even driving power.**

The best way to illustrate these points is to take you with us in an Elmore and explain, as we go along, the features that have developed in Elmore owners during a dozen years, a pride of ownership based on the utmost in comfort, convenience, ease and economy.

So let us assume that you are taking your first ride in an Elmore. Start the engine and throw in the clutch. Starting on low gear, you experience an exhilarating feeling which finds expression in an approving grin when you shift from first to second speed for you are now learning for the first time what even running really means.

And Here's Why

In the ordinary poppet-valve motor, either four or six cylinder, only every fourth impulse of the piston is a power impulse. With the valveless Elmore motor, every other motor impulse is a power impulse. One power impulse follows the other so closely as to overlap and renew the energy transmitted to the rear wheels before the previous impulse is exhausted. When the power impulses do not overlap, the operation of the motor is naturally "jumpy." But the continuous power impulses of the Elmore motor insure even revolutions of the shaft that result in a smoothness of operation obtainable in no other way. Think it over.

The hill just ahead of us is long and steep. Don't shift gears or race at it, for it is not necessary. Even if you are running on third speed forward, even though the road be cut up, sandy, muddy or covered with snow, you take it smoothly and without strain.

The Reason For It

The ordinary poppet-valve motor should do the same if properly tuned to its maximum efficiency, and if the 80 to 160 parts connected with its valves and their actuating mechanism are working properly. But these delicate parts, constantly subjected to the jar and strain attendant upon the operation of the motor, are seldom in perfect coördination. And a variation of one two-hundredth of a second in their work means trouble. 90% of repair bills are for "grinding and adjusting" valves. 90% of car trouble is due to defective or worn valve parts. In the Elmore valveless motor fuel distribution is accomplished by a rotary gas distributor which is bound to coördinate perfectly with the cylinders. Nothing to get out of order, hence no loss of power.

We are getting back into town and there seems to be a lot of traffic on the streets. Right here is where another Elmore characteristic is apparent. Just see how slowly you can crawl along on "high." Delightful feeling when you are not compelled to shift gears constantly.

"All the Pleasure Without the Annoyances"

That covers every phase of Elmore ownership. By actual test, you will find that for fuel Elmore mileage costs about what the ordinary automobile mile costs. For repairs, truthfully—next to nothing. For lost time—one Elmore owner drove his car over a year without knowing where the spark plugs were. Not much wrong with his motor. Didn't know much about a motor either, but like everybody else, he got a car to ride in—not to tinker with.

Constantly improving a successful motor costs less than exploiting a new motor each year. The Elmore Manufacturing Co. has used the valveless type motors for twelve consecutive years. Elmore prices range from $1050 to $1650—there is a model to suit every motoring need.

Self-starting models, if desired, at no extra cost.

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

FACTORY, CLYDE, OHIO

Dealers in all large cities

Catalog upon request
Correspondence invited

Address all communications to General Sales Offices, 80 Congress St. E., Detroit, Mich.

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He Starts the Day With Confidence —The Royal Tailored Man!

Some big man once said, "Keep cheerful and courageous until 10 in the morning—and the rest of the day will take care of itself!"

It's amazing how that "clean-cut look" gives a man that "clean-cut feeling" when he steps out into the morning air; how it braces his backbone; steels his stamina; and sends him forth to face the day confident that *nothing is too good for him!*

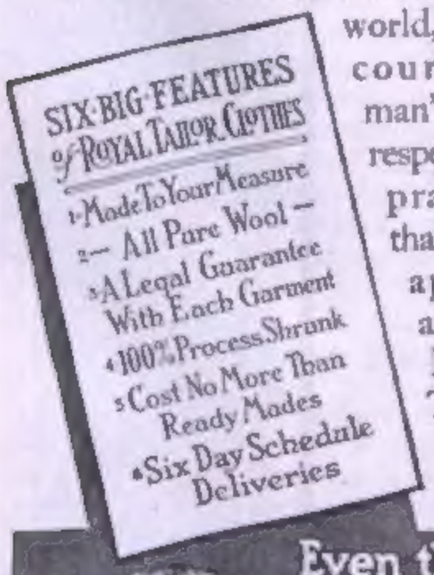
The greatest achievements in any day are simply the result of some man's self-confidence and self-belief.

And there's no nerve tonic in the world, to encourage a man's self respect more practical than a good appearance. A Royal Tailored Man seeks the world every morning with the knowledge that he can withstand its most critical scrutiny. He knows that he *looks* the part!

For in his very appearance he suggests the qualities that compose success. That made-to-order precision of fit; that drape without a bulge or slop-over; that accuracy that takes into account every tendency of the body and requirement of the form—all these are features that *suggest* the "thorough rightness" of a successful man.

What folly it is for you men who believe in advertising your business enterprises, to use bad "copy" in advertising yourselves; for your clothes are a big part of your personal publicity!

Royal Tailoring means All Pure Wool; made-to-order; perfect satisfaction or money back ($20, $25, $30 and $35.) A legal guarantee—made out in your individual name—signed by President Vehon—comes with the finished Royal garment.


SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made To Your Measure
2 — All Pure Wool —
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Modes
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

This Guarantee comes buttoned onto the garment
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

Even the very day for delivery is guaranteed in Royal Tailoring. If your garment is not completed on schedule time, we forfeit $1 a day in cash, for each and every day's delay. This service is a "Service of Certainties".

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — Now over 8000 Royal Dealers — Joseph Vehon, President — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

Clothes that "keep shape"

YOU know the importance to you of having clothes that keep shape; and you know how very uncommon this quality in clothes is.

One very important point in giving clothes the shape-keeping quality is the proper shrinking of the fabrics before cutting. There's only one right way to do this. The best custom tailor, who makes one suit at a time, does it right. He wets a cloth in cold water, rolls his three or four yards of woolen fabric in this wet cloth and leaves it a few hours; then unrolls it and lets it dry slowly.

We shrink our goods in exactly that way; we do it better than the custom tailor because we do it on a large scale, scientifically. We pass the wet cloth through clean water, roll the woolen fabric and the wet cloth together in one roll and leave it for some hours. The fabric is uniformly penetrated with moisture; there is no danger of "bleeding" or running of colors; the cloth keeps the face of the fabric from touching the back, as it would do if the fabric itself were passed through water and then rolled.

After this thorough and perfect wetting of the wool fabric in this way it is hung up in loose folds in a special drying room. Fresh air, kept at an even temperature, is passed through this room at the rate of 42,000 cubic feet a minute; clean, sanitary; the goods dry perfectly, under better conditions than could be had in any other way.

For our purposes, and in order to handle quickly the vast amount of goods we require, special machinery and appliances had to be made; we invented ours; nothing but all-wool fabrics would stand the process. All our fabrics are treated in this way.

Not only the woolens, but all the canvas, hair-cloth, tape and other materials which have anything to do with shape-keeping of the garments are similarly treated; it takes all the shrink out of them; they are highly important factors in the excellence of our goods.

Shape-keeping quality is one of the things you get when you find our mark in clothes; all-wool fabrics; fine tailoring; and style that stays.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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Why Roosevelt Opposes Taft

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE COLONEL REVIEWING THE PRESIDENT'S ACTS

By Henry Beach Needham

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"JUDGED by his record, is Mr. Taft progressive?"

This question I put to Colonel Roosevelt. His answer:

"Mr. Taft was nominated for president in 1908 because of his outspoken indorsement of progressive policies. Opposed to these policies—and to Mr. Taft—were the Reactionaries, Messrs. Aldrich, Cannon, Penrose, Guggenheim, Keeling, Gallinger, Tawney, Cox, Patrick Calhoun and Lorimer. Without a single exception these men are supporting Mr. Taft today—supporting him openly and with every political trick at their command. They are entirely in accord with his record in the presidency.

"Have Aldrich, Cannon, Guggenheim and Co. become converted to progressive principles, or are they satisfied with Mr. Taft's post-election attitude toward these principles? Have the Reactionaries become Progressives or has Mr. Taft turned Reactionary? I leave it to the people to judge.

"Throughout my term of office the Administration acted for the benefit of the people and against special privilege not only in every instance where there was statutory authority for such action, but wherever there was no statutory prohibition against executive action. The present Administration has acted for special privilege whenever there was found the slightest authority in law, or in construction of law, so to do, and has acted for the people in those cases only where it was explicitly commanded by statute so to act. I gave the people the benefit of the doubt. This Administration has given the benefit of the doubt against the people.

"In this contest neither Mr. Taft's personal interests, nor mine, nor those of any one man must control. The interests of the people are paramount. This Administration has not been true to its preëlection promises. With their unerring instinct the representatives of special privilege, such as those whom I have named, recognize this fact and now flock to the support of the President.

"In his speech at Philadelphia, President Taft called himself a Progressive, and this raised the question as to what a Progressive is. Is more involved than any man's say-so as to himself? A well-meaning man may vaguely think of himself as a Progressive without having the faintest conception of what a Progressive really is. Vision and intensity of conviction are essential to the makeup of any man who aspires to lead the forward movement, and wholly useless as substitutes are mildly good intentions. Mr. Taft was an admirable lieutenant as secretary of war, but as president he has unfortunately come under the influence of the gentlemen I have named, and of others like them. However good the President's intentions, I believe that his actions have shown that he is entitled to the support of precisely these men."

Mr. Taft's Quick Change

MR. ROOSEVELT believes that this remarkable change of front took place directly Mr. Taft was inaugurated president. Mr. Roosevelt, who was heartily in sympathy with the Insurgents of the House in their fight to overthrow Cannonism, had promised these Progressives a letter in support of their cause; but before the inaugural ceremonies he found that Mr. Taft was dead against the men for whom he had expressed loyalty during the campaign. This "about-face" was clearly shown in the contest to democratize the House rules. The President openly aided Cannon and Tawney, and Aldrich their backer, and upheld these Reactionaries to the extent of approving of their course when they made an alliance with Tammany Hall in order to save the Cannon machine from temporary defeat. Not satisfied with the injury he had worked to the Progressive cause, Mr. Taft went still farther. At Cannon's behest he withdrew the patronage from the Insurgents to punish them for their opposition. This charge does not rest on mere rumor, but is a matter of record, proved beyond all question by the bald acknowledgment in the letter written by Norton, who was Mr. Taft's secretary.

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If when bound by every consideration of patriotism, gratitude and loyalty to support the Progressive leaders and the Progressive cause Mr. Taft would turn from his friends right after election, it is unutterably silly not to expect that, whatever he may now promise in his campaign for reëlection, if nominated and elected through the influence and money of a combination of the most reactionary bosses he would be more of a Reactionary than ever—once the votes were counted. This Mr. Roosevelt believes.

In this campaign there has been some talk about gratitude. The Standard Dictionary defines gratitude as "appreciation of favors received." Applying this definition to the present situation—President Roosevelt took Mr. Taft into his cabinet and made him secretary of war. He offered Secretary Taft a place on the United States Supreme Court. More than any other man in the country he aided in Mr. Taft's nomination and election to the presidency. Then Colonel Roosevelt left the country, for one reason—and a big reason with him—that no trouble-making critic could have the slightest ground to say that there was interference with the new President in the work he had assigned himself to do. By whom, therefore, were the "favors" received? Certainly not by Mr. Roosevelt.

The Colonel's Unprecedented Reception in Chicago

THE statements in this article were made to me by Colonel Roosevelt on March twenty-ninth, when we were traveling across Minnesota, and on April fifth, when Mr. Roosevelt was journeying from the South to Illinois to invade Cannon's bailiwick. At Chicago, on the twenty-seventh, there had been an extraordinary public demonstration. People fought to see The Colonel. Fifteen thousand loud-lunged supporters of Mr. Roosevelt tried to get into the Auditorium to hear their leader speak. The doors were thrown open at 6: 53 o'clock, ticket takers and ushers were swept aside, and in seven minutes the hall was full to overflowing—and the police locked the doors. In common with thousands of others I could not gain admittance to the Auditorium. Holders of box seats, men wearing press badges, political leaders and politicians in leading strings—all of us were left at the post. One local newspaper man, convoying a distinguished person, loudly invoked the power of the press.

"I'm Mr. —— of the Examiner," he said, "and I've got to get in!" Whereupon the big man in front of him growled:

"I'm the Chief of Police and I can't get in!"

There were at least six thousand persons about Wicker Park Hall and five thousand more at Northwest Hall, where The Colonel spoke after the Auditorium meeting. All told it was "the largest crowd that ever welcomed a candidate in Chicago," according to the Tribune. As for the demonstrations at St. Paul and

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Minneapolis one of the Eastern newspaper correspondents declared that they "beat Chicago." But all of the correspondents did not take this view of it. Apparently the New York newspaper men were predisposed to make light of these outpourings of people. "Curiosity" was the reiterated word of the metropolitan scribes. Then may all worthy political leaders be the object of such "curiosity"! I have traveled with Mr. Bryan; with Colonel Roosevelt at other times in this country and abroad; I have jogged about with Mr. Taft; and if, in this recent trip, the demonstrations were due to mere "curiosity," surely the native concealed his guiding motive well. At the least I should call it "curiosity *vociferens*." There was never a voice raised in disapproval, and the cheers had the ring of those days when even Standpatters agreed that Theodore Roosevelt was the most popular man in America. Altogether this welcome from the Middle West and this acknowledgment of leadership was more than enough to turn a man's head—to give him a gorgeous jag of gladness. Of course Mr. Roosevelt was pleased; but each morning before the day's happenings had begun The Colonel came to the breakfast table perceptibly pleased, ready for sixteen hours of joyous living, and invariably attired in his fighting clothes.

This garb was laid aside, however, when I had this interview. Then Colonel Roosevelt was markedly earnest and dispassionate. He discarded his rapid-fire conversational method and spoke slowly and carefully. He was evidently searching always for just the right word as he talked of the most delicate subject in the campaign—talked about Mr. Taft. And he spoke reluctantly. Some may suppose that The Colonel is seething with impatience to attack Mr. Taft. Nothing could be farther from the truth. And in everything that The Colonel said there was always a sharp distinction in his speech, as doubtless in his thought, between Mr. Taft the man and Mr. Taft the public servant.

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The Colonel Slow to Condemn Mr. Taft

I RECALL the first long talk I had with The Colonel after his return from Africa. It was on the railroad journey from Naples to Rome. I wanted a big story—had traveled far to get it. The Progressive friends of Mr. Roosevelt were convinced that President Taft was not making good; that he had deserted them and had contracted a close partnership with the Reactionaries. The Ballinger affair was at its height. It seemed to me that on a showing of these facts Colonel Roosevelt would express his disapproval of the course of his successor in no uncertain terms. The Colonel did nothing of the kind. He listened, but he made no comment. If there was any bitterness in his heart toward Mr. Taft he concealed it from me. He looked his disappointment, but he talked hopefully of the future. Instead of criticising the President he said that he would take no man's testimony, not even that of his own sworn friends, but would judge for himself after a careful examination of Mr. Taft's record.

That was two years ago. As Contributing Editor he has seized every opportunity to praise the President's action where he could do so conscientiously. The first-year record of the President, Mr. Roosevelt has not alluded to in The Outlook. Indeed he has passed over many current happenings in Mr. Taft's sphere of action which did not meet with his approval. His editorial criticisms have related to the most important of public policies, notably certain parts of the peace treaties, in which Mr. Roosevelt's position was sustained by the United States Senate.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude regarding Mr. Taft can be summed up in few words. He was most reluctant to oppose the President, even to criticise him. He kept hoping that Mr. Taft would alter his course and become sufficiently progressive so that the party could go forward with him. Failing that, Mr. Roosevelt hoped that some leader other than himself would come forward on whom Progressives could unite and who could be nominated. When Progressives throughout the country convinced Colonel Roosevelt that he alone could command their general support he agreed to accept the nomination if it was tendered to him. But he rested the matter entirely with the people. They were to decide—and no one else. Or, to quote his own words:

"The issue is whether the American people are fit and able to govern themselves, or whether they are to be governed by those machine politicians whose alliance with the worst form of business has resulted in nine-tenths of the corruption and scandal of American life.

"If the people decide the present contest the way I think they ought not to do, I will think they are unwise, but will have nothing to say. But if they decide against us as the result of the juggling of their rights by the bosses, then I will have a good deal to say.

"President Taft," continued The Colonel, "accuses me of favoring 'soapbox primaries.' I reply that I'd rather have a soapbox primary any day than a payroll primary—it's cleaner."

Mr. Taft coined the unhappy phrase, "soapbox primaries," in Boston, where he spoke at the same banquet table with "Pat" Calhoun, sometime indicted in San Francisco. Mr. Calhoun also denounced the recall, expressing the fear that it would endanger the liberties of the people! Before this harmony dinner—in his Toledo speech—the President severely criticised the principles that Mr. Roosevelt has advocated in this campaign—and will continue to advocate. Under this criticism The Colonel grew restive. Meanwhile the "payroll" conventions of the Southern states were rushing through their instructions for Taft. Then out came the steam roller in Indiana, followed by the farcical so-called primary in New York. And Colonel Roosevelt began to speak his mind.

"We have heard a good deal of talk recently by our opponents—headed, I am sorry to say, by the President himself—against what he calls 'the impulsive judgment of the people,'" said The Colonel. "I should like to point out an amusing incident of our opponents' inconsistency. Most of the Southern states are under the dominion of the officeholders, and wherever this was the case our opponents took good care to secure an exceedingly impulsive judgment by these patronage-controlled Southern states long in advance of the action of the states where there is a real Republican party, and where, when given the chance, the Republicans can express their own will as to who should be the nominee for president. Indeed it was ultra-impulsive, for they would not even wait until the usual times for holding conventions, but put them as far in advance as they possibly could.

"Of course in nothing that we have proposed have we asked for impulsive judgment; but for my part I should far rather trust to the impulsiveness of the people than to the tricky deliberation of the bosses!"

The New York primary contest, declared Mr. Roosevelt, "was not merely a farce, but a criminal farce. The results are in no shape or way representative of the Republican party and have no binding force whatever on the Republican party. Yet Mr. Taft congratulated the men who were guilty of this conduct! What was done in New York is substantially what was done in Indiana and also in Colorado. Outside of Denver, in spite of every species of trickery and foul play, we carried a majority of the delegates. But in Denver itself we were beaten by the most outrageous methods by the Guggenheim-Evans machine.

"You are familiar with Judge Ben Lindsey's book, The Beast and the Jungle," said The Colonel, warming up to the subject. "Now you look into the career of a man like Phil Stewart, who made the fight for us in Colorado, and remember Lindsey who, although not in the Republican party, has stood with us in this contest, and compare them with the records of Messrs. Guggenheim and Evans—then judge for yourself which side represents the cause of the plain people, which side represents the cause of decency and honesty in political and business life. There has never been a clearer line-up in the history of this country than the present line-up."

Aldrich, Cannon and Co. Against the Field

THE line-up Colonel Roosevelt has given with names and dates at the beginning of this interview. It is the Aldriches, the Cannons, the Guggenheims and the Lorimers against the field. With the anti-Progressives it is a campaign of apology for an apologist.

Now for the issues. First I asked about the tariff. Mr. Roosevelt believes that Mr. Taft was right in his position before election, but that he reversed himself immediately after election, and during the "tariff revision" session confined his efforts to backing up Aldrich, Cannon, Tawney and Co. Then in Tawney's district he praised the Payne-Aldrich Law as the best tariff measure ever enacted—and Tawney was beaten for renomination.

Mr. Roosevelt believes that the President failed in his attempt to get the right kind of tariff bill at the particular time when it could have been wrested from Congress, and when it was too late that he went in with the Reactionary leaders to secure a tariff board of such limited powers as to cause the people to regard it with suspicion; that the President has consulted the tariff board when he wished to find excuse for executive disapproval of tariff legislation, but did not consult the board when he introduced his Reciprocity Bill at the expense of the farmers—in fact, disregarded the board's findings.

(Continued on Page 44)

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TIM RILEY'S TOUCH

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

A MAN outside—says his name's Riley," announced the youth who guarded the outer door. "A big husky!" he added when he saw the chairman did not look pleased.

The state chairman nodded round the table. "This is that new man the senator's been talking about." From a neat pile of letters the chairman picked out one.

"Here is what he sent in the other day. From it you can obtain an idea of the caliber of the man. Listen: 'As you ask me what I think about the crowd up here, I'll say that I think they've had their own way so long they've got to where they figure they don't have to make good. They seem to think that to be in politics is to be trying to fool everybody. They would rather—the most of them—get ten votes by faking than a hundred by straightforward work. They don't seem to see that nowadays people know more about the inside of things than they used to—that they're doing more thinking for themselves in political matters.'

"And"—the chairman reinserted the letter in the neat pile—"there's more drool of the same kind. I don't believe he ever wrote that letter. As I understand it, he's a coal-heaving sort who ought to have gone into the prize-ring and not politics; but, whether he wrote it or not, we will have to humor him because of the senator, who is of course the boss"—he shot a glance round the table—"the boss now. We'll give this fellow a little rope. A couple of the boys up where he comes from tipped me off about him—and we'll let the senator see him for what he is. I've seen these wonders before."

"And I guess you don't have to see too much of a man to be able to size him up either!"

The chairman's lips kneaded shut.

"Well, in political life—I don't say this in a boasting spirit, you understand, gentlemen—if a man in my position can't size a man up fairly well at a glance he might as well get out. His letter alone would tell me that he knows it all, and the word I get from the county committee up his way is that he is one of the turbulent, fighting kind. However, we'll have him in here and look him over. Show him in, George."

And Riley stepped into the room. From the moment of his entrance not a soul there had a doubt of the chairman's prejudgment; but, that his less acute associates might judge for themselves, the chairman allowed the man by his own words to portray himself, which, after all, was the most convincing proof of all. It was the senior senator's own way of doing it.

The new man—an agile, powerful figure—had bowed with a conventional show of pleasure to each in turn as he was introduced; but, that over with, he had faced squarely toward the chairman, waiting. And the chairman began:

"I take it, Mr. Riley, that you are not the kind of man who would stand up on a platform and dodge an argument with the most excitable of opponents?"

"Dodge? What from?"

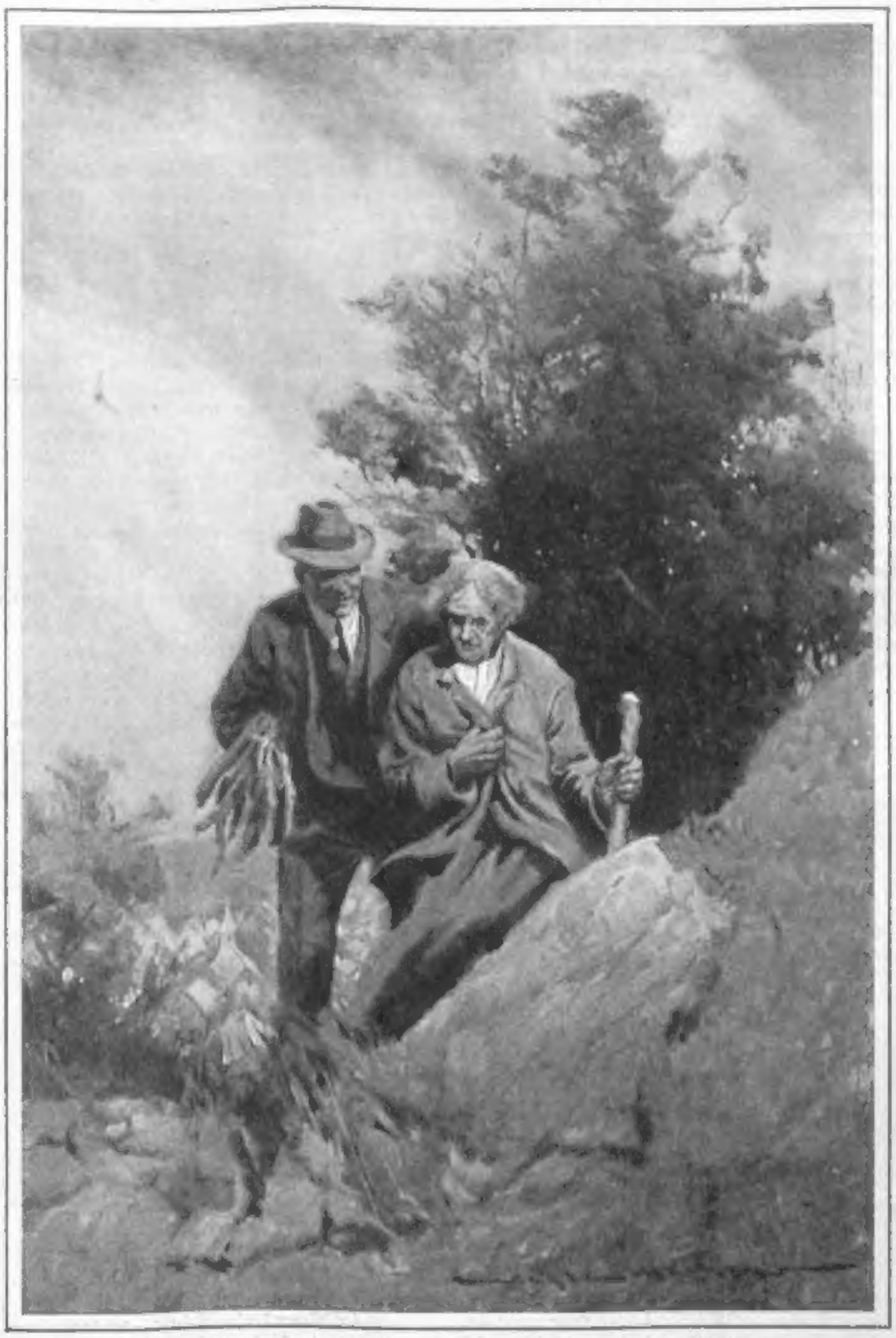
"Not from the hoots and the jeers, or vegetables—or even the half-bricks—eh?"

Riley waved a contemptuous arm. "I'd rather see half-bricks coming my way than be looking down on staring, empty benches, or benches emptying swiftly when a man's at the height of his speech." Riley paused by way of emphasis. "There is something to try a man's soul; but a warm-blooded opposition—that's only to stir a man up."

The state chairman waited for the new man to leap into the air, knock his heels together and yell: "Hurroo!" The new man did not do that. He gazed steadily into the face of the chairman. However, every specimen could not be expected to meet every requirement. No doubt of it—here was the made-to-order creature for clever manipulation; and there followed then the suggestion to visit New Ireland, with artful words to whet a fighting man's appetite for that kind of job.

"And now for one last little touch before we send the poor boob to his political extinction," whispered the chairman to his next at hand. Aloud he said:

"Yes, sir—I believe in frankness, Mr. Riley. And I will tell you now that we didn't poll many votes in New Ireland last year. I don't just remember how many—I have mislaid the figures; but I wish to tell you frankly—frankly, I say—that we did not poll many. What they need there, I think, is a determined man like yourself to pile into them hammer and tongs. That would be the way, I think. And you show me, Mr. Riley, a fair Republican increase in New Ireland—fifty out of five hundred, say—and you can lay out your own itinerary. Now isn't that fair?"



"'Tis You Was the Active One in Your Young Days, I'll Wager, Mrs. Nolan"

"Why, yes; that seems all right." As he said it, however, the new man, his eyes ever on the chairman's, had a feeling that it was not all right. And, as he was one of those intuitive ones with whom to feel was almost to prove, his attitude changed from the subjective to the objective. He had not liked this man a bit from the first, and he was liking him less and less; that finishing "Now isn't that fair?" was surely not meant for his benefit.

The new man left the committee rooms with a disturbed soul, and on his way to the elevator he began to think things over. Among a dozen other things which flashed through his kindling brain he recalled the glint of what now he knew was mockery brightening the pale eyes of the chairman as the door closed behind him.

He pressed the button for the elevator; but before the upcoming car reached his floor he decided not to descend. He would have it out. He almost ran back to the committee rooms and, brushing by the knowing but inefficient outer guard, made for the room where the leaders were. Already he could hear the laughter—yes, and the roaring at something or other; and as he placed his hand on the knob of the inner door he heard: 'He's come here from the other end of the state, with a reputation for burning things up. I him try to burn up New Ireland—and then go back to where he came from. Why, let his kind come buttin' in on us and soon we would all be out of jobs." The chairman's voice, that was.

Tim opened the door, and when they looked up and saw him it was as if they had all been clutched by the windpipes.

"Go to the devil—all of you!" exploded the new man. "Do you hear? Every mother's son of you!"

From out the silence some one at last said: "You mean, Mr. Riley, you are going to desert the party?"

Tim whirled on him.

"No; it doesn't mean I'm going to desert the party. Did ever you know a man who was any good to desert any party or anything, good or bad, under fire?"

"I'm glad to hear that." The chairman had come to life. "And not alone because we would lose you, eloquent though you are reported to be. So many of our people have maintained that no Irishman ——"

"Cut that Irishman stuff! My chance to make a living, and my children's chance after me, I owe to this country."

"But, Mr. Riley, you are of Irish blood."

"Irish blood? You may be sure I am, and so proud of it that when I speak of it I slop over; but I'm an American. However, if you don't mind, we'll leave that for private discussion and not for political trading."

The chairman recovered.

"That's all very well; but when we ask your people to make sacrifices for the principles of our party ——"

"Principles of the party—slush! Save that for your platform speeches. You're in the party because there's more in it for you. I'm in it because a man who gave me a square meal when I was starving asked me to join it. And, once in a fight, I stick. I stick because I don't know how to do anything else—and I'm going to stick now. And I'm going out now to New Ireland and talk to them."

The door behind Tim opened and closed again.

"What's this about New Ireland?"

Tim knew the voice, even before he turned to greet him. It was the tall boss, the real boss, the senior senator, the man who ordered the state committee round even as they ordered the campaign speakers.

"New Ireland?" the senator repeated. "No, Mr. Riley. I can give you something better than that. That would be a waste of time. I'll change that right now. Here ——"

"Excuse me, sir; but I'm going to New Ireland. I don't know what kind of a place it is or what kind they are there, except what the name tells me, and I don't care—I'm going there. No gang of men ever picked me for an omadhaun in the morning but found out they were mistaken before night. And I'll say further"—indignation in Tim always disposed him to classic periods—"if there are those who wave the green flag to tatters at every Irish meeting, and then betray her to those who hate her, there are also those who, though they have never made a sacrifice in their lives for this country, would prevent all but their own little kind from breathing the free air of it. As for me, I've come to this city to do something; and I'll stay here until I've done it. A while ago I agreed to go to New Ireland, and to New Ireland I'm going. Good day!" And the windows rattled with the banging of the door behind him.

"A proper bull-headed Irishman, that fellow," observed the chairman presently.

"Or is it he has convictions and is not afraid to voice them?" The senator had a habit of scratching his beard with his fingernails, and again of drawing his chin in on his

chest and looking over his gold-rimmed pince-nez. He drew in his chin now, and the chairman did not like it. He never did.

"A good fighter, I should say." The tall boss scratched his beard with his fingernails. "An encouraging thing to meet a good fighter in these fat days; but let us see." He stepped over to where a blue-and-red-spotted map of the state was hanging and laid a finger on a blue spot: "New Ireland, which we can safely call the enemy's banner town for its size in the United States. If Riley can leave his mark on that place it will be proof to me that he can make breaches all along the line."

"More likely, I think, that the place will leave its mark on him. More likely they will crack his skull, I think. He does love a fight; but New Ireland is full of men who love fighting too—and they are not with us."

"That's true—they are not." The boss drew his chin in to his neck again. "Too bad they are not. Suppose we wait, however, and see how Riley makes out. His reputation is that of a most resourceful man. And if he does make an impression on New Ireland he can have anything I can give him in this state."

II

IT IS a good place—a moving train—for serious meditation. Tim Riley allowed the landscape to fly by, the while he considered matters. He knew the temper of the kind of people with whom he was to battle. They were so many more like himself. As for trying to bulldoze or browbeat them, or—if he was that kind—to bribe a single one, though they were the hardworking, unsophisticated kind—whisht!—like the wind they'd go the other way. And as for scaring the tough ones, he might be the strongest and toughest and scrappiest and quickest lad on his feet that ever was, but out there in that quarrying town would be a dozen or twenty or fifty just as strong and as quick and as scrappy as himself. And that kind, which was his kind—you might set them up in a row and knock them down one after another, and just as fast as one went down another would come bouncing up for the honor of the last word.

New Ireland! Tim viewed a town of two or three hundred small, square-planned wooden houses, with one green-painted house larger than most, labeled Kearney's Hotel; another, larger than that again, with a square cupola, which he knew would be the town hall; and yet one more, largest of all, white-painted, with a surmounting gold cross, which, of course, could only be the chapel. A mile or so beyond the town, on the scarred hillsides, stuck up the derricks of the quarries, which were the town's reason for being. Beyond the quarries were foothills, which gradually grew up into mountains. It was autumn, and in that high land the few trees were already bare; before the high wind the bare branches swayed.

"If It Was But a Stone I Had to Put on Their Two Graves in the Cemetery Below!"

It was not the most encouraging day of the year. Tim, with a warm fire and a hot meal in view, hurried on to the little hotel. Peter Kearney was the landlord, a companionable soul who did not see the need of a register and who, after a time, produced a lunch; and who, further, while Tim ate, smoked and gossiped of things a traveling man would naturally be interested in.

"And what kind have you here in New Ireland? Easy to get along with?" asked Tim, after the discovery of the quarries, the settling of the town and the last explosion had been intelligently discussed.

"To get along with? The finest, easiest ever—of course if a man don't cross them."

"I wonder do you think I'll cross them?"

"And what would your business be that you'd be crossing 'em?" the landlord asked.

"I'm the Republican campaign speaker that's selected to address them tonight."

"Oh-h! Well, d'y'know, when I didn't see a sample case with you I had my suspicions; but when you said—or did you say your name was Riley?"

"I did. And it is. R-i-l-e-y—Riley, Timothy J. And there's any number of Republicans with names as good."

"I daresay, but not in New Ireland—nor likely to be while so many of your party put us down for a tribe of savages."

"Have patience, Mr. Kearney. There's a new order of things under way. Have patience. And tell me now how many Republicans should you estimate there are in New Ireland?"

"Estimate? Sure, and that's a large word for them. There's Grimmer, the cashier and chief clerk o' the savin's bank. There's Handy, who keeps the real-estate office. And did ever ye notice, Mr. Riley, how, when a man has a soft-payin', easy-workin' job, 'tis ten to one he's a Republican?"

"I've spoken of it so often myself, Mr. Kearney, merely by way of humorous observation, that my party loyalty has been doubted. If you would never have your loyalty suspected, Mr. Kearney, you must never let on that you possess intelligence; but have patience and we'll have that changed some day—maybe. So those two are the leaders, are they?"

"Leaders, man! That's all of 'em."

"Two? Two out of nigh five hundred! Well, glory be, what kind are they? The fighting kind?"

"Har-rdly the fightin' kind, Mr. Riley. They couldn't well be that in New Ireland, bein' Republican, and remain whole. Har-rdly! No, not if they were John L. Sullivans, the pair of 'em. Among five hundred quarrymen, d'y'see, Mr. Riley, and they mostly young men, there's always plenty of what a man might call loose energy lyin' round—specially after hours and Sundays and holidays; surely too much for any two, or two dozen, disputatious individuals to contend against. And yet, as I said, the easiest, quietest ——"

"Yes, yes; I'll bet a leprechaun's leap against a banshee's wail I know what peaceable kind they are. And I think I know now why I was —— No matter about that though. Could you, Mr. Kearney, get somebody to pass the word to the quarries that the Republican speaker is here according to announcement, and that his name is Riley?"

"I'll send me boy. Dinnie!" called the landlord. No answer. "Dinnie!" No answer. The landlord opened his lungs and roared: "Dinnie!!" Then he looked out of the dining-room window. "H-m! I thought as much. Look at him peltin' it on his bi-sigh-cle for the quarries! He heard you say Republican and 'twas enough. No fear now—not a soul in New Ireland but will know it before dark. And—but excuse me one minute, Mr. Riley."

The landlord stood up to greet a forlorn-looking old woman, who, with a man's overcoat wrapped round her, had appeared at the dining-room door.

"How are you today, Mrs. Nolan? About as usual? Well, don't be worryin'. Yes, you'll find Delia in the kitchen. Go in."

Tim nodded after the old woman as she went in.

"And who is she, Mr. Kearney?"

"A poor old creature who comes here once or twice in the week to have a cup o' tea and maybe a little to go with it, with the cook. A poor old soul dependin' on charity, and yet she won't take it from every one."

"Poor woman! Will you give her that?—not now, but when she goes out, Mr. Kearney." He slipped a silver dollar into the landlord's hand. "No need to tell her where it came from. I'll be going along now, I think, to have a look at the town. I'll be back for supper."

"Good luck to you!"

Tim had not left the hotel a hundred yards behind him when he met a Catholic priest.

"Good afternoon, father," said Tim, and raised his hat.

"Good afternoon, sir. And is it"—the cane was shifted from the right hand to the left, and the hand thus freed extended to Tim—"Mr. Riley—isn't it?"

"It is; but how did you know, father?"

"Oh, if Peter Kearney's long-legged Dinnie hasn't told half the quarries before this of your name and business 'twill be because he's burst a tire or broke his neck rolling down the steep hills. And so you're to speak to us tonight?"

"God willing, I am."

"And you're not discouraged?"

"And why should I be discouraged?"

"Why? You must be a stranger to these parts."

"I am."

"And no one told you of what happened to the last man your party sent here?"

"They did not. And what happened?"

"He was rode out of town on a rail."

"Well, that's interesting. And what did he do, the poor man?"

"Oh, he only hinted at first that we were a lot of ignorant foreigners who were Democrats because we didn't know any better; but he warmed up as he went along. I don't know wherever they got him from. In the middle of it Buck Malone gave them what they call his high sign—his right forefinger raised so—and every man in the hall got up and walked out. A few of them came back later and took him off. They didn't hurt him—no bones broken or anything like that; but they do say he never waited for the train when they turned him loose, but legged the thirty miles back to the city without a single stop!"

"He did? Well, it's fine exercise, father—running; though thirty miles, to be sure, is a bit long for good health. This Buck Malone—he's the boss here, father?"

"He is. And a famous one for surprising folks."

"Thank you for the information, father."

"It's no information. The very babies here know of the last man here. If you see the children in the street smiling slylike when you pass that will be why."

Tim pulled his lower lip with thumb and forefinger.

"And yet they'd laugh all the louder if I was to go away without speaking, father. What kind is Buck Malone to look at and where does he hang out?"

The priest poked the end of his cane at Tim's chest.

"Is it fighting you'd be at, Mr. Riley?"

"It is not. I'm not for fighting—unless, of course, I have to. Isn't it only natural to want to know what kind your opponent is?"

"So it is—so it is. Well, then, about this time o' day you'll find him in that cigar store with the sign out—below there. He's a contractor himself, who furnishes labor for the quarries. A man about your height and breadth he'll be, but a trifle fuller in the waist. A stout, strong man, and not many able to look him down. An eye in his head has Buck! I wouldn't want to see the pair of ye at it."

"Thank you, father. And look—d'y'see that old woman coming out of the hotel? What's her story, father?"

"The widow Nolan. A sad history, Mr. Riley, if you could get it out of her; but it's few she'll talk to."

"Poor woman! Would you give her this—a couple of dollars—father, after I'm gone?"

"I will. And it's good of you. And you're bound to speak tonight?"

"I'll speak. And I'd like you to come, father."

"Not I, Mr. Riley. Priests are better out of politics. Good day and God speed you!"

Tim strolled toward the cigar store; and drawing near he picked out, standing near the glass case, a tall, powerfully built man, with intelligently heavy features and the unwavering eyes of a fighting man. As Tim entered, this man was speaking. Before ten words had been said, Tim knew that his entrance had been forecasted and that this was Buck Malone.

"And he'll be up there on that platform all alone—not a soul with him, because these two dubs that ought to be standing by him, they've got cold feet already. And he'll

"It Is a Fine Day, But Accordin' to My Dope It Ain't Goin' to Be Half So Fine a Night"

be up there all alone, except for a pitcher of cold water and a glass, and a table and a chair; and he'll begin to spout. I dunno whether he c'n talk or not; but we'll let him run on for maybe ten minutes, and about the time he thinks he's makin' a hit I'll start up and I'll raise my forefinger like that—see? And that'll mean everybody get up and go out. No hurry, mind you—nor no hustlin'; but everybody just stand up and walk out and leave him talkin' to that picture o' that dago, or whoever he is, discoverin' the Mississippi on the back wall.

"And now you"—Malone turned leisurely to a stocky-looking young fellow in seedy clothes standing wistfully off to one side—"you go on and pass the word to 'em as they come out o' the quarries."

"All right," answered the stocky one in a hoarse voice, but without moving.

A meager-looking man stood behind the cigar case.

"Will you let me have," said Tim to him, "three good cigars?"

The man behind the cigar case looked slyly at Malone.

"How good?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty fair—three for a dollar or so."

"Three for a—I got nothing like that here. Fifteen cents straight's the best I got."

"All right; they'll do."

The boss had not been smoking when Tim entered; but now he turned to look better at Tim, and he pulled a cigar from a gun-metal case, bit off the end, scratched a match and leisurely lit it—all without taking his eyes off Tim.

Tim also leisurely bit the end off a cigar. The proprietor pushed three or four matches across the case. Tim, ignoring them, stepped close to the boss.

"Would you let me have a light?" he inquired politely.

"H-ff!—h-ff!" The boss swallowed quite a little smoke, but recovered and passed over his cigar. Tim took his light from it, said "Thanks!" briefly, and—puff-puff—contemplated the boss' stout henchman in the rusty clothes, who was still standing irresolutely at one side.

"Smoke?" inquired Tim suddenly, and thrust a cigar at him.

"Wh-h——" stuttered the henchman, and then almost snatched it from Tim's hand.

"You gettin' hard o' hearin'? Thought I told you to get along!" snapped Malone.

"I am goin' along," returned the husky voice, "soon's I light up." In the curling of the smoke from the corner of his mouth, in the whoofing of it toward the ceiling, in the squaring of the thick shoulders as he passed out—there was a hint of rebellion.

"You may be the boss," thought Tim, "but your grip isn't too sure." And turning squarely on Malone he observed genially: "Fine day."

"H-p-p——" Malone stared fixedly at Tim. Tim stared back. Tim was rapidly developing a feeling of respect for the man. Tim knew the kind. A few years back he had been such an uncompromising one himself, who would have whipped off his coat, as no doubt Malone would now, and battled on the spot in preference to verbal argument.

"It is a fine day," responded Malone slowly; "but accordin' to my dope it ain't goin' to be half so fine a night."

From behind the cigar case came a giggle, and from the boss himself came an after-chuckle and a pleased little smile.

"Why, it's not going to rain, is it?" asked Tim, and with an appropriately innocent manner he stepped to the door to look at the sky; and in looking he saw not the sky, but the widow Nolan, with some odds and ends of firewood, making her halting way against the wind.

"The poor creature!" murmured Tim; and while pitying her the plan came to him. "Gentlemen," he said over his shoulder, "I have to be off; but before going I cordially invite you and all your friends to the town hall tonight to discuss the issues of the campaign. Good day, gentlemen."

And through the door, before it closed after him, he could hear the cackle of the man behind the cigar case: "Is it going to rain! Say, Buck, you won't do a thing to him tonight, will yuh?"

III

WITH his greeting of "Good afternoon to you, Mrs. Nolan!" Tim stowed the widow's little bundle under his left arm.

"And good afternoon to you, sir; but you'll be sp'iling your fine clothes, sir!"

"And if I do it's small loss." He gripped her right elbow. "It's the hard walking it is, Mrs. Nolan—what with the wind and the steep hill and an old lady of your age."

"Oh, yeh, it is—coming on to seventy-five."

"Seventy-five? And you still hopping about active as a grasshopper! A great age that. 'Tis little, I'm afraid, many of us young ones will be thinking of climbing steep hillsides when we're coming on to seventy-five. 'Tis you was the active one in your young days, I'll wager."

"'Tis me that was, sir; but—oh, yeh, I'm not that now."

"It's sad it must be to be looking back on the bright, dancin' days o' youth, Mrs. Nolan."

"Sure and it is, sir; but why—the fine, bouncin' lad ye are—why should you be sayin' it?"

"Ah, sure, youth has its trials and tribulations too, ma'am, sometimes. And is this your little place?"

"It is. An' will you come in, sir?"

"I will and thank ye kindly, ma'am. 'Tisn't every day a lady invites me into her place."

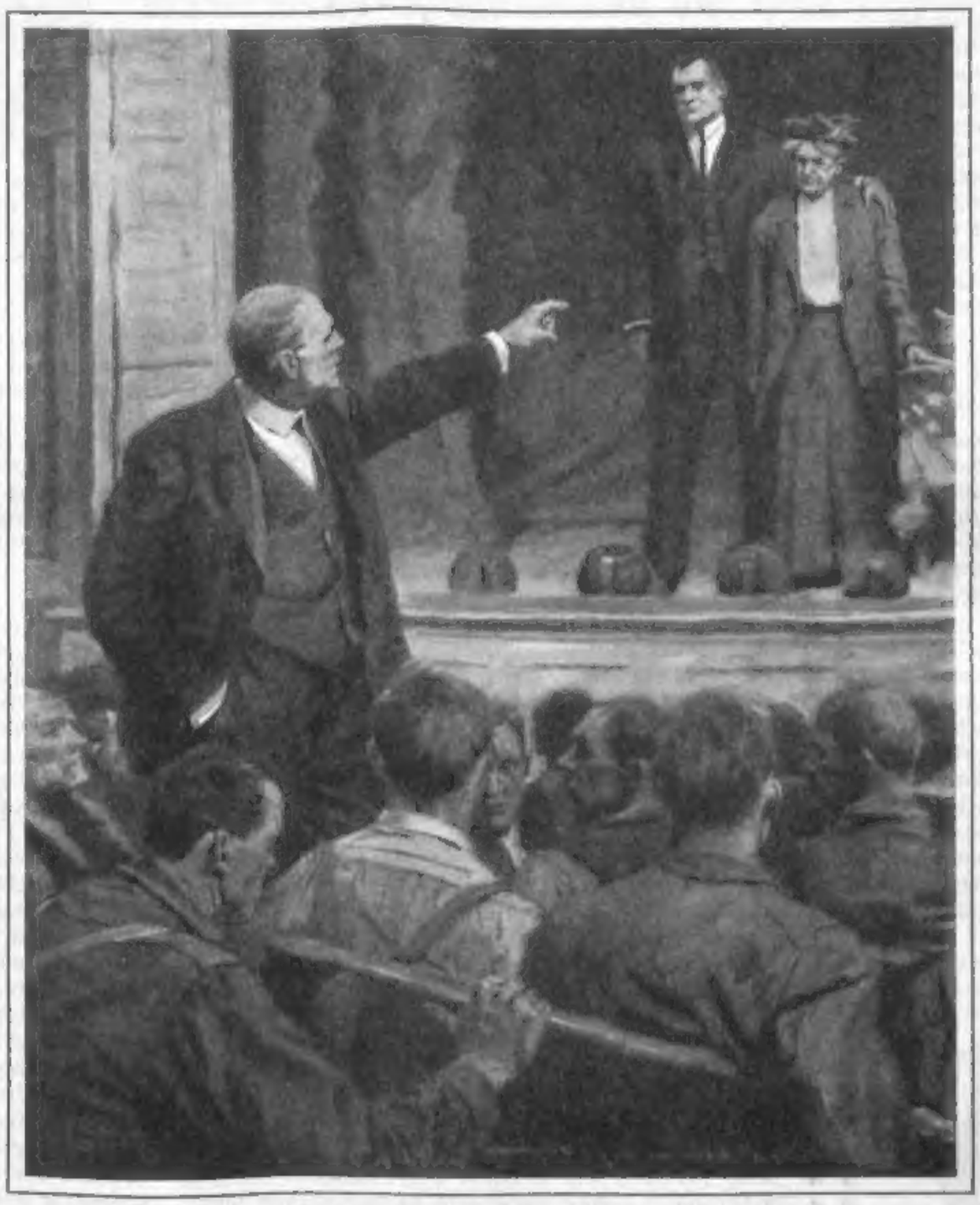
"Whisht! There are ladies enough to be pleasant to a fine, strappin' lad like you, with nothing on earth to be botherin' you."

Tim laughed as he sat down.

"Nothing? Oh, ma'am ——"

"And what is it can be worryin' you, sir?"

"What is it? Well, if you had my job, Mrs. Nolan, I'm thinkin' you'd be worrying, too, even if 'twas big and strong



"That Two-Faced Chairman of Yours Never Tipped Me Off You Could Fight Any Way Except With Your Hands"

and a man you were, and but thirty years of age. I'm the Republican speaker, ma'am, that has been sent to ye here. And for why? To convert ye, ma'am."

"And so you're a Republican, sir? Well, well—but, savin' your presence, you don't look it or talk it. Sure, you're as Irish as myself!"

"I'm that Irish, ma'am, that if you were to take the Irish from out of me it's faded and limp as a mornin'-glory at two in the afternoon I'd be."

"And what's your name, may I ask?"

"Riley, ma'am. Timothy Joseph Riley, to be exact," said the Republican speaker.

"Riley—Tim Riley! Well, you're the first Riley ever I knew was a Republican. That thin-necked one in the bank, and that other one, the fat-necked one in the real-estate place—sure, you don't favor them no more than—— Yet there must be good men Republicans too. Will you have a cuppeen o' tea? 'Tisn't much; but 'twill war-rm you, maybe, on the chill day."

"Thank you; and 'twill taste fine—a cup o' tea on a chill day like this. And like to be chiller, Mrs. Nolan."

"True for ye. And gen'rally I feels it; but not so today, sir. Mr. Kearney gave me a dollar, sayin' it was from a stranger and I wasn't to mention it—and I won't; but"—she shot a quick, warm glance at Tim—"God guard the kind heart of him, whoever he is. Tomorrow I'll be orderin' some beautiful groceries with it. 'Tis a gran' sinsation to be goin' into a store and orderin' things once more."

She stooped for her little bundle of fagots, but Tim forestalled her. He undid them, arranged them craftily at the stove with rolls of old newspaper beneath, and touched a match to the fire.

"There, ma'am."

"We'll have the little kittle b'ilin' in a minute now, sir."

"And what will you do against the cold winter comin', ma'am?"

"Oh, yeh! I'll do, no doubt, what I've done every winter since I come here—live through it."

"With the cold wind coming through the wide cracks and the snow piling high on the wintry mornings, it won't be the tightest place in the world, ma'am."

"Thanks be to God I have it—the same little cabin!"

"Thank God you have! Whisht, ma'am"—Tim laid a restraining hand on hers as she spooned the tea out of the can—"you won't be leaving yourself any at all."

"Sure, there's enough for the breakfast. And if we could always be sure of our breakfast it's little we'd have to complain of. And now let me get out my cups and saucers. I have two of each, thank God!"

"Let me, Mrs. Nolan—I see them."

"Well, well—but 'tis the spry lad ye are! Sure, you're across the floor in one leap—like a stag just."

"Oh, sure; my legs are young. And one spoonful o' sugar is it, ma'am?"

"One—yes. And now sit down. And so it's a Republican ye are? And an Irishman too? Well, well—they do be queer happenin's in the world!"

"Queer enough. And from what part of Ireland are ye, ma'am?"

"Galway."

"A fine place, ma'am. I know it."

"Do ye now? But you're not Galway?"

"I wouldn't lie to ye, ma'am, though I'm tempted—I'm not; but I had an uncle, as fine a man as ever lived, who died there. I went to see him there once, and a grand time I had with salmon-fishin' in the loch and fishin' with the Claddagh men in the bay—and on a Saturday night the little boys singin' the old Irish songs in the streets and before the hotel doors. And was it in Galway the last of your people died?"

"It wasn't. And they didn't die—they were killed, God rest their souls!"

"Amen!"

The sticks in the little stove crackled; the water in the little kettle spluttered; a gaunt black cat crowded his way through the poorly fastened door and rubbed himself against Tim's legs, whereat the widow threw a stick of wood at him.

"Out o' that, you with your mud on you from the quarry pools sp'ilin' the gentleman's fine clothes!"

"Small harm he'll do, ma'am."

"It's better manners he ought to be havin', though 'tis fine to see a man like yourself hasn't too much conceit of his clothes. But now have your tea, avic."

"I will. Ah-h! and the fine tea it is too. And isn't it a queer thing now, Mrs. Nolan, that I can go to the finest hotels in the land and not get the like o' this for tea? The finest of hotels—yes; and here in a little cabin, with the wind blowing through the cracks, I'm havin' tea that for its equal I'd have to go—well, to China itself, I'm thinking. But tell me, Mrs. Nolan—it's as a friend I ask—what misfortune was it brought you to be living in a little shebeen on this rocky hillside?"

The old woman made no response, except to add three or four little sticks of wood from her pile to freshen the fire. It was still chilly and outside it was windy, and Tim drew the man's worn coat about her shoulders and made her sit closer to the fire. And by-and-by she told him.

When she had done the twilight was on them and the fire long gone out. Through the one little window of the cabin they could see the increasing lights in the town below and from the road they could hear the tramping of heavy-booted men.

"They'll be hurrying home from the quarries now. And 'tis not a lonesome home they will be finding."

"True, ma'am." *(Continued on Page 72)*

The High School and the Girl

All These are as Valuable as the "Discipline and Culture" of Paradigms, Prosody and Parallelepipeds

By William D. Lewis

PRINCIPAL OF THE WILLIAM PENN HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE free and independent American citizen walked up to the counter with his chin in the air and announced without a sign of apology in his voice that he wanted certain articles of specified merit—that he didn't want something else—and that he was prepared to pay honest dollars for the goods. This transaction has not the slightest relation to our topic, The High School and the Girl, except that it affords a study in contrasts.

When the free and independent American citizen collectively bought advanced educational opportunities for his daughter he was given in return for his money an article that had been made for his son. Occasionally it was what the boy needed; once in a while it fitted the girl. If it fitted neither of them the youngsters were to blame, and were educationally good for nothing but to be cast into the outer darkness of ignorance. Yet the citizen aforesaid continued to pay his honest dollars in school taxes, and to blame his children when they refused to feed on the ashes of a burned-out civilization.

What does the girl need from the high school? What does society want the public high school to do for its half-million girls?

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of—your daughter.

When she comes to the high school she is a tall, lank, awkward, rompish, bashful, self-conscious, freakish, lovable youngster, the idol of your heart. When she leaves the high school after four years she is a neat, trim, graceful, self-possessed, responsive, sweet-girl-graduate, soon to be the idol of somebody else's heart. This transformation, however, was not the work of the high school; it must be credited to Nature.

While Nature is doing her quick-change act the school can do much for both the parties to the contract—the girl and society. The first thing that society wants of our girl is good health. This is the first essential for her efficient service and personal happiness in shop, office, store, school or home. The future of the race, so far as she represents it, depends upon her health. What is the high school doing to improve the girl's health? In the overwhelming majority of cases absolutely nothing. On the other hand, it is subjecting her to a regimen planned for boys, without the slightest consideration of the physical and functional differences between the sexes.

It pays no attention to the curvature of the spine developed by the exclusively sit-at-a-desk-and-study-a-book type of education bequeathed to the girlhood of the nation by the medieval monastery; it ignores the chorea otherwise known as St. Vitus' dance developed by overstudy and underexercise; it disregards the malnutrition of hasty breakfasts, and lunches of pickles, fudge, cream-puffs and other kickshaws, not to mention the catch-penny trash too often provided by the janitor or concessionaire of the school luncheon, who isn't doing business for his health or for anybody else's; it neglects eye-strain, unhygienic dress, uncleanly habits, anemia, periodic headaches, nervousness, adenoids, and wrong habits of posture and movement.

Would the Fine Student be Patronized or Entertained as a Companion?

"That's the business of the home." Oh, yes, we have heard that excuse before. It is a mighty convenient scapegoat for the things left undone. The use of that argument is an excellent shibboleth to separate the two educational camps. If you believe that the school exists to increase the total knowledge of Latin and algebra in the world, the cry, "Leave something to the home," is perfectly logical, and the assumption by the school of such responsibilities as those enumerated above is an impertinence. If, on the other hand, you believe that the school is a social institution with a mission of public service, regardless of the relation of that service to Latin or algebra, then you must agree that it should look after what every one recognizes as the foremost need of the adolescent girl.

Youth Burned on the Altar of Pedantry

IN MANY schools a reception is given every term to the parents of the entering girls. Suppose we stand with the reception committee and see what sorts of homes are represented. There is no gathering like it. Here comes a man of wealth and social position, who believes in true democracy and realizes the social service of the school; behind him is a teamster, whose son or daughter may be tomorrow's leader; next a shabbily dressed widow, made timid or defiant by the hard knocks of the workaday world; then a clergyman; then a carpenter, justly proud of the daughter who stands at the head of her class; then a newly-rich in ostentatious finery. Each is led up and introduced by the daughter, and when you have met them all you will say that you have seen a microcosm of American democracy. If you are patriotic you will give thanks and send your own child right along to meet the real thing and, perchance, to eradicate any traces of snobbery and pharisaism that she may have.

If that evening's experience does not convince you that it is the business of the school to do for its girls what literally tens of thousands of the homes cannot do for them, go with the kind-hearted teacher to visit a sick girl. Meet the parent who cannot speak a word of English, note the meager house, size up the locality, count the saloons and "movies," hear the ragtime hurdy-gurdy, be thankful that society has provided a hope for better things for children from such surroundings, but don't come back and descant about the school supplanting the sacred office of the home.

One fact that every educator in both camps knows is that the home is not attending to the health of the adolescent girl. This problem is pressing upon us now largely because of the revolution in living conditions that has come within the last quarter of a century. The immense growth of our cities, the fierce struggle for existence, the increased cost of living and, most important of all, the tremendous number of children of foreign parentage, make it imperative that the public high school conserve the health as well as all the other social possibilities of its girls. Organized society is paying for the school and is ready to sanction a work for God and for humanity that the church has long and vainly sought to do, and that settlements and private institutions have attempted in a few isolated localities. The school can do this work better than any of these because it can reach everybody, it is not charity, it can be thoroughly democratic, it has the confidence of all races and sects, and it is the natural agency for fitting the children of all the people for the larger living, for opening to them the riches of literature, for training their taste and appreciation, and for fitting every girl for the highest efficiency of which she is capable.

Loyalty to the old-time learning, enthusiasm for scholarship and for exalted academic standards, have kept many of our best educators from giving their support to the broader activities of the school. But the school of the future will relinquish none of these ideals of scholarly achievement. It will, however, add to these ideals the ideal of social service; it will recognize the recent economic and industrial revolution, and will extend its mission to the other sheep that are not of the strictly academic fold.

It is important to the interests of health that the school individualize its course of study. An amount of work easily performed by one girl will make another girl a nervous wreck. It is necessary, therefore, that the course of study and the machinery of administration facilitate the adaptation of the burden to the strength and endurance of the bearer.

"My daughter is missing her girlhood," writes a distressed mother. "She goes straight to her studies on her return from school and keeps at them until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Saturday she must catch up odds and ends and do a couple of hours of drawing. Even Sunday is encroached upon for prescribed supplementary reading. She is nervous and irritable, the bloom of her beauty is fading, and I feel that something must be done."

It is possible for the school to figure out by the book of arithmetic the absurdity of this claim, and for a considerable percentage of the girls the computation will be right. Yet any one whose eyes are open to real conditions will have to admit that the complaint in this mother's letter applies more or less directly to many high-school girls. It is, therefore, perfectly obvious that it should be made easy for a girl to take a heavier or a lighter course according to her physical and mental strength; and more than that, that the school should very often insist upon curbing a girl's ambition to take the maximum amount of work.

In passing, it is interesting to note that the danger above outlined seldom arises with boys. The boy usually does somewhat less work than he ought to do, slams the book into the waste-basket and goes and plays ball. The girl, on the other hand, with the capricious docility of her sex, burns out her precious vitality at the altar of pedantry.

Would it not be a sensible program for the high school to announce as the first article of its creed the development of its girls through the critical period of adolescence into the best possible physical health and vigor? If it is to do this it will begin with a thorough physical examination, which will note defects such as those mentioned above for careful individual treatment. It will notify the home where medical care is needed, and will itself undertake many tasks for physical improvement that it can perform much better than any other agency. It will give a thorough course in personal and community hygiene, with physiology enough to make it intelligible. It will require every girl in the school to take this course the first year so as to reach those who drop out early, even if one of the subjects now required of everybody for the propagation of purely academic culture has to be eliminated or deferred. Closely related to the hygiene, it will give a scientific interpretation of the girl's environment. The biology laboratory will afford a fitting introduction to certain vital physical facts that the home ought to teach and doesn't,

and will also give an understanding of the elements of bacteriology as applied to food and household hygiene.

The gymnasium in every school will drill the girls in correct sitting, standing, walking, running, and in addition will give orthopedic treatment to correct individual ills. Baths will be available for all and will be enforced where necessary, and there need be no doubt about finding numerous cases for this salutary type of pedagogics. Demonstrations of correct clothing will be given, with particular attention to corsets and shoes. In this connection it is interesting to note that during three years in a school of two thousand girls, every single one of the twenty-five cases where a girl has fallen down stairs she has been wearing high-heeled shoes. Indeed, while it may sound like paternalism, there is strong ground for maintaining that the school should prohibit the more flagrant violations of good sense and modesty in the form of low-necked dresses, transparencies, high-heeled shoes, tight lacing, and complexions of the white that never was on land or sea.

The school luncheon, run on a co-operative plan, will provide good, nutritious food at a moderate price, and will refuse to furnish anything deleterious to the health of the growing girl. Thus it will tend to establish correct habits of diet and serve as an example of the possibility of securing good food at a moderate price. But the school will go much farther than the luncheon; it will, as a second essential of its course, give to every girl a thorough and systematic training to fit her for efficiency in the home. Did you ever know of a case like this?

It Can Teach Them to Cook, Not Merely to Prepare a Few Puddings and Meringues and Other Culinary Fripperies

John Doe, aged twenty-two, and Mary Roe, aged twenty, fell in love. Following the natural order of the universe, that was just about what John and Mary ought to do. John was a clerk earning eighteen dollars a week and spending it all. Mary was the daughter of a department store buyer who earned twenty-five hundred dollars a year. As the courtship became serious John began to save money. After the usual hesitation and misgivings on the part of Mary's parents, the couple were married and lived—thereby hangs the tale the novelist did not tell, because there was not a ready market for such a story.

The Tragedies of Ill-Cooked Food

MARY had developed no very extravagant notions on her father's twenty-five hundred a year, and so exhibited the usual incompetent, bridish ecstasy in starting life in a twenty-dollar-a-month flat, furnished with the four hundred dollars John had saved in the year and a half of their engagement. The young couple did not figure out expenses much in detail, but of course they knew that if Mary did the housework they could live on what John had been paying for his board. What a comforting delusion that is of Cupid's, that two can live as cheaply as one! How mightily does it swell ministerial perquisites and the birthrate!

John ate the first biscuits, and took a pepsin tablet; he tackled the first pie, and discovered that he didn't care for any dessert that night; he choked down the burnt steak or the half-cooked pork chops, and ultimately landed at the free-lunch counter of the saloon. The next time he came home and found the house and Mary's temper in disorder he went to the billiard room for the evening, and cashed in his pool checks at the bar for something to take the place of the meal he could not eat at home.

Mary found herself shabbily dressed after her trousseau was worn out, and yet she had to admit that the now twenty-a-week could not stand the neat tailormade gown at twenty-seven dollars and a half, marked down from thirty-five, forty or fifty dollars, according to the popular capacity for absorbing show-window fiction.

I have forgotten on just which of the matrimonial rocks the happy little bark was wrecked. Possibly they tided over a temporary stringency at the loan shark's; possibly John missed his favorite brand of bachelor cigars and other necessities, and deserted; possibly he found other metal more attractive; maybe some of the fathers- and mothers-in-law lent friendly advice, not concealing a frank recognition of the shortcomings of the other father- and mother-in-law's child; it is just possible that Mary —— However it happened, that home was not a bulwark to the nation, though Mary had spent four years in the public high school, and at public expense had passed first-year Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, three years of German, three years of algebra and geometry, two years of ancient and English history, and four years of English. This had kept her so busy that she had been relieved of all home duties. You know it is important for a girl to get an education.

Just here let me remark that everything in Mary's high-school course was good. There was not a subject that did not belong there as a possibility for the girl who surely needed it. But it seems equally evident that the exclusive combination was not all that Mary needed. When she undertook to keep John's house her high-school course did not function. Yet it had cost the community between three and four hundred dollars in taxes. It had cost her father at least eight hundred dollars. The community had a wrecked home to show for its outlay, and Mary's father and mother had an infinite heartache. John himself was undoubtedly to blame, but the potential wreck in his life had at least not been averted by his wife's resourcefulness. We shall not presume to cast up accounts for the Recording Angel, but when we get round to talking about moral education we shall have something to say about fitting the girl for efficiency in the home.

Here are a few pertinent facts: The percentage of pupils studying some of the more important subjects in 8097 public high schools of the United States in the year 1909-10 is stated by the Commissioner of Education as follows:

Latin, French and German	82.64
Algebra and Geometry	87.72
English Literature	87.09
Rhetoric	57.10
History	55.03
Domestic Economy—including sewing, cooking and household economics	3.78

The latest available census reports show that of women between the ages of twenty and twenty-four more than seventy-five per cent are married. If, in the light of this fact, we agree that the public is putting its money into the high schools that its children may there receive the best possible training for the lives they are to live, doesn't our present practice in the education of girls look like going from New York to California by way of Cape Horn?

It seems like a platitude to point out how the high school can make the girls more efficient in the home. Obviously, it can teach them to cook, to prepare not merely a few puddings and meringues and other culinary fripperies, but good solid fare, based on a study of food values, the necessary elements in a meal and in a complete dietary. Every girl should be taught how to distinguish between fresh and storage eggs, how to use oleomargarine when butter soars to fifty cents a pound, how to cook the cheaper cuts of meat, how to utilize the nutritious left-overs that the hired girl dumps into the garbage. In the chemistry classes the girl should learn to detect preservatives, adulterants and colorings; to distinguish between honest preserves and rotten fruit pulp, flavored and colored with coal tar; to discard fruits bleached with sulphurous acid; to remove spots and stains from various fabrics, and a thousand other useful scientific applications.

It does seem strange that physics and chemistry have so long been taught on a purely academic basis generally remote from all possible use. The laws of heat and light are not the less science because they are illustrated by the methods of heating and lighting a house, their most universal application; the chemical experiment by which gelatine is detected in milk as a substitute for the cream that has been removed is quite as educational as the reaction of HCl and Mn_2O_3. And the beauty of this approach to science is that it works a marvelous transformation in the pupil's interest in the study and in the interest of the community in the school.

The girl should learn in the school enough about dressmaking and general sewing so that later she will be resourceful in making and remodeling her own and her children's clothes, hats, and so forth. In the sewing and drawing classes taste should be trained in matters of both color and form. The work in these two departments should be very closely correlated, the dressmaking and millinery classes furnishing a motive and a practical application of the instruction in drawing. Kinds of textiles, durability, washableness, adaptation to various uses should all be taught, not only in theory but by practical application. Skill in household decoration, good taste in the selection and arrangement of furniture, discrimination between clamorous roses and pianissimo geometrics in rugs and wall paper, and between inexpensive reproductions of the world's greatest pictures and the polychromatic, gilt-framed atrocities of the department stores, all these are as valuable to the girl and the community as the "discipline and culture" of paradigms, prosody and parallelepipeds.

It is highly desirable that household problems should be studied completely in a simply furnished model house, which can be cared for by the girls as part of their regular schoolwork. The household budget for families of various sizes and incomes should be carefully analyzed, and problems of buying should be studied at first hand in the stores and markets. If it is true, as has been estimated, that the woman in charge of the house spends eighty per cent of the family income, it seems as if such training as is here outlined would have a direct value in raising the economic and moral status of the home.

The Problems the Schools Do Not Touch

IT MUST be remembered, however, that few girls go directly from the high school into their own homes. Even a superficial acquaintance with conditions will show a third duty of the school. An overwhelming number of our girls must have a training that will enable them to earn a living wage. They must get this training during the years usually devoted to the high school, because financial stress in their parents' homes makes it imperative that they speedily become producers. Some can stay only a year, some two, some three, some four. Many who at their entrance might expect to stay only a short time would find ways to remain longer if they felt the school's vital connection with life. Obviously every girl should receive as much of the larger enlightenment that comes from academic work as she can. It is equally clear that she should receive some directly marketable training, for we must remember that her moral and spiritual life often depends upon her economic independence.

With the exception of the commercial course offered in a few cities, this intensely human problem has hardly been touched by the high school. A few trade schools for girls in various parts of the country are doing excellent work, but the problem of economic preparation is so universal that it should be boldly attacked wherever the people are supporting a secondary school. It is time for the high school to begin to study the economic opportunities in its community, to find out the individual possibilities of its girls, to plan courses for them, to investigate methods such as that of alternating a week in the shop or factory with a week in the school, as is now being successfully done with boys; in a word, to come down from its academic Olympus and listen to the cry of the children.

Here is something that happens every day. A teacher, one of those who are real shepherds of mankind, comes to the principal with a story like this: "Mary Smith, one of my best pupils, must leave school. Her father is a tailor,

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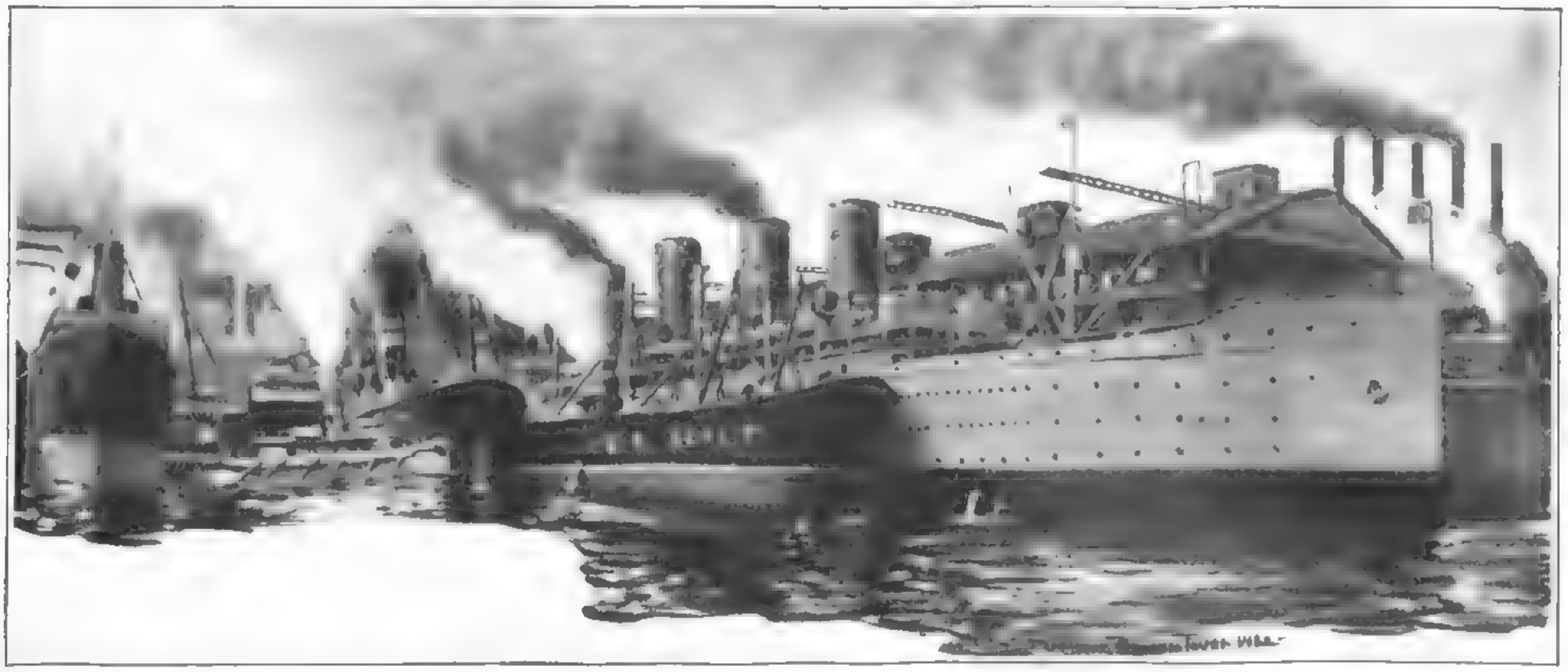
The Girl Burns Out Her Precious Vitality at the Altar of Pedantry

PANAMA AND CHEAP FUEL



By AGNES C. LAUT

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

PHILADELPHIA may tell you that "all this talk of preparation for Panama is hot air"; and that, though she owns only eight per cent of her best waterfront, she "has ample dockage to take care of all the commerce that may come!" Still, it is a question whether anything can keep Philadelphia from benefiting by hundreds of millions a year in her commerce as a direct result of the opening of Panama.

Take the question of coaling operations alone.

Have you looked into it? You know that M. Casimir Périer, son of the famous Périer, said the other day that one of the great disadvantages of Panama as against Suez was that, up to the present time, coal by the South American route costs from twelve to sixteen dollars and eighteen dollars a ton compared with four to six dollars on the Suez route.

When I told that to a Government official, high in the Panama service, he answered bluntly: "Well, he is wrong—that is all!" When we looked it up in the shipping records, however, we found that he was right—that is, he was right for last year; but things are moving so fast in preparation for Panama that what was correct for last year is no longer correct for this year. The Government and the railroads and the coal companies have been busy on this huge problem of supplying fuel for half the marine commerce of the world. Railroads to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Savannah have quoted rates to tidewater—from the mine to the steamer's bunkers—of from ninety cents to one dollar and eighty cents a ton for coal from Pennsylvania and Virginia, and as far west as Ohio. Add as much again for cost of coal at the mouth of the mine, and as much again to place the coal in the two big coaling stations that will be placed at each end of the Panama Canal, and you will see that the coal companies of America are not going to let slip past them the golden opportunity of supplying coal for half the marine traffic of the world.

A Chance to Cut Down Coal Bills

IF THE Government goes into the coaling business doesn't that cut out profits for private companies? Not a bit—especially for the railroads acting as carriers; and if you want some proofs that, in coal freights alone, Panama will more than compensate the roads of Pennsylvania and Maryland and the Virginias and Georgia for any loss in transcontinental traffic, just do some figuring a little farther along in this article.

As a matter of fact, the Government has all but decided to go into the coaling business, because the mines and the railroads have given such low rates that it will be possible for the canal commissioners to derive a revenue from the handling of coal for ships using Panama, and yet deliver the coal at from three to five dollars a ton—from nine to twelve dollars lower than the Suez route to the west coast of South America; say, for instance, Valparaiso, where the price has been sixteen dollars and eighteen dollars. If the Government goes into the coal business—as is planned at present—the coal will be bought from the companies just the same. If it does not go into the business, then concessions will be granted private operators at the canal.

As to the cost of coal via Suez and via Panama—the Government is not jumping in the dark or going ahead on paper plans. It has been trying experiments. One company, which operates a fleet of thirty-four vessels in all parts of the world, was asked to keep careful record of figures from New York to the Philippines and back via Suez and via Panama. The vessels were of about three thousand net tons-register. By way of Suez, the total cost of coaling was $20,868.75; by way of Panama, the cost was $18,222.50—a saving via Panama, owing to shorter distance, of almost one dollar for each ton-register; and that was done in 1911, under the old high coal rates. In 1912 coal is to be almost a dollar higher via Suez; and with the new lowered charges for coal, made possible by the new rates offered, the saving will be—well, get out your pencil and figure for yourself—from five to six times greater.

Now, take a look at the map! From halfway up the western coast of South America to halfway up the coast of North America—a distance the length of the whole coastline of either continent—from Peru to British Columbia—is pretty nearly a coalless, fuelless region—that is, so far as coal fit for steamships is concerned. Up and down that coast ply steamers from Japan, from Norway, from Sweden, from Germany, from Great Britain, from Spain, from Portugal, from France; and they have been paying from twelve to sixteen dollars for their coal. Do you think, if they can buy their coal at Panama for from three to five dollars a ton, they will not favor Panama? They will save from three to six times their own register in dollars every voyage by using Panama instead of going round the Horn or through Suez. This looks more like figures than fancy—does it not? It explains why the railroads to tidewater through Pennsylvania and Maryland and the Virginias and Georgia have more to gain from Panama than they can possibly lose.

Now get out your pencil for those figures—and the figures are not mine. They are official Government estimates. What tonnage of vessels will use Panama? If you can get that figure—and remember that the saving under the old coal rates was about a dollar for each ton register, and that under the new coal rates the saving will be several times greater—then you can get at the figures for the boom in coal shipping that is bound to come. I quote: "The total net register tonnage of vessels available for Panama in 1914-15 will be ten million five hundred thousand, of which about ten per cent at first will be United States intercoastal." All right; these vessels will save from ten to thirty million dollars on their coal bill via Panama as against Suez. How much coal will they use? That depends on their ultimate port and the number of times a year they pass through the canal. Secretary Stimson says: "It is said that one dollar a ton of freight for a thousand miles represents the coal consumption of the slow-going freight steamer." The total coal consumption can still only be guessed at; but guess as low as you like with these definite figures, and the guess still means an enormous total of export coal from such shipping points as Philadelphia and Baltimore!

This brings up the other vexed question of oil as fuel, which is very simple if you understand the law—and seemingly impossible if you don't. Oil stations are already established along the Suez route, and will soon be established along the Panama circuit. The law, which may or may not deserve the epithet applied to it by Mr. Bumble, says: "No loose hay, loose cotton . . . coal oil, crude or refined petroleum"—and so on—"shall be carried as freight or used as stores on any steamer carrying passengers. . . . The Secretary of Commerce and Labor may grant permission to the owner of any steam vessel to use any invention or process for the utilization of petroleum in the production of motive power; . . . but no such permission shall be granted . . . unless on satisfactory proof that the use of the same is safe . . . and by special license"—the penalty for injury resulting from violation being "imprisonment for ten years."—Naval Laws of the United States, Page 127; Revised Statutes, 4472.

How the Law Affects the Use of Oil Fuel

WHAT does that mean? It does not apply to the freighter, for the freighter is not supposed to carry passengers. It does not forbid the use of oil as fuel. It forbids the carrying of oil as cargo where there are passengers. To use oil as fuel, the passenger ship must have a special license and special construction. That is simple enough for the coastliners. They can replenish their oil tanks from port to port. It is on the transoceanic liners the law bears oppressively, as compared to the freedom enjoyed by the British and Japanese liners. Let us see how it works out! Your transoceanic transport must be sure of sufficient fuel on a long voyage, where there are no ports of call; so it takes ample oil to—we'll say—Hawaii; for it is the ships to Hawaii and the Philippines that have had the trouble. No delay occurs on the voyage; and the steamer arrives in Hawaii with surplus oil, which it places in storage for future use. At once it is open to fine for having carried oil as a cargo with passengers. "Penalties have thus been incurred for carrying oil on passenger ships and for carrying oil as cargo not on the manifest," says the commissioner of navigation in his report for 1911; "and the statute should be amended to provide against that chance." It is pretty hard for the seaman—let alone the landlubber—to credit the fact that such concentrated asininity could exist in the law; but such are the facts. All the big transoceanic liners on the Pacific have announced their intention of using oil so soon as the law is amended. Meantime two of the lines are still using coal only; and another is using coal and oil to avoid ever having the surplus that incurs the fine.

[illegible]-and-oil side of Panama all "hot air" too? Or are things actually being done? You ask the Pennsylvania, or the Baltimore and Ohio, or the Central of Georgia, or the Western Maryland. One of these lines is now spending between four and five million dollars on its piers and tracks in Baltimore; and it is a fairly safe wager that the New York Central did not buy a controlling interest in that same railroad for the sake of "hot air." Nor is it probable that the Southern Pacific has leased five of the largest and finest piers in New York for the sake of leaving them idle, or strangling Panama trade, or putting up a plot of cutthroat competition to destroy ocean rates.

Baltimore, however, is doing something besides watch an export trade pass through her doors. "Commerce is king," as Mr. Lackey, the harbor engineer, says; and, like Boston, Baltimore is aiming at more perfect terminals, a municipal waterfront and attractions that will lure back to the cheap rates of the seaboard those great manufacturing and industrial plants which moved West with the movement of the railroads. The fire that leveled the city to the ground has proved a blessing in disguise; for in the reconstruction seven million dollars have been spent on widening the street and providing municipal piers. Piers are being constructed not as a drain on the civic treasury but for revenue. Within the next two years five million dollars will have been spent on the waterfront, besides more millions for a municipal factory site, which is unique among the harbors of the Atlantic Coast. The city has reclaimed almost two hundred acres of marshland. This is being leased at purely nominal figures by manufacturing interests, which bind themselves in their leases to build and operate within a given time. The site is to be administered as a source of revenue; and it speaks well for the plan that the larger portion of the reclaimed land is already leased.

Baltimore, too, has a table of distances showing her port to be the nearest place on earth; and you must remember that bulge of the earth and narrowing of the coastline—as in the case of Boston—or you will not credit the figures. Because the coast bulged out, Boston was nearer seaports round Panama than other Atlantic points. Because the coast at Baltimore runs up and in, Baltimore is nearer land ports than other Atlantic harbors. For instance, Baltimore is nearer Buffalo than Boston or New York or Philadelphia. Baltimore is nearer Chicago than Boston or New York or Philadelphia; likewise it is nearer St. Louis—but what has all this to do with preparations for Panama? You ask the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. If Panama is going to bring a marine trade to Baltimore, is going to double and treble the twenty different ocean liners that run to her port, then these inland points that are nearer Baltimore than other Atlantic ports will ship through Baltimore. The reasoning may or may not be correct, but the fact remains that Baltimore is staking about fourteen million dollars on the chances of a big revival in shipping.

Will there be such a revival? That question brings you to Washington—straight down to the problem of administration; tolls or no tolls; rebated tolls or no rebates; coastal laws excluding foreign ships from port-to-port traffic in the United States or a throwing open of coastal trade to foreigners; registry laws confining the American flag in the foreign trade exclusively to ships built in the United States or permission to fly the American flag over any American-owned ship, no matter where built—these are the problems of practical administration; and you will find as great a division of opinion in the Capital as elsewhere. Most depressing of all, you will find an amount of colossal indifference in Washington that you cannot disturb with nitroglycerine. The explanation of Washington indifference is simple—Panama isn't politics! It is such a complicated factor in international and commercial matters that if you inject it into politics you don't know when the pesky thing may come back at you in a biff of a boomerang!

"I would see Panama filled with mud to the brim before I would vote another cent for it or give it another thought!" declared a certain senator. "What's Panama to us?"

Though the United States flag has almost disappeared from the seas of world commerce, and the revival of a marine is one of the big problems before the nation, which means the saving or the loss of billions of dollars to the country, here is what the commissioner of navigation is constrained to report in his 1911 review: "There has not been interest enough in the subject or time enough available for one day's full and frank discussion of the registry law in the Senate or the House of Representatives during the past eighteen years!"

When you come to analyze the situation in Washington you find two distinct camps—those who regard Panama as a source of revenue and those who regard Panama as the one chance in a hundred years to revive an American merchant marine.

"I would put the tolls," declared Colonel Goethals to a Senate committee, "as high as commerce would stand. I am looking at it purely as a business proposition. Of course my opinion is biased. I want as much money coming as I can possibly get."

On the other hand, Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, urges moderate tolls, on the ground that the first purpose of the canal should be the development of commerce; returns for outlay should come afterward. "Every dollar a ton which we charge as tolls for the canal will neutralize a thousand miles of the advantage in distance which the Panama route may have. Under these conditions, the amount of commerce that will use it is largely a question of tolls."

Canal administration is under the War Department, and Mr. Stimson speaks guardedly. Navigation is under the

(Continued on Page 69)

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I Went Fishing

THE editor who gave me twenty-five dollars a week and an opportunity to do the kind of work I liked is the man to whom I largely owe whatever success I may have had in life. Before I came there I had been allowed to do pretty much as I pleased and my writing had not had the benefit of close editing. He was a man who had begun somewhat as I had and had won his way to the top of that big newspaper by sheer ability and hard work. Apparently he liked me, and I know I liked him immensely, and I consider him, to this day, one of the best friends I ever had. At any rate he took me in hand, held me down to brass tacks, was not at all chary in pointing out my faults—of which I had many—and when I did anything worth while praised that work judicially.

He was a stylist—not a faddist—but a writer who believed in clear and simple English and could write it so well that I used often to wonder if I ever could get the grasp of language that he had. He was strong, virile, and could put more in one paragraph than most of the rest of us can get in a column. Moreover, he had a head packed full of information and knew his city as well as I knew the alphabet. Night after night I have seen him stop at the desk where the city directory was kept and read a few pages of names. The result was that as he looked over every proof he spotted an error instantly, and there was no chance of any misstatement of fact concerning local affairs getting by him. He had a prodigious memory and knew thoroughly all the social, political and business intricacies of the town. He was intolerant of stupidity, but had a strong sense of humor and a vivid appreciation of the interesting and the human.

Practically I was working for him, although I was nominally on the city staff and under the city editor. I was anxious to please and to learn. There were two reasons for this: First, I was twenty-two years old and considered it high time for me to get squared away in the work I had chosen for life; and, second and greater, I was married and had serious responsibilities. Everybody who knew me said that by marrying when I was not yet twenty-one I had proved that I was the same kind of a sentimental fool that I was when I dashed out and bought a daily paper some years before. But I wasn't. My early marriage steadied me, kept me from doing fool things, made me chary of shifting positions, held me where I was until I had a good insight into my trade and kept me keen at my job.

The city editor didn't warm up to me much at first, although we became good friends in later years. I think he had an idea that the managing editor had no business to project an outside man into his staff the way I was put in. Also my salary was within a dollar or two of his, which may have had something to do with it. When they put the linotypes into the old office a year or so before I changed base, we all learned the typewriter, and I brought mine with me to the new place. I was the first reporter in that city to use a machine in preparing copy and consequently I was an object of considerable interest to all the staff. Now, of course, nearly all newspaper copy is made on typewriters. The introduction of the linotype forced that, because the typesetting machines are so much faster than hand composition and the printers had to have longer "takes" or sections of copy than they could handle in manuscript form—decrease in bulk and increase in legibility—in order to work the machines advantageously.

The paper was a morning paper, and I went to work on a Monday afternoon. My first assignment was the theaters. That night there was to be a first production of a new play. I have forgotten what the play was, but it was by some well-known dramatist of that day and the production was quite an event. They gave me two seats, which were the regular critics' seats, but I went alone, as I knew nobody in the town save a few of the people I had met in the office and my wife was not with me. A very prosperous and pleasant gentleman sat next to me on the aisle, and with him a beautifully gowned and most attractive lady. I knew the paper had four seats for every performance and I figured that this man must be somebody important in the organization.

The man did not go out between the acts, nor did I, and I overheard his conversation about the new play—which was not a very good play, by the way. The man had a frank manner of talking and used some very apt comparisons. Also he held the same views about the play that I did. Hence on my way back to the office I reasoned thus: That man undoubtedly is high up in the conduct of my paper. He held very decided views about that play. Those views coincide largely with mine. Where they do not coincide with mine his judgment probably is better than mine. So I'll let him criticise the play, as it is up to me to make good here as rapidly as possible.

Wherefore, instead of being a critic of that play I became a reporter, mostly, of another man's criticism, for I was terribly anxious to make a good impression with my first work and I considered that the end justified the means.

I wrote a column about the play and it was run under a four-line head. Next morning I was early at the office. Soon after the editor came in the man who sat next to me at the theater the night before came in also. Before he reached the editor's room he called out: "Who wrote the criticism of that play last night?"

"Here's where I either get it or else don't," I thought, and listened eagerly for the editor's reply. He spoke my name and asked: "Why?"

"Because," said the man, "I consider that the best piece of criticism this paper has had for some time."

Perhaps that wasn't pleasant to me! Five minutes later I was called in and introduced. The man was the owner and editor-in-chief of the paper. Many times after that I wrote pieces he didn't like, and he was always frank to tell me so; but he was my loyal friend and stood by me during the five years of my association with him, as I hope I stood by him and as I always tried to do. He died a short time ago. He was brave, able, manly—a great editor and a great man.

Not long afterward, on a dull afternoon, the city editor told me to go out and rustle a feature story of some kind. "Let's start a crusade," he said; "it's been a long time since we have jumped on anything for fair. You are new here and probably can see things that are nuisances which we overlook because of their familiarity. Start something."

I went out and took a look around. The thing that had impressed me most while I had been in the place was the dirtiness of the manufacturing part of the city, the enormous nuisance of the soft-coal smoke that belched unceasingly from hundreds of chimneys. The city I came from was a hard-coal town. I hadn't walked a block before I decided this was the worthy subject of a crusade. I made a few notes and came back and pounded out three screaming columns about this frightful menace to the health and comfort of our citizens.

When I handed in my copy the city editor looked at the first page and chuckled. I didn't know why, for the story was not humorous. It was deadly serious. He ran through the copy and chuckled some more. I puzzled over that chuckle for a long time. When I looked at the proofs I found that he had put a two-column head on it and it was in the paper the next morning yelping after the smoke nuisance like a pack of hounds after a fox. It looked pretty good and I was reading it when the proprietor came in. He walked over to where I was sitting and said: "I suppose you wrote that smoke article this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it was a fine article. I imagine you intend to follow it up today."

"Yes, sir," I replied, all puffed up.

He smiled at me in that kindly manner of his and patted me on the shoulder. "Well, my boy," he said, "I wish you would restrain yourself until we get our smoke consumers in. If you had observed carefully you would have seen that at present we are one of the worst smoke offenders in the city."

That was all he said, but then I knew why the city editor chuckled.

The Epic of Canadian Whiskers

WHAT a man he was! Three or four years later, when I was in charge of the news of the paper, one of the police reporters brought in a circumstantial story of a counterfeiting gang that had been operating in our vicinity. He had names and dates. This reporter was a most reliable man. I had implicit faith in him. He said the story was all right and I played it up all over the paper. It was exclusive also. Two days later there came a howl from a man in a neighboring city. His name had been used in the story. He threatened a big libel suit, and I found, after investigation, that he had a case. I went to the owner and assumed responsibility.

"I'm to blame," I said; "I ran the story. The police reporter thought he was all right. What shall I do?"

"Better go up and see what they want," he advised.

I went to the neighboring city, wrangled for a couple of days with the man's lawyers and finally arranged a settlement for a considerable sum of money. I telegraphed to the owner, he telegraphed the money to me and I got a release. Then I went back and handed him my resignation. He read it, said "Shucks!", threw it in the waste basket and never spoke of the incident again.

I was in Canada one day during my first summer on the paper—Canada always furnished trouble for me—when I ran across a big Liberal political ratification. I think it was a Liberal meeting; maybe it was a Conservative meeting—I have forgotten the exact brand of politics displayed there. At any rate it was a political ratification meeting. I went down to look the meeting over, not that I was interested in Canadian politics or that my paper was, but I thought that I might get a story.

Whiskers, Whiskers Everywhere, and Not a Barbershop in Sight

I got one, there is no doubt about that. The politics didn't appeal to me in the least, but the whiskers of the men at the meeting did. There were more kinds of whiskers worn at that meeting by the sturdy Canadian yeomanry than I had ever seen gathered together at one time. There were whiskers of every variety and of every color, morasses of them, swamps of them, meadows of them, wood limits of them, acres of them—whiskers, whiskers everywhere, and not a barbershop in sight. There were side-burns, brannigans, knockers, mutton-chops, full beards, chin beards, paint-brushes, goatees, imperials, vandykes—every known variety and many that had not before that time been classified.

So I confined my story to the whiskers, mentioning incidentally in the last line that the display had been at some kind of a political meeting. I took up the whiskers in detail and described them, apostrophized them, apotheosized them, laughed at them, admired them, stroked them and ruffled them. I was proud of that story, and they ran it in on the first page. A day or two later a Canadian friend of mine, who read a good many Canadian papers in the course of his newspaper work, came in and said: "Well, you've raised merry hell with that whisker story of yours."

"What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, pulling a bunch of newspaper clippings out of his pocket, "nothing at all, except that all the Canadian papers of the same political faith as the persons at that meeting are roasting the eternal tar out of you for insulting and villifying their intelligent voters, and all the opposition papers are quoting it and calling attention to the kind of rubes that make up that constituency."

He was right. For three weeks he filed clippings from Canadian papers and border papers with me, and the things they said about me were not fit for polite reading. The letter-writing brigade—always strong in Canada—got under way, and it seemed to me that I had insulted the Queen or done some other terrible thing. My editor thought it was a joke, and so it was, but it reacted. I have all the clippings pasted in a book, with the original article leading. The title of the book is Notes on Whiskers. Any time I want to say anything mean about a person I can find inspiration and language in that book.

The City Editor Looked at the First Page and Chuckled

For the first year my editor disciplined me pretty thoroughly. He clubbed a lot of writing defects out of me, curbed a lot of foolish enthusiasms, encouraged any good idea I had, let me go to the limit when I was right and held me sternly in check when I was at a tangent. He took me over on the editorial page, where I was directly under his eye, gave me a paragraph department to do and smoothed me out to a great extent. Then when I was beginning to have an inkling of my business he turned over the news end of the paper to me. It was a departure, for before that time the city editor had been supreme in the local end and the telegraph editor in his department. I was made responsible for both ends.

Naturally I was full of ideas. I tried on a good many of them. The editor was tolerant and let me have full swing, and I soon found what would work and what would not. Then the city editor went on the Sunday paper and I took the actual city desk and also kept my supervision of the other news department. I put in a copyreader, the first we had had, and right there I began to grow a little. Also I had had my salary raised several times and was getting along comfortably.

Easy Money from Metropolitan Sheets

THERE was one good way of making outside money—to get an appointment as a local correspondent for a New York or Chicago or Philadelphia paper. New York papers were best. The rivalry for these places was keen among the reporters in the city. Usually when a correspondent for a New York or Chicago paper left our town or quit for some reason his recommendation was sufficient to insure the appointment of a new man in that field. Hence, though the managing editors in New York and Chicago didn't know it, there was a cash value to the jobs aside from the money that could be made from month to month. They were legitimate articles of barter. A big paper, that had a liberal news policy and would take a fair proportion of the news offered, was worth a good-sized sum of money as a business proposition.

The first one I secured was the New York paper for which I worked for a good many years later in life. The man who had the job was leaving town and, on consideration of seventy-five dollars in hand paid, recommended me as the person best fitted to succeed him, and I was appointed. Some weeks when news of that section was lively I made as high as fifteen or twenty dollars in addition to my salary. It was a very poor week, indeed, when I could not get in five dollars' worth of stuff. Also I learned there the trick of making alluring "queries." No outside paper, except in the case of most important and late stories, allowed its correspondent to send in the news without first telegraphing to the office, stating briefly what the story was and how many words in the judgment of the correspondent it was worth. These queries were numbered and read like this: "Big fire in factory; fourteen killed; 300"; or "Sensational shooting on fashionable street; well-known people involved; 750"; and the news editor at the other end of the wire would order as many or as few words as he wanted. Naturally no story was underplayed in these bulletins. It was not long before I found out what kind of news the outside papers preferred, and I scheduled that kind insistently whenever there was even a remote chance of getting any space. As a result of the expansion and perfection of the service of the press associations the correspondence item probably is not so important today as it was in those days. Then we made a good deal of easy money out of it. Besides, when there was a local story big enough to warrant sending a staff man after it from the outside offices we got pay for helping him.

My editor had been liberal with me and had allowed me to hire good men. I was making about fifty dollars a week when I worked seven days, and I had two men on the local staff who were getting twenty-five dollars each and one who was getting thirty. This man drifted in one day and asked for a place. I gave him a try-out and hired him. He was the best reporter I ever knew, bar none, and I have known all the good ones in the past twenty-five years. These salaries were large for the town. There never had been anything like it before, nor had there ever been a local staff like that before in that town. It was a compact, reliable and at times

brilliant news-gathering machine, and we put out a paper that was excellent in every way. Those were good days.

From a reportorial viewpoint every city editor is the meanest man on earth. He has to be. His job requires it. It is a natural and inherent reportorial tendency to think one's particular work the most important on the paper, to want all the big stories, to protest violently when his stuff is cut or not handled properly—as he thinks—and constantly to howl about the smallness of his wage. He holds the city editor personally responsible for all these things. On the other hand, the city editor is held responsible by the editor for the expense of his department and for the thoroughness of the work of his staff; and inasmuch as reporters are not especially amenable to discipline, he must be rigid and unyielding or he will soon find himself in trouble with the man in the inside office.

I don't suppose I was the pleasantest city editor on earth. I was quick-tempered, arbitrary, inclined to be sarcastic over a failure, and I made the men work hard and long; but I got along fairly well for all that. I think the staff liked me; at any rate I liked the staff. The editor gave me practically a free hand. I could hire and discharge almost at will, and did. Every now and then even to this day I bear things about myself from men I discharged for lapses of discipline or failure or lack of ability. Still that part of it is but a feature of the game. I don't blame them.

Once in a while I wrote a story myself, and I wrote many introductions to big stories. I had a good newspaper style and could see the salient point of a story and bring it out vividly and concisely. Also I had a fair sense of humor and kept the paper lively. I was a stern young person and believed that everything that happened should be printed. One night at midnight the head of the police department decided on a general raid of all the questionable resorts in the city. He made a thorough job of it, apparently for the purpose of satisfying himself just how far he could go. He evidently thought over the matter and concluded that at that time of night, with none of the courts working and with the mayor asleep, he was the czar and he started out to prove it. The result was that in an hour he had three or four precinct station houses packed with an assortment of people that ranged from the highest to the lowest. In newspaper parlance we "ate that story up." I spread it all over the first page of the paper with a three-column head. It so happened that Dean Hole, the English clergyman, was lecturing in the city that night. In the book he subsequently wrote giving his impressions of America he reprinted that headline and cited it as a horrible example of the American newspaper tendency to sensationalism, virtuously reflecting that no English newspaper would have done such a thing. Which probably is the truth, but we did it, and that story was a wonder and stood that town on its head.

Making Enemies by Telling the Truth

THIS tendency to print all the news got me into hot water several times, for I refused to suppress news that the friends of the owner wanted suppressed just as impartially as I delighted in printing news his enemies didn't want printed. He stood by me, too, and so did my editor; only one day, when I had done some particularly obnoxious thing to a friend of the owner's, the owner came in and asked pathetically: "Great Scott, aren't you going to leave me any friends at all?" That paper was absolutely independent. It had no political affiliations save the broad support of the better principles of the Republican party, and this left the editor and myself—subordinate to him—in clover, especially as the business office couldn't interfere either. Whenever there was a local candidate for office whom we didn't like we said so, not taking any pains to be pleasant about it either. There were no strings on us, and we had a lot of fun and got a good many results.

Ours was a big city and yet a small one. Local politics were as intense as in a village; local jealousies interfered with many plans for improvement; local enterprise was at times flamboyant and at times dead. There was one central gathering place—the big hotel—and at luncheon time almost everybody of importance could be found there. Here politics was planned and business was discussed. Also at five o'clock in the afternoon the leaders in the various phases of the city's life generally dropped in. It was like the store in the village. Everybody knew everybody else, for when you got down to it the big outside population did not count much in affairs. The town was a good news town. It was a big railroad center, a big manufacturing place and held a most important commercial position. Always something was stirring, and in our paper we made the most of what there was.

It was a great five years for me. Along in my fourth year on the paper the owner and the editor gave me the title of managing editor. I thought I had arrived. The first sheet of office letter paper I had with my name on it as managing editor I used for a letter to my father, calling his attention to his gloomy predictions of some years before and asking him to observe what had happened. His observations in answer were pertinent, I may say, and admonitory. They consisted of a short communication in which he dwelt on the dangers of getting a swelled head, pointing out a few symptoms in my own case.

Once before I left the old town I had been offered a political job there. I was told that I could be deputy county clerk if I wanted to, and that the salary would be two thousand dollars a year. I was getting less than a thousand dollars a year at the time and I was sorely tempted, but I had sense enough to decline. I had seen many other newspaper men leave newspaper work for political places, secretaryships and the like, or to go into business, but I had concluded if I had any future at all it was in newspaper work. Only one other temptation to get out of this line of work came to me, although like all of my kind I was constantly talking in those days of the grind and the lack of future and similar rot. I had made many friends among the managers and advance agents of the theatrical business while at dramatic work, and one of these managers told me that if I wanted it I could have a place at seventy-five dollars a week as advance agent for a good star. I went down to New York—it was my first visit to New York, by-the-way—looked things over and didn't accept. That was the second time in my life I showed ordinary common-sense.

New York is the mecca of all newspaper men working elsewhere. Park Row is the candle in which many country reportorial moths singe their wings. There were times when I wanted to go to New York right away and I made one or two efforts to do so, for I was ambitious. I had many friends among New York newspapermen, all of whom urged me to get into the game down there, but I stuck and I am glad I did. When I did get to New York I was pretty well equipped for the grueling work there.

Finally what I thought was a big opportunity came to me. A local rich man who had mixed in politics and wanted to mix more bought an afternoon newspaper. He spread himself on hiring men at fancy—for us—salaries, imported an editor and went at the job of securing power for himself through the medium of the newspaper business. A year or so later he started a morning paper and then bought the other morning paper—not ours—and combined it with his own. He had approached me several times with offers of positions, but I had not been responsive.

Almost on the very day my five years ended he made me a proposition that caught me. He offered me the position of editor of his afternoon paper at four thousand dollars a year. This was much more money than I was getting. It was more money than any newspaper man in the city was getting, with the exception of one or two. Besides, since I was eighteen I had been working practically all the time on morning newspapers and sleeping in the daytime, and I thought it would be great to have my evenings to myself. My wife coincided with this view. Except on days off I was only in the house to eat and sleep.

I saw my owner and my editor. They said they couldn't meet the raise, so I took the other place. "I'll have to have a contract for two years," I said to my new employer.

All right," he replied; "have one drawn up."

My Iron-Clad Contract Proves Useful

I WENT to a lawyer and he drew up a contract for me. It was iron-clad so far as I was concerned. My new employer signed it without reading it. He was as anxious to get me then as he was later to get rid of me. That contract proved a mighty good thing for me later on.

I hired some of the best men in the city and we started in. We made a good paper. I think all who read it will admit that, but it was not a successful paper. Another afternoon paper had the biggest circulation in the town and still another had the Democratic circulation. Of the four afternoon publications ours remained consistently third in spite of everything I or my men could do—and we worked like slaves. As a result before the end of my first year the owner and I were at loggerheads.

We were constantly embroiled with the other newspapers and always on the losing side in politics. I kept my staff together as best I could, but the owner was constantly growling about the expense. Besides, there was great friction between the staffs of the morning and the afternoon papers, and I wished a hundred times I had not left my old place. I was very unhappy, but I was under contract. I cursed that contract in those days as much as I blessed it later.

Things went from bad to worse. The morning paper was getting circulation and we were standing still. I had a fight on with the morning paper, with the business office, with the proprietor and with everybody else. I tried to pull the paper out, but I couldn't budge it. I was the first man down in the morning and the last to leave at night. We tried guessing contests and many other forms of allurement, but there was no change—our circulation was stationary.

The owner had the merit of being frank in his displeasure. He told me what he thought. I told him what I thought also. One day he sent for me to come over to his office. I went and found him at his desk, glowering at a circulation statement.

"You ain't doin' much," he exploded.

"Not much," I admitted.

"Well, I got to have a change round here. Fire those men an' come back an' tell me you've done it."

He handed me a list containing the names of nine men on my staff. The list included all my friends on the paper and all my best men.

"All right," I said, and walked out. I went over to the editorial rooms, called the men in in a bunch and gave them a week's notice. "You are all discharged," I said—"orders of the boss."

"Have you fired 'em?" he asked when I returned.

"Yes."

"I suppose," he said, "you won't be very comfortable around here now all your pals are gone."

"Not very."

"Well, hadn't you better quit?"

"I'll Quit When You Pay Me the Full Remaining Face Value of That Contract and Not Before"

(Continued on Page 68)

WHIPPEN

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LIKE many another unusual man, Whippen began life by acquiring a reputation as a fool, and this was based, oddly enough, on the fact that he was unafraid. Even as an infant he had his own ideas about the proper food to eat and the proper time to sleep, and no form of punishment that his anxious parents could devise served to alter these notions in the least. He stood in no awe whatever of threats and accepted spankings with calm stoicism. When he was six years old his mother gave up as hopeless any further attempt to instil reason into him at home and with a sigh of relief turned him over to the discipline of the village school. Various teachers struggled with Whippen intermittently up to the time he was fourteen, and then decided that he was only wasting their time and his own. He wasn't vicious; but he refused to learn except in his own way, and so after breaking several rattan sticks upon him they let him go. This suited Whippen and he secured a job at the local grocery store. He did well there; in fact he soon appointed himself chief clerk, and almost immediately afterward assumed full control of the business. For five years the proprietor rebelled at this arbitrary arrangement, but finally submitted and contented himself with carrying out Whippen's orders and banking his profits, which in some miraculous way increased almost fifty per cent. He could not understand this increase, neither could any one else. Whippen, of course, was not thought of in this connection. Laboring under the handicap of his early reputation he was never given credit for anything.

Whippen never grew old enough to be taken seriously. As the years went by he had increased in length and breadth, but his face had remained the same freckled, good-natured face it was at ten. He had blue eyes and an unforgetable amile, vague and fascinating as a child's. He carried himself with an air of anxious earnestness.

Then Whippen married, which every one knows is a fool thing for a young man to do—married a little girl who was as poor as a church mouse and not much bigger. She did, however, have a knack of making dainty candies, and Whippen one day conceived the notion of keeping a pound or two of those for sale in the store. It was at this point that A. Courtland Marchmont stepped into Whippen's life for less than five full minutes; but that was really the turning-point in Whippen's career, for Marchmont furnished Whippen with a suggestion—with a great big idea, in fact.

Marchmont himself cannot be blamed for that, you understand. He never before furnished any one with an idea; didn't know he had any. In the last analysis perhaps even this one was not his own. It really came from the great metropolis of which he himself was a product.

"What are You Drivin' at Anyhow? Aren't Those Eggs All the Same?"

Marchmont with his wife was touring the White Mountains in a closed limousine at an average rate of forty miles an hour. When he reached Centerville he was on his last lap. Awaking from a siesta which he had enjoyed while passing through a region of mountains and lakes worthy of comparison with any in Scotland, he became conscious of a thirst. Catching a glimpse, between yawns, of a country grocery store, he signaled the chauffeur to stop. As Marchmont prepared to step out, his wife looked up with an inquiring scowl from a society paper which she had been fortunate enough to secure at the last hotel.

"Sarsaparilla or blood orange?" inquired Marchmont, out of a full experience.

"You'll spoil your digestion if you continue to drink that stuff," she replied with a shudder.

"It's wet," he recommended.

"I don't suppose you can get any decent candy?" she yawned.

"I'll see."

As Marchmont drank his lukewarm blood orange out of a bottle, he studied the scarred and squashed remnants of twenty-cent chocolates in the fly-specked case. Apparently his choice was limited to these or gum-drops.

In the mean while Whippen, after a keen inspection of his customer which began with his spats and extended upward to the gay waistcoat and brilliant cravat, caught the look of blasé disgust which was slowly gathering strength on the smooth-shaven face just above the cravat. He reached behind the counter and brought out a box of Emily's candy. "Here's something better," he said; "but I'll have to charge you thirty cents for these."

Marchmont glanced at them casually.

"Anything for eighty cents?" he inquired. Now this figure almost took away Whippen's breath, but he gave no indication of the fact. Whippen was never swept off his guard. His keen blue eyes paused a moment at Marchmont's mouth to make sure this was no joke, the while he put two and two together. An open mind ready for new ideas—that was a characteristic of Whippen's. Readiness to act at once on any new idea—that was another characteristic. Whippen's aim was to satisfy his customers, not himself. He reached for the second box, which was almost identical with the first.

"Here's some for eighty, but I don't believe they're any better," answered Whippen.

Marchmont put the box in his pocket and tossed a bill upon the counter.

Now that was all there was to the incident. If you yourself can't see anything big or significant in it then it proves one of two things—that Whippen was a fool and that you're a genius, or that Whippen was the genius and you're the fool, because Whippen firmly believed that he had discovered here a fundamental business truth. After Marchmont had gone Whippen went about his work flushed and eager and thoughtful. He went home that night to his mouse of a wife, still flushed and eager and thoughtful. He narrated the incident to her, but it only left her troubled.

"I don't know that it was quite honest," she said.

"I told him they weren't any better than the first box," he reminded her.

"But he didn't believe you."

"No, that's the point; he wouldn't believe me."

"It's very queer," she concluded.

"I guess it's human nature," said Whippen.

The next day Whippen made a little experiment. He wished to try out his theory farther. He came down to the store early that morning and busied himself with the potatoes. They were selling at that time for a dollar a bushel. He took a basket and placed several clean sheets of wrapping paper in the bottom of it. Then he measured out a bushel of potatoes without selecting them and poured them in. He marked these one dollar and ten cents. Beside this basket he measured out another bushel of the same potatoes and marked them one dollar. With this trap set he waited.

"Jay, These Must Be Good!" He Exclaimed

The first dozen people who came in were ordinary people and bought the dollar potatoes. He expected this. But toward the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Horatio Bennett came in. She was Judge Bennett's wife, and so, of course, was not an ordinary person. Her eyes were instantly attracted by the dollar-ten sign.

"I see you have at last some better potatoes," she said, studying them with the air of one who knows.

"I don't know as they're any better," Whippen answered.

"I'll take a bushel," she replied.

"We're charging a little more for these but the dollar ones are just as good," Whippen declared.

"Do you think I haven't eyes in my head?" demanded Judge Bennett's wife.

"No, ma'am," Whippen hastened to assure her as he wrote down her order.

The proprietor had been looking on in amazement. As soon as the woman left he came over from his ledger and inspected the two baskets.

"Say, where did you get these fancy potatoes anyhow?" he inquired.

"They aren't fancy. They're just the same as the others," answered Whippen.

"Then you've got your nerve!"

"I told her," Whippen explained anxiously. "She wouldn't believe me."

The next day he repeated the same experiment with his eggs. He had been getting twenty-four cents a dozen for them. They were all new-laid eggs brought in day by day by the farmers. No one in Centerville ever knew there was any other kind except when by accident a nest egg happened to be picked up. He divided them into two lots, a big lot and a little lot. He didn't even pick out the large eggs. He marked the big lot twenty-four cents with the single descriptive label—"Eggs." The little lot he marked up to twenty-eight cents, and used some care in printing for these a neat label that bore the truthful announcement—"Strictly fresh eggs."

Again he waited. This time it was the young doctor's wife who sprung the trap. There was some excuse for her, because having been married only six months she was still trying to live up to her husband's modern ideas. Fresh eggs was a hobby of his. She paused before the smaller basket.

"Are these strictly fresh?" she inquired with the emphasis upon the "strictly."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Whippen.

"Then I'll have half a dozen of them," she said.

"The others are fresh too," said Whippen, repeating his formula.

"These look the freshest," she declared, sticking to her point.

"See here," exclaimed the proprietor after the doctor's wife had left. "What are you drivin' at anyhow? Aren't those eggs all the same?"

"Just the same," answered Whippen. "I told her so, but she wouldn't believe me."

The proprietor shook his head. For the life of him he couldn't tell whether Whippen or Judge Bennett's wife was the fool. But when his own wife sent down word for him to bring home some eggs with him that night he took the twenty-eight-cent eggs. Whippen found them gone when he came down the next morning and inquired into the matter.

"I took the first I laid my hands on," the proprietor explained sheepishly. "Maybe now they were the twenty-eight-cent eggs. But long's there ain't no difference ——"

"No difference at all," said Whippen.

Now Whippen took this new idea of his and lived with it for the next six months. He ate with it, worked with it, slept with it and experimented with it still further. The better acquainted with it he became the more he liked it. It wore well. Also it grew until it had soon outgrown the possibilities of this village. It assumed proportions that turned his thoughts toward the great metropolis. He had spent a good deal of time lately studying the city newspapers, especially the advertisements. The latter fascinated him. They were like so many sirens calling him to come and join them with his new idea.

Then his eye chanced one day upon the following advertisement:

"Candy business for sale. Opportunity for a man with a small capital. Investigate."

The next morning Whippen took a train for the great metropolis. Like a hound on the trail he threaded for three hours a maze of streets that sang to him, that thrilled him with their bustle and noise like the music of a military band. So he came to the outskirts of the city, which looked as frayed and soiled as the hem of a woman's dress; so he came to a small three-story factory building. For a moment his spirits sank, for this was far from being the picture he had had in his mind. But what he saw at first was only the outside of the building; the heart of it was inside, behind an old battered desk. The heart of it was Pierre Lacoureur, as sadly battered in some ways as his desk, but with his tired gray eyes still reflecting a clean soul. He was a short, stocky man of sixty, with his hair sprinkled with white, like powdered sugar. He had had a hard time of it, had Pierre Lacoureur, because he knew much more about making candy than he did about selling it. He made very good candy. With him it was a fine art. But with debts piling up, things were in so bad a way that he was ready to quit.

Whippen introduced himself, and the two men took to each other at once. They talked over many things, and then Lacoureur guided Whippen about the factory and showed him the marvels of his art and what he could do if he had half a chance. He had some fifteen people, mostly relatives, working for him. Then the two men came back to the office and Lacoureur endeavored to explain the business end of the enterprise, which he couldn't do at all. But by diligent questioning Whippen probed matters to the bottom and in the end was not disheartened. It was clearly a case where the man had been making good candy and had not charged enough for it. Whippen went over the books and found that Lacoureur had bought the very best sugar and the very best chocolate and the very best of everything. He had put these together with consummate art, and the result was as good candy as it was possible for any one to make. That was all Whippen wanted to know.

"The whole difficulty is that you haven't charged enough," said Whippen.

"Not enough!" exclaimed Lacoureur. "I have tried to charge enough to make a decent profit, and I haven't got that."

"Then you should have charged still more," Whippen declared. Lacoureur shrugged his bent shoulders.

"It is one thing to charge and another to receive," he answered.

"It is the same thing if you go at it right," returned Whippen. "I'm going to charge a dollar and a half a pound for your candy."

Lacoureur gave a sigh of disappointment. Up to this point his hopes had soared high. He had liked Whippen's honest and direct method of asking questions; he had liked his earnestness and his confidence. Now it seemed that he had been dealing with a madman.

"You have told me yourself that they are charging uptown eighty cents and a dollar for candy that is no better than yours. You have told me that no better candy than yours can be made."

"And that is right," broke in Lacoureur.

"Then if we can't improve the candy, the thing to do is to improve the price," declared Whippen. "Do you think people are going to believe you have the best candy if you're selling it for sixty cents a pound? Would you believe it yourself?"

Lacoureur thought a moment. He wouldn't expect to buy good Burgundy at the price of ordinary wine, that was sure. He wouldn't even bother to taste the cheap wine were it offered him. He wouldn't even believe his tongue if a glass were forced upon him and he found it good.

"Now that is very strange," murmured Lacoureur.

"How do you buy the best sugar and the best chocolate except by paying the best price?" demanded Whippen.

Lacoureur thought again. Between the very cheapest and the very best of course there was a difference that a man could tell, but between the very best and the next best, who could tell the difference? No one could tell except a chemist, and yet invariably he, Lacoureur, paid the highest price. And in so doing he received a certain satisfaction that was worth the difference.

"By gar, perhaps you are right!" exclaimed Lacoureur. Whippen leaned forward.

"You make the candy and I'll sell it. Is that a bargain?"

Lacoureur nodded. So far as the spirit of the venture went, that much was decided on the spot. Nothing could have suited Lacoureur better. But there were many other details to be arranged and Whippen proceeded to arrange them at once. It was done as between friends. Lacoureur opened all his books and an estimate of the value of the plant was made; the amount of indebtedness figured out; the value of the stock in hand added in. Whippen decided that ten thousand dollars was the capital necessary to get things started and bound himself to this as his contribution. A lawyer was consulted and papers drawn up admitting the two men to equal partnership. This was done in less than two days, and then Whippen returned to Centerville to raise his money.

He did it—by the sheer power of conviction he did it. From the bank he secured two thousand dollars on his father's place, and this with three thousand of his own savings made five. The other five he argued out of his late boss, who took an unsecured note.

"It's that egg and potato business that makes me do it, even though I think you're a blamed fool!" he explained.

He Brought His Wife Up Here to See for Herself, But She Clung to His Arm and Scarcely Dared Lift Her Eyes

Whippen sold all his household furnishings for three hundred dollars, and within a week was back again in the great metropolis with his frightened mouse of a wife beside him.

Now here is further proof that Whippen was either a fool or a genius—he was not afraid of the great metropolis. It didn't frighten him in the least; he viewed it merely as a big country village. For all he was concerned it might have been merely a greater Centerville. The only effect its bullying confusion had upon him was to excite him—to inflame his imagination further. As soon as he stepped off the train at the big station he felt at home.

Lacoureur introduced Whippen to a modest boarding house and there the latter left his disconsolate wife.

"You won't be here long; but if you get homesick you can go back to Centerville and wait there for me," said Whippen.

"I'd rather wait here for you if I'm homesick," she answered. Whippen kissed her goodby the next morning after their arrival and started out to get acquainted. He didn't return until night. He kept this up day after day, starting at six in the morning and exploring until nightfall the labyrinth of streets. He wandered uptown and downtown. He went into the big stores and the little stores, with his eyes wide open and a question ever upon his lips. He noted the kind, the variety and the method of packing all the candies that he saw. He priced them all, and always asked which was the best and why. Out of this confused mass of contradictory information he found five or six names looming larger and larger as standing for the best. Then he concentrated his efforts upon these, and in this way was slowly but surely drawn toward the stores located on the best street.

This best street was a wonderful street to him. He liked the way they did business here. He liked the richness of the store furnishings; he liked the immaculate neatness and plate-glass; he liked the prices and the atmosphere of money round it all. He watched the wealthy people as they traveled up and down in their fine automobiles, with footmen waiting for them with tiger-skin robes over their arms as they went into the best stores. He studied their faces and dress and saw in them only so many Marchmonts and Judge Bennett wives.

He brought his own wife up here one day to see it for herself, but she clung to his long arm and scarcely dared lift her eyes. He led her in and out of these stores, but she felt like an intruder in them while he conducted himself like a proprietor. He embarrassed her with the number of questions he asked. She never spoke above a whisper.

Then one day he saw just what he had been looking for—a small store for rent right in the heart of this best street. It was exactly what he wanted, not too large and on the ground floor. He hurried at once to the real-estate agent. The latter named a figure that would have staggered any one but Whippen. He merely nodded and signed a lease for a year. When he came back and told Lacoureur the latter trembled from head to foot.

"We are ruined!" he exclaimed.

"We are made!" answered Whippen coolly.

"But such rent!" cried Lacoureur.

"You make the candy and I sell it," Whippen reminded him. "I haven't seen any candy better than ours."

"*Sacré*, it couldn't be better!" exploded Lacoureur. "We use the best materials, and that is an end of the matter."

"Exactly," agreed Whippen. "As for the making ——"

"You sell the candy and I make it," Lacoureur reminded Whippen in his turn.

Whippen started out at once to buy the furnishings for his store. He took full advantage of what he had seen during the last week and bought the best. He stopped at nothing in the matter of expense. When he came to add up the total here was another figure which would have stunned any other man. But Whippen gave the order with a coolness that went far toward securing for him the six months' credit he demanded.

The matter of a distinctive wrapping for his products had worried Whippen a good deal. So far as he could see there was little chance for improvement here over what was already used, and yet he must have an improvement. He went to the box manufacturers and looked over their best and shook his head. Their best was what was already in use. Boxes couldn't be made any better than they were made already. Thus the matter solved itself. The alternative was to simplify. He selected a plain white box of the best material but without frills or adornment of any kind. In order to carry out his idea still farther and to afford a still greater contrast Whippen selected instead of the ordinary white wrapping paper a slightly better grade of the tawny wrapping paper ordinarily used in meat shops. Here he unconsciously infringed upon an Arts and Crafts idea, but he didn't know it. The result was distinctive, but his final stroke betokened real genius. While experimenting with different devices for a trademark he had scribbled his own name across the wrapper. He perceived that the written signature at once lent individuality to the package. The effect was much that of an artist's signature to his picture. It stood out like a voucher and betokened personal attention to each and every box. That was his cue—he would himself indorse every box sold by Whippen.

When he came back to Lacoureur with all these new ideas the latter now only shook his head and sought refuge behind the original agreement—"I will make the candy."

So far matters had run smoothly, but there still remained the larger problem—the problem of advertising. Whippen was clear enough in his own mind as to what

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Inner Secrets of a Real-Estate Broker's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AT THE age of twenty-four I made up my mind I was on the wrong track in life. My job as cashier in a New York cab office did not appeal to me. I wanted, more than anything, to engage in some pursuit in which I could map out a definite course. Underlying this ambition, I might add, was another motive —— Well, you know how it is with a young chap in love."

So spoke a man who has passed the forty mark today, but is still young in health and creative ability. A right royal battle has left gray hairs about his temples, but has brought a hopeful philosophy that carries a message to other men, whether they sell real estate or not. Optimism almost always scintillates from men who have won, but if you study it thoughtfully you will see that this sort of optimism invariably goes hand in hand with a shrewd knowledge of people and things as they are. There is never any visionary enthusiasm about it.

"From the City Directory I Now Secured the Home Addresses of My Prospects"

"Like most young men," he continued as he gazed from his office window upon the ebbing flow of a New York street at dusk, "I had no capital. Like many young men, I was impatient to be my own master. This, I thought, meant freedom.

"Having no money I looked about for something I might sell on commission. I selected real estate because I had a slight knowledge of that field, gained from a clerkship in an insurance office. Furthermore, real estate seemed a substantial commodity which all people had to use and many persons bought and sold. The man who undertakes to sell goods should be sure he's got something that has a market worth going after. The other day a canvasser came to my house and offered me sachet powder. Now that fellow was as far off the selling track as a lot of other men I know. With the public eager to give up its money for goods worth while, they go down to failure trying to butt against the greatest resistance.

"After repeated failures to connect myself with some downtown real-estate office I made arrangements with a broker well up toward Harlem. Later, I discovered that he took me only because he was in desperate straits; he couldn't afford to overlook even a forlorn hope of commissions. He agreed to furnish me his lists and pay me one-third of the fees I might bring the office."

Woodchuck Tactics in the Real-Estate Business

"THE property we had for sale consisted chiefly of second-class apartment houses, built for speculation. These I tried to sell to men who had more or less money—and perhaps a minimum of real-estate intelligence. My employer furnished me an indifferent list of such men, and for two months I canvassed them without getting even a nibble. Of course we had a few excellent bargains on our lists, but I could make no headway even with these. Meanwhile I borrowed a few hundred dollars from an old college chum who had a rich dad. This fund, however, oozed away in living expenses—and the glamour of the real-estate business stopped glamouring.

"Now here at the start was something radically wrong. I want to make this emphatic, because upon it hinges the first underlying element of success in real-estate brokerage—and in many other commodities as well. All goods may be roughly divided into two classes. Merchants who sell the first class can catch their customers in the open. Take groceries, for instance. The householder can always be reached because he's in plain sight all the time. But merchants who sell the second class must get down and dig out their prospects.

"When I was a boy on the farm I used to dig out woodchucks. If I couldn't get them out with pick and spade I'd haul several barrels of water into the field on a stoneboat and drown them out. When I got them into the open the dog and I made things lively for them. Well, there are millions of real-estate woodchucks still uncaught in the United States today. The real-estate broker must remember, however, that his breed of woodchucks cannot be handled like the four-footed kind. They've got to be taken alive and tamed. The majority of men who undertake the real-estate game make a failure of it because they don't dig, in the first place; and, second, because they skin the woodchuck if by any chance they catch one.

"That was just the trouble with me. I didn't locate my prospects skillfully; and when I ran across one I immediately went after his pelt. The art of locating possible customers is a science that holds untold profits; yet in many lines of business I see it almost wholly neglected. I see concerns go into bankruptcy when they are literally overwhelmed with markets they haven't touched. In the real-estate field I know men who look rich markets in the face every day and see nothing! I am going to tell you briefly how I worked the thing out myself; but before doing that I want to say a few words about my first nibble and the events immediately following it.

"It looked like more than a nibble. The bobber went under and I put through a contract for the sale of a thirty-thousand-dollar apartment house. Commissions were higher in those days and my share of the fee was to be two hundred dollars. Cab-office jobs! I rather thought not!

"The sale fell through however. The purchaser discovered that we'd been too optimistic in our view of the property. Then in our statement we'd omitted a few items like contingent vacancies, special assessments, depreciation, and so on. Moreover, our pretty blue sketch showed a street-car survey past the door, but the intending purchaser was unable to find such survey recorded in the street-railway's office. You see, the shrewdness isn't always bunched wholly in the seller.

"To put it bluntly, that parcel was a gold brick. Gold bricks are bad goods to handle in any line of business, but a lot of men in the selling game haven't discovered it. I hadn't quite discovered it myself. I tried a few more deals of that sort, but I'll skip them here. How I pulled through that first year I don't just know. I got an occasional commission on sales and leaseholds, but for the most part I lived by the grace of my friends.

"One afternoon, just before closing time, an old lady came into the office to ask for some honest advice. The stenographer had gone home and my employer was out. Of course our office wasn't a crooks' nest—we hadn't embezzled any money; but here was a woman—a woman, mind you!—with cash! On the other hand, we had real estate!

"Undoubtedly I needed a commission badly enough; but that innocent old soul put me on my mettle. I hadn't talked with her long before I discovered how little she knew about real estate and the factors that influence it. She was contemplating the purchase of a piece of business property and she wished the opinion of a broker who had no interest in the transaction. The sharks had already got a big chunk of the estate left by her husband.

"I got her out of the office as quickly as possible and sent her home with the promise that I'd make an honest appraisal of the property next day. This I really did. My report fairly sizzled with honesty. The land was badly situated from the standpoint of business development—merchants of the better class were migrating from the neighborhood; undesirable elements were invading the district. Altogether, the property that had been recommended so highly to her was a sham. By herself she had been unable to perceive these truths.

"I might have sold her another undesirable parcel from my own doubtful list; but the real-estate business had suddenly taken on a new aspect. I saw the dawning of a real opportunity. Here was a person with money who needed, more than anything else, an honest, capable broker. 'Why,' I asked myself, 'was it necessary to sell snide goods to such people? Wasn't there legitimate property to be had?'

"I set out to find her a bona-fide investment, and I did find one. This led to the adoption of a new policy on my part; I resolved thereafter to hunt out goods that had real value and markets that I could swing accordingly.

"Let me say, parenthetically, that this is the great field for the real-estate broker today. The nation is full of people with real estate and with money. Two-thirds of them don't know how to handle their property or how to invest their funds. For every person with capital there are a hundred sharpers. The ordinary real-estate ranks are overcrowded, but there is a big demand for brokers and agents who will unmask the gold bricks and give their clients advice as sound as a banker's. It is the men who do this that get up in the real-estate business. So there are two fundamentals on which I am basing these observations: First, dig out your customers; second, educate them or guide them.

"I mean to give you just a glimpse of how I dug out customers myself. I cut loose from my Harlem broker and secured deskroom in the same neighborhood. After some further attempts to do a miscellaneous real-estate business, I realized the necessity—in a field so vast as New York—of specializing. I determined to take up suburban homes and homesites of the better class, holding strictly aloof from all boom schemes. My reason for selecting this class of property was my conviction that a great market lay concealed within the walls of Manhattan apartment houses. I felt sure that plenty of men were living in New York who had both the means and the inclination to live just outside of it.

"I was happy when I got down to this point, for I was doing something definite. That is a big element in success of any sort. I was through with aimless wandering. There is a magic country that hangs over the heads of most men; they see it, though it is above and beyond them; but usually there is a road that leads to it."

Concentrating on the Right Classes

"TO SELL goods, one must first get the goods to sell. So I spent several weeks listing property on which I could get commissions. I visited all the desirable improved locations in Long Island, Jersey, Westchester and Connecticut. I wanted only the best and most attractive, and I made a point of securing handsome photographs and, wherever possible, architects' sketches and plans.

"One thing was disappointing. The homes that appealed most strongly to me were not on any lists; they were not being offered for sale. So I made up my mind that this was just the property to get. Whenever I found such a place, I rang the bell and asked the price at which the place would be sold. In one typical instance the wife of the owner was very emphatic at first in her declaration that the house would not be sold at any price. It was a charming home, delightfully situated and only a year old. I expressed the belief that she and her husband could reap a neat profit if they should wish to sell, and that they could build another home just as pleasant. Well, I'll tell you in a few minutes what came of this incident.

"He Was in Bad Humor When I Reached Him, But the Pictures Caught His Attention Quickly"

"Having thus fortified myself with goods worth selling to the class of buyers I meant to go after, I was ready to dig out the buyers themselves—the real-estate woodchucks, who were down in their holes.

"I had no money with which to advertise, even had I wished to start the thing going that way. I had a scheme of a different kind. I made up my mind to follow up certain classes of men and to eliminate everybody else. There was no use wasting time on people who hadn't the means to buy such homes as I had for sale.

"How was I to know? This was a question that puzzled me a good deal, but I solved it by a simple method. From a corporation and copartnership directory I secured lists of names that ran along in a sequence something like this: Executives of manufacturing establishments; executives of wholesale houses; retail dealers; bankers and brokers; lawyers; theatrical managers; prominent actors and

actresses; transportation men, and so on. Persons occupying such stations in life, I reasoned, would have the necessary means.

From the city directory I now secured the home addresses of my prospects. Some of them, I found, already lived in the suburbs; but ninety per cent were housed in New York apartments. These offered me my field.

"New York now meant something direct and personal. I had brushed aside all the confusing perplexities of its possible markets and had opened up the channels I meant to follow. New York no longer overawed me; I was concerned only with my own particular phases of it. If more men would get into definite channels there'd be less business astigmatism. You can hammer all round your markets for ten years without making much of an impression; on the other hand, you can often break through quickly if you hammer on the right spot.

"Next I laid out my routes so as to economize time; then I began to canvass. In some places I was turned down rather sharply, but most of the men on my list received me with courtesy. A charm lay in the pictures I carried. Many of them were real works of art, beautifully colored; and they breathed the atmosphere of that magic word, home! I often found men willing to spend hours with me, going over the sketches and photographs. Most of my prospects had been thinking more or less of getting homes some day. Their ideals differed widely, and you may be sure that I recorded all the opinions and preferences I got. I started a card-index system and within a month was forced to hire a stenographer. This came before I made my initial sale.

"The first house I sold was the one I have told you about. It was bought by a New York manufacturer, who paid sixteen thousand dollars for it, regardless of the fact that it had cost only twelve thousand the year preceding. You see, he wanted it. I had been right in my assumption that the good things would sell more quickly than the gold bricks.

"A Few Deals of That Sort Usually Put Men in a Class That Borders Close on the Rogues' Gallery"

"Now here, you see, were seller and buyer brought together by original methods—both dug out of their hiding places. The deal earned me a fee of four hundred dollars and stimulated my efforts. I saw wonderful possibilities all round me and I realized I was on the right track. During the year I made half a dozen sales. Then I branched out by engaging a salesman, whom I started out on the trail of wholesale executives. In a few months I had several salesmen at work, each of whom I kept in his own channel of customers.

"Meanwhile I discovered that a good many of my prospects were not keen for suburban homes, but thought better of city houses. This let me into a field that ultimately proved very profitable. For a number of years I devoted myself to it largely, leaving the suburban sales to the organization I gradually built up about me.

"Right here let me say that an organization can swamp a business quicker than anything else—unless it is keyed up continually to the pitch on which the business is founded. Every once in a while I felt the gold-brick atmosphere creeping; and extra vigilance was required to keep it out. A business policy is a hard thing to maintain. The head of a business is like the director of an orchestra. Even the first violinist will play flat sometimes."

When Imagination Is a Fault

"IMAGINATION is the greatest fault of the real-estate office. Once in a while the imaginative broker can make enough money to retire him on his income; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he retires without the income.

"Ever since then we've kept up this laborious process of canvassing, though of recent years we've drawn in considerably, because things came our way anyhow. I get out of patience when I see brokers sitting in their offices and waiting for people to come in and buy. I know many real-estate men who devote practically no energy to the art of digging out the right kind of property and then matching it with the right kind of purchasers. These things they leave to chance. Of course it is always easy to find miscellaneous vendors, and haphazard vendees will often come when you whistle; but the sales that really build up a business must be worked out by actual science.

"I found a good many ways to dig out customers. For instance, men and women are continually inheriting property; hence the surrogate or probate records are most valuable. Here in New York we have a good many lists of names furnished us by agencies; but I'd like to impress the fact on unsuccessful real-estate men that mere lists are not worth much. The broker must get under the surface. He must classify the names according to the kinds of property most likely to find a market, and then he must follow intensive methods in getting further information about prospects and in canvassing them. Above all, he must offer them sound investments.

"To tell you of all the lists and records I kept would be impossible, but here, for example, is one: I kept a book I called the Advancement List. In it were the names of all the better-class employees I could get hold of in the particular lines of business I was following up. At intervals of six months or oftener, I sent out men to ascertain the names of employees advanced to better positions. Then I revised my lists in the advancement book, entering the favored names in columns bearing such headings as Credit Man, Purchasing Agent, Department Manager, and so on. In one instance the chief cost clerk in a large factory was made general manager. Through my system of follow-up, I discovered this important piece of news and promptly recorded his name in the list where it belonged. You see, he had become a prospect of a wholly different character. As a cost clerk his salary was only one-third what he received as manager.

"There wasn't another real-estate office in New York that had this man on a list. He was my exclusive subject and I sold him a fifteen-thousand-dollar home. Afterward he became president of his corporation; and, on his own account, he invested conservatively in New York business property, making a great deal of money. Throughout he remained my customer.

"For a long time I kept a peculiar list that I called The Graveyard. It comprised the names of men in poor health—men, of course, with means. Some of these names I got from the newspapers, some from my friends, some from the reports of salesmen and canvassers. When such a name came in I classified it and entered it on a card. This list panned out many profitable sales. One day I received a report from one of my men to the effect that a certain financier had complained of insomnia and nervous disorders. Now the sea is the place for such men; this man had lived most of his life in the heart of New York. I assembled a lot of specially made photographs and drawings and called on my prospect in person. He was in bad humor when I reached him, but the pictures caught his attention quickly. Ultimately he bought a fifty-thousand-dollar home on the Long Island shore.

"I have told you, of course, only instances of success. There were failures—plenty of them. There were discouragements and periods when it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of everything; but the markets were always there, and my aggregate success came from everlastingly digging them out.

"The markets are there today; they will be there next year and next generation. The real-estate markets are everywhere—in city, town and country. Almost anywhere the real-estate broker goes he walks over hidden woodchucks.

"Of course every man must be the judge of his own opportunity. If there aren't any fish in the water it won't pay to go fishing. I'd advise every man, no matter what his line of business, to study his markets before he locates. This is a preliminary commonly left to chance. If a fellow must fish all day for one shiner he'd better haul his boat on the bank and strike across country to some other lake; but often the trouble lies in the bait, not in the lake.

"It's important in the smaller communities, just as it is in the large cities, to classify the people from whom a broker expects to draw commissions. They must be taken out of the conglomerate mass of population, from whom no profits are probable. This accumulation of names and the process of keeping the lists up to date give a direction to sales that cannot be secured in any other way.

"I know one broker in a small city who carefully clips all the local newspapers in the towns adjacent; every item that indicates a possibility for a sale is regarded as legitimate material.

"Then he subdivides the different classes of prospects, each class in a separate card list. School-teachers, for example, comprise a list that he follows up conscientiously, because teachers usually have a little money and are buyers of the right kind of real estate. Doctors and dentists, he finds, are good people to have as customers, not only on their own account but because they are often the confidential advisers of many persons.

"I Have a Good Many Widows on My List and There Isn't One Who's Grown Poorer"

"Merchants, clerks, bookkeepers and working men all mean something different to any enterprising broker. Not only does he find out the needs of each class, but he goes after the individuals and makes a record of the ideas and preferences of every possible prospect. For instance, some people in buying a home are influenced by architectural lines; others want a square house with an attic; others a bedroom on the first floor, or a sunny kitchen, or a music room. Yet I've known brokers to dilate upon the charms of a music room when the customer couldn't tell Tannhäuser from a tomcat serenade on the back fence. It's important to know your customers and then match their wants the best you can. This same plan is followed by wise brokers in the cities. Operators in business property have their preferences and specialties—and the broker who knows what button to touch has the inside track.

"And then there's another angle to this phase of the game. Once you understand the prospective customer's ideas, you can often bring him round skillfully to see the thing in some other light.

"This brings me squarely to the second phase of success in the real-estate business, which I have already told you lies in the education and guidance of customers. I know one broker whose principal owned two lots, side by side—on one he intended to build a livery stable; the other he wanted to sell. The broker knew all about the contemplated livery, but he kept his mouth shut and found a customer. He didn't believe in education; but this is the sort of thing that commonly retires a broker to a fourth-grade clerkship—or worse."

The Need of Looking Before You Leap

"I WISH I could bring this truth home to real-estate men who haven't yet grasped it. They don't know the great opportunity that waits for the broker who has a reputation that he guards with a whole girdle of earthworks.

"Since my first unsuccessful year in business I have refused to be a party to any conspiracy, against either seller or buyer. True, values are often a matter of opinion, especially when a speculative element is involved; but the broker's duty is to acquaint the vendor and vendee with all the facts that bear on the problem. I knew one investor who bought an office building in a section that was clearly marked for loft property—property given over chiefly to the smaller manufacturing trades, wholesale concerns, and the like. The investment ultimately cost him most of his fortune. Now the brokers involved in the transaction undoubtedly knew the trend of things, but for the sake of the commissions they put the sale through. A few deals of that sort usually put men in a class that borders close on the rogues' gallery.

"I knew another man, out in New Jersey, who bought a home overlooking as pretty a landscape as one would wish to see. The broker neglected to say that the

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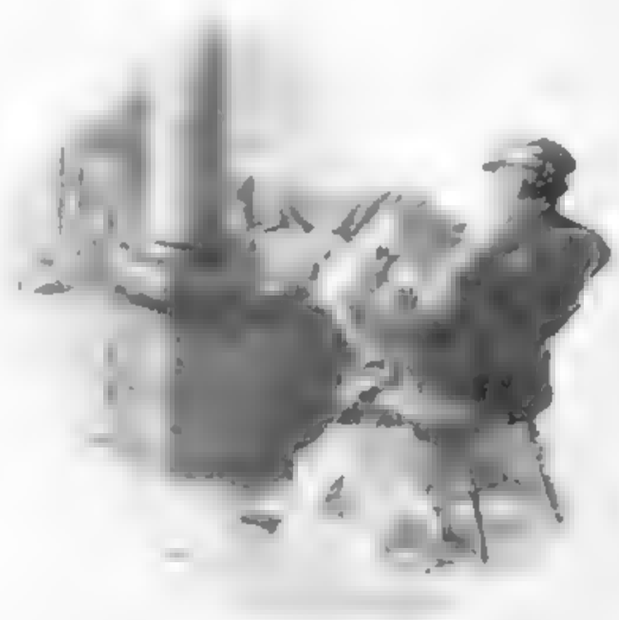


"Within a Year the Home-Lover Was Looking Down Into a Belching Chimney!"

THE WEB

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

He Sprayed It With a Fine Powder From a Pocket Vial

AND you've no suspicion as to who the thief is?" asked Weidler.

"None whatever!" was the answer.

"Not even a hint?" persisted the detective.

"Not a thing!" answered Dunseith, the owner of the Fifth Avenue house in which they stood.

"Then you can give me nothing to work on?" asked Weidler.

"Nothing beyond the fact that the theft was committed by some one outside the household. I'm sure of that!"

"What makes you sure of that?" inquired the detective as his eyes wandered about the room that stood so orderly and intimate and so incongruous a setting for the activities of a criminal. There seemed nothing concentrated in the gaze of that commonplace figure in its commonplace blue serge and square-toed shoes. Yet for a second or two his small and slightly oblique eyes rested on the face of the man beside him.

"Because there was no one in the house to do the thing," was Dunseith's patient retort. He was no longer tingling with his earlier sense of excitement, no longer keyed up with some vague promise of high adventure at the thought of so actively coöperating with a great detective. He had expected a miracle of some sort, a sudden and spectacular solution of the entire problem; and he was being confronted by an inefficiency as obvious as his own. He had looked for at least a dramatic moment or two, for which he was willing to pay the price as readily as he paid for his grand opera.

"What do you mean by no one in the house?" asked Weidler, for the second time studying the millionaire at his side. If the detective with the black bowler in his hand stood, a middle-class and middle-aged man without distinction in either bearing or feature, his worldly-wise small eyes held the unescapable melancholy of a too complete sophistication. He seemed saddened with a too intimate knowledge of life. The man at his side, although no longer young, still carried the impression of youth. This was due more to a certain innocent ardor than to even the erect carriage of the wide shoulders and that factitious buoyancy of line, born of good tailoring, which contradicted the touch of gray at the temples and the converging furrows of humor about the eyes. When he answered the detective he spoke with an achieved patience that made his voice, for all its quietness, almost expostulatory.

"I mean that last night, when this robbery took place, only my wife and her maid, besides myself, slept in the house."

"Isn't that exceptional?"

"In a way it was. The servants were still out at Mamaroneck, closing up our summer home there. Until yesterday I'd had rooms at a hotel. Then Mrs. Dunseith and her maid motored in, coming here and dressing for the Van Tuyls' dinner."

"Bringing with her the diamonds that were stolen?"

"Yes, bringing in her jewel-case, with practically all her jewelry in it."

"And what was done with that?"

"It was locked up in the wall safe in her sitting room—or I suppose it ought to be called her boudoir. I had this safe built in several months ago, after the first theft when my wife's pearls were stolen."

"May I see that wall safe?" asked Weidler.

"Of course," said Dunseith, leading the way.

"Why couldn't those diamonds have been lost between here and Mamaroneck?" asked the detective as he followed the other man to the floor above.

"Because my wife wore them last night to the Van Tuyls' and wore them home again," answered Dunseith as he took a key from his pocket and unlocked a door. Then he added, as Weidler preceded him through this door: "I thought it best to leave everything undisturbed until you could look over the ground."

Weidler stared for a moment about the room of ivory and old-rose in which he found himself. His glance was quick but comprehensive. Then he turned back to Dunseith.

"And you're positive your wife wore those diamonds home again?" he inquired.

"Quite positive; in fact, I unfastened them myself, for she'd told her maid not to wait up. I saw her put them down on her dressing table. I noticed them there ten minutes later after I'd gone to my own room for a cigarette. And here's the thing that makes me so positive: It had got to be a sort of family joke, my wife being rather careless about her jewelry. She never really seemed fond of it. After the loss of her pearls I used to tease her about not taking care of the family junk, as we called it. Even the wall safe got to be a sort of joke. So when I saw the diamond chain still lying on her dressing table last night I quietly dropped it into my silver cigarette box. I expected she would say something about it, but she didn't. So before I turned in I remembered about the box, made sure the chain was still there, and slipped the box into the wall safe and locked it."

"One minute, please. What was this chain like, if you could drop it into a cigarette box?"

"It was a beautiful chain of twenty-six diamonds set in flexible platinum, with a pendent emerald. Here is the cigarette box just as I left it."

Weidler squinted down at the monogrammed silver box. It could easily have held a hundred cigarettes.

"What was that diamond chain worth?"

"It cost me ninety thousand francs in Paris, outside of duty. It was a small chain, but the stones were exceptionally good."

Weidler seemed to lose interest in the cost of the chain. He had already crossed the room, examined the windows and inspected the dressing table opposite the wall safe.

"And you say nothing but those diamonds was taken?" he asked.

"Not a thing!"

"And you say no one has interfered with these things since the robbery?"

"They have not been touched. I knew it was best to leave everything undisturbed until you had looked things over!"

"And you're sure they haven't been touched?"

"Quite sure!" was Dunseith's patient answer.

Weidler had drifted restlessly back to the open wall safe, testing its combination, peering into its interior and running a squinting eye along its dial-face.

"By-the-way, does Mrs. Dunseith smoke?" he asked inapositely.

"No, my wife does not smoke," retorted Dunseith with a decided accent on the words of negation.

"And who first discovered the theft?" went on the unperturbed Weidler.

"I myself did this morning when Mrs. Dunseith was still asleep. I was afraid she would remember about the chain and worry. So I went to the safe, opened it and reached in for the chain. The box was still there, but the chain was gone."

"And the safe had in no apparent way been interfered with?"

"In no way that I can see!"

"And no lock or door had been forced?"

"As you can see, not one. And the windows are wired; they could not have been interfered with without giving an alarm."

"Who knew the combination of this safe?"

"Myself, my wife and her maid, Lucy Braley."

"In other words, the three persons who slept in the house last night?"

"Exactly!"

"Was this maid, Lucy Braley, the woman who let me in half an hour ago?"

"Yes!"

"Tell me about her."

"There's nothing to tell—nothing beyond the fact that I know she's unimpeachable."

"But can you be positive of that?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. In the first place, as you know, she's a woman of over forty. She was with my wife's family for twenty years before she came here. She practically grew up with Mrs. Dunseith's people. Mrs. Dunseith has been with her since girlhood—she's devoted to her. She has always trusted her."

"And you still do the same?"

"Yes; she's a woman who's beyond suspicion in every way. We've always found her honorable and upright. Absolutely! I've the same confidence in her I'd have in my own wife in a case like this!"

Weidler had wandered back to the wall safe.

"If you'll allow me," he said, "I'll lift these things out on the dressing table here."

As he spoke he carefully lifted from the open safe a heavy pigskin jewel-case and the silver cigarette box. Dunseith noticed that he picked them up gingerly by the edges, as though some infection might lurk about their surface. When he opened them it was with the same fastidious touch of a fingertip.

"And you're sure nobody has touched these things?" reiterated the detective.

"Quite as sure as I was ten minutes ago!" Dunseith calmly retorted.

"But doesn't it strike you as odd that a thief, face to face with all this wealth, would have been satisfied with taking just one piece of jewelry?"

"He was at least a good picker!"

"And this is the second theft from your house inside of six months?"

"Yes, the second, counting the theft from the Mamaroneck house. And as you can imagine, the thing's beginning to get on my nerves. It's not so much the loss of the stuff as the mystery of the thing—the inexplicable

"By-the-Way, Does Mrs. Dunseith Smoke?"

fact that a thief can come here and make away with a string of pearls, and then a diamond chain, and do it all without leaving one clew behind him."

"They have left a clew," quietly announced Weidler. "I think I'd like to see this Lucy Braley again."

"Does this clew point to her?" asked Dunseith with a quick frown of opposition.

"I imagine not. But I think she could help me diagnose this case, if she'll talk."

"But she can't talk because she knows nothing about it. She's had no chance to be involved in it."

"But she's been living with you here since your marriage?"

"Of course."

"How long has that been?"

"Nearly two years; in fact, this diamond chain was a gift to my wife on the anniversary of our wedding."

"Then for considerations quite outside its intrinsic worth she had reasons for valuing it?"

Dunseith smiled:

"Modesty, of course, forbids me to affirm that!"

Weidler, stooping over the jewel-case, picked up a gold band ring in which a turquoise was set. It was plainly too large for a woman's finger.

"This, too, I suppose, has been kept for sentimental reasons?" the detective casually inquired.

Dunseith glanced at the ring. "Probably," he replied. "I can't remember."

"Then it wasn't your ring?"

Dunseith smiled for the second time.

"Hardly!" he satirically admitted as he glanced over the shorter man's shoulder.

The ring was dropped back in the case. The squinting eyes passed on to the other objects of gold and silver scattered about the dressing table.

"It's most extraordinary!" said the ruminative Weidler.

"Yes, most extraordinary!" agreed the owner of the house.

Weidler seemed once more lost in a maze of abstracted thought.

"I wonder whether I could see Mrs. Dunseith for a minute or two?" he asked.

The owner of the house hesitated.

"Of course, if you think anything's to be gained by it."

"Very little, I'm afraid," acknowledged Weidler.

"And as I told you before, this thing has rather upset her."

"Of course. But if she could give me just a moment——"

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Dunseith can't help you much."

"It's merely the one chance in ten thousand of some new angle, some ——"

"Then it's no use, for she's more at sea than I am."

"She might, at least, help me clear the ground."

"Then you'd like me to call her?"

"If you don't mind."

Dunseith, with his stoic smile, crossed to the boudoir door. Weidler stood without moving as the other man stepped through that door out into the hall. He listened attentively to the tap on the next door and Dunseith's softened voice as he called "Marion! Can you come here a moment?"

Then Weidler, with an incredibly brisk movement or two, caught up a flower-vase of silver, polished it carefully with his pocket handkerchief, and set it down at the end of the table again. Then he took the turquoise ring from the jewel-case, hesitated a moment, and, hearing the sound of steps, quickly dropped it into the silver vase beside him.

He was standing with his back to a table and the black bowler in his hand, squinting up at the ceiling, when Dunseith's wife came into the room.

"You wanted to see me?" she said very quietly, smiling a little at the commonplace figure. Weidler's face, as he stared up at the ceiling, had seemed as innocuous and guileless as a seraph's.

"I'm sorry to bother you," he began, as his embarrassed gaze met hers. The first thing that struck him was her height—she must have been at least four inches taller than the detective himself. The next thing that struck Weidler was her absence of color. He could see, however, that her pallor in no way detracted from the beauty of her face.

He relied much on his instincts, and he liked that face from the moment he first saw it, for that unimaginative and workaday little celibate nursed a secret adoration for beauty in women. He loved beautiful faces; he loved to see them, to watch them as they flashed by him or shone down upon him, to wring from his contemplation of them a forlornly impersonal and yet a soul-satisfying delight. Of the compensations of art he knew nothing; his life denied him that luxury. But this incongruous ache for beauty remained with him. He had a weakness for loveliness and he made life itself his Louvre. Women's faces to him were happy accidents to make existence less ignoble. He loved them as women themselves love flowers. It was instinctive and innocent. Through even his busiest days he carried this wayward hunger for beauty. He watched for these transforming faces, finding them at times above the rose-colored lights of restaurant tables, or in remote opera boxes, or in hurrying taxicabs, or in carriage windows, or even on bus-tops. And he was fastidious in his quest, for the meretricious beauties of the midnight repast he scrupulously avoided and the expositional loveliness of the stage favorite he had no use for.

He Was Compelled to Confess That She Was an Exceptionally Beautiful Woman

In this one respect at least his bourgeois soul craved the absolute. And as he let his gaze swing back to Mrs. Dunseith he was compelled to confess that she was an exceptionally beautiful woman. Her eyes, he could see, were a cornflower blue. Her hair, massed heavily above the slender oval of the pale face, was too deep in tone to be called gold, and yet the one thought it suggested was gold—Roman gold. Yet it disturbed him a little to remember that his activities were to bring him so intimately in contact with her. In her very attractiveness there would always be something warping, something tending to influence each final judgment. He became disquietingly conscious of the fact that she had the power of eliciting devotion. She exacted the love of those about her. She demanded it as her right, whether it came from maid or husband; the evidence of that he had already encountered. Yet there was something complex about her, he was forced to admit. This complexity extended, he felt, to the very teagown she wore. To his untutored eye it seemed more like three gowns, one over the other, the first apparently a square-necked slip of white satin with a wide panel of silver lace down the front, the second a slip of white chiffon with side panels spangled with rhinestones, and still a third of black chiffon embossed in gold and held together at the waist—where it sloped back about the knees into a train—by a large pearl ornament. Down the outer warplike garment he could see reënforcements of silver lace over purple velvet, adding to the bewildering richness of the whole, yet intuitively impressing him with its appropriateness, just as the woman's entire apparel, for all its sartorial complications, impressed him with its simplicity as a finished picture. In her own character, he felt, he would find the same contrast, the same achieved simplicity and the same bewildering convolution of details. The picture seemed too perfect to be interfered with. But he had his work to do and his case to win.

"In what way can I help you?" she was asking, with her grave yet guarded smile.

"I merely wanted to know about these diamonds that were stolen," he began, self-conscious and awkward in spite of himself.

"Yes?" she said in quiet surprise. The monosyllable seemed a mild intimation of the fact that possibly her husband might have given all the information necessary. Weidler began to see that he was confronted by characters that were new to him, characters as rounded and high-polished as the very furniture about him, offering no corners for a quick grasp, no chances for a stray fingerhold. So he went stubbornly back to the matter of the theft.

"What were these stolen diamonds worth?" he asked.

"Worth?" she repeated.

"Merely as diamonds, I mean," he amended, noting her moment of hesitation.

"Twenty-three thousand dollars," was her answer.

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive!" He could see that she resented his momentary skepticism.

"Why are you?"

The cornflower-blue eyes were fixed on him for a second or two of studious silence.

"Because when I had the setting fixed not long ago I had them valued."

"Why?" was the quick inquiry.

Again there was a moment of silence.

"I think it was really personal vanity more than anything else."

"Personal vanity?" he queried, watching the half-disdainful shrug of her shoulder.

"Yes; I liked to hear an expert say what they were worth. They were mine, and I liked to know how valuable they were."

"Of course," acknowledged Weidler, studying his shoes. Then he looked up. "But, after all, that's not the important thing in this. What I wanted to know was, have you any theory as to this theft?"

"None whatever!"

"It's as mysterious to you as the other one? As puzzling as the loss of the pearls and emeralds six months ago?"

"It's in quite the same class."

"And you agree with your husband that this maid of yours, this Lucy Braley, is above suspicion?"

She could afford to smile at the question.

"I'm compelled to agree with him. Lucy is perfect—the soul of devotion and honesty!"

"Then you don't think it's an inside job?"

"I don't see how it could be, do you?"

"Why not?"

"But there were just the three of us in the house. And this maid you speak of, Lucy Braley, was ill with sciatica that night. She was in bed before the diamonds were locked up and was still there when the theft was discovered."

"But during the night?"

"She did not visit the wall safe, I'm sure of that!"

"Why?"

"Because I know her—I know her character. I'd trust her with everything I own, and she knows it!"

"Then Lucy Braley is no longer to be reckoned with?"

"Not unless we wish to lose time." She found it impossible to keep a slight tone of contempt from her voice. She was not greatly impressed by the investigator before her. Yet even in that moment of condescension she was oppressed by the feeling that about her he was weaving some thin and intangible web. What it stood for, what it was related with, she could not say. But it was there, and the thought of it began to trouble her.

"Then doesn't it strike you as odd," Weidler was saying to her, with a motion toward the crowded dressing table,

"that a professional thief, once on the premises, would take one piece of jewelry and leave all this other stuff behind him?"

"It certainly argues him to be a man of discrimination!"

"And yet there must have been a professional thief in the house?"

"There was! I know that as well as I know I'm sitting here!"

"Why?"

"The proof lies in the fact that the diamonds are gone!"

"And yet these other things are still here untouched!" commented Weidler, letting his gaze wander about the crowded dressing table.

"It is rather odd," she acknowledged.

"And you feel sure you couldn't have dropped this chain into some corner? Or possibly stowed it away in some out-of-the-way place?"

"Quite sure!" she said a little icily, as though affronted by some deeper meaning obtruding itself through that apparently innocent question.

"A thing like that can happen so easily," ventured the persistent Weidler; "in fact, it happens so often!"

He reached over and picked up the silver vase by its convoluted lip. He held it fastidiously between his fingertips, then he shook the vase.

"What's this?" he asked.

He carefully inverted the column of shimmering silver. The turquoise ring rolled out on the table-top.

A frown of perplexity crossed the woman's placid brow, but she neither moved nor spoke.

"You see!" was his triumphant cry. This obliquity was so much a part of his career that he dropped into the rôle as readily as an actor at the sound of his cue.

"What?" sharply asked the woman.

"This ring was dropped there!"

"So I see."

"I suppose it's your ring?"

"Yes, it's mine," acknowledged the woman, still puzzled.

"But it's not valuable, of course," and he turned it over in his fingers curiously.

"No, it's not of much value, I imagine."

"But you have reasons for keeping it?"

She was silent a moment.

"None that I know of."

"Exactly!" said Weidler, lapsing into a moment of studious thought. He walked over to the wall safe, with the vase still in his hand, peering into the darkened recess. Then he returned to the table.

"Will you take this, please?" he said, holding out the vase by its convoluted lip.

She took it from his fingers, still puzzled by his behavior.

When she looked up, after restoring the vase to its place, she felt that he had been watching her over his shoulder.

"Have you any idea who could have dropped that ring into the vase?" he asked, turning about and facing her.

"Yes," she admitted, and a quick look of antagonism flamed in her unequivocating blue eye.

"Who could have done it?"

"You did!" she calmly announced.

Weidler's commonplace face was quite without expression.

"But why do you say that?" he innocently demanded.

"Because two hours ago that ring was in my jewel-case!"

"You're sure of that?"

"I know it."

Again as their eyes met each was conscious of a rising yet muffled antagonism for the other.

"But why should I do that?" queried Weidler. Mrs. Dunseith's cornflower-blue eyes narrowed as she studied his face.

"That's just what I've been trying to find out," she affirmed. And she watched him as he crossed the room apparently in deep thought.

"This ring, ma'am, is trivial. Where it goes or where it came from shouldn't count. What we want to find out is, who took your diamond chain."

"Of course!"

"And I'm afraid we're not making much headway."

"Then what can I do to help you?" she asked for the second time, with almost a touch of impatience.

"I'm afraid there's not much either of us can do just now," he admitted. "I'd simply like to see your maid, Lucy Braley, for a few minutes."

"Here?" asked Mrs. Dunseith, and an expression of relief seemed to hover for a moment about her face.

"Yes, I'd rather see her here," he replied.

"Then I'll send her to you."

With one white hand she caught up the folds of her many-colored teagown and swept from the room. Weidler stood watching her, idle and apparently irresolute. But the moment she had passed the door he lifted the silver flower-vase to the window-sill, turned it about, sprayed it with a fine powder from a pocket vial, and held something that looked strangely like a gun-metal watchcase in front of its burnished sides.

This gun-metal watchcase he kept clicking as he moved it from point to point.

Then he quickly restored the vase, lifted the silver cigarette case to the window, and again exposed the face of his gun-metal contrivance to the side and then to the top of the burnished metal case.

By the time the maid entered the room this case was back in its place and Weidler was drumming with idle fingers on the edge of the dressing table.

II

WEIDLER, having briefly interviewed Mrs. Dunseith's maid, quietly took his departure, announcing that he could not return until the next morning. He went away solemnly facetious, a little abashed at his own grotesque efforts to be jocular, a little embarrassed by the grandeurs from which he was emerging into the light of common day.

Mrs. Dunseith herself was not ignorant of the fact that these surroundings had somewhat intimidated him. And when he returned to them the next day she could perceive that he was a victim of the same bourgeois awkwardness and the same hesitating self-consciousness. As he entered the Louis Quinze room where the millionaire's wife awaited him he was as embarrassed as a schoolboy at his first social function.

The grandeur of so much cream and gold, centering as it did in the resplendent figure of Marion Dunseith herself, was plainly too much for him. And the mistress of the house, strangely enough, found something appeasing in his very discomfort of spirit.

"I hope your search is proving successful," she even ventured, with her half-indifferent smile. Weidler carefully put down his black bowler beside the chair on which he was so uncomfortably perched.

"You Mean That I, Too, am a Sort of Accident Faker, as You Call It?"

"It has proved successful," the detective said, with a slight accent on his second word.

"Already?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You mean you have found the thief?"

"Without a shadow of doubt!"

The woman leaned forward in her chair a little. Her blue eyes, instead of widening, actually narrowed with a look of gentle skepticism.

"You know who stole the chain?" she repeated.

"Yes."

She looked down at the uncouth black bowler beside his chair. Then she looked back at his somewhat embarrassed face.

"Who was it?" she asked.

He forced his eyes to meet her gaze.

"I think you know that already, Mrs. Dunseith!" Never, he was compelled to confess to himself, had he seen a woman more appealing to the eye, more beleaguerингly lovely of face. And the thought of her enmity was a great bitterness to him.

"I know already?" she echoed.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid I can't quite understand!" she began. "I must ask you to be more explicit."

"I mean you took the diamonds."

She laughed a little, an easy ripple of incredulously ironic laughter.

"You mean that I- I stole my own diamonds and from myself?" she gasped.

"Precisely!"

Her face grew more serious.

"Don't you think that even a joke can be carried rather far?" she quietly inquired.

"This is anything but a joke!"

"But there I disagree with you," she retorted with plainly coerced patience. "I can't even consider it. It's all so absurd! It's ridiculous on its very face!"

"Then you refuse to admit it?" he asked, with troubled and anxious eyes.

"Why should we even discuss it?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry!" he murmured, obviously startled by the new turn things had taken.

"For what?"

"That you deny it."

"Deny what?" was her sharp query.

"That you took the diamonds."

She sighed almost wearily.

"But I did not take the diamonds. Why should I take what was already mine?"

"For the same reason that other people take diamonds, Mrs. Dunseith!"

"And what is that, pray?"

"To raise money on them, as a rule."

She held up a warning hand.

"Please!" she said very gently. Then she stopped, studying his face for a moment or two. "I think you know Mr. Dunseith's circumstances. You are aware of the fact that I am his wife, that he is and always has been very generous with me, that there are very few things in this life that I cannot have if I actually wish them!"

He nodded a solemnly assenting head. He seemed saddened not so much by her explanations as by the fact that she could stoop to them.

"Then could you please tell me," she persisted, "what possible motive there could be, what need there would be, what earthly reason, for my making off with my own rhinestones and hatpins?"

"These were not rhinestones and hatpins, Mrs. Dunseith. They were diamonds with a market value of twenty-three thousand dollars—as you were at the pains to determine!"

"Well, then, with even my own diamonds?" she persisted.

"That is something I can't tell- something I don't know," he admitted.

"Nor I either!" said the woman, with a quick little laugh that was not untinged with scorn.

Weidler seemed at a loss as to how to proceed. He sat silent a minute or two, then stooped forward and picked up the black bowler.

"Then you and Mr. Dunseith would prefer that I dropped out of the case?" he asked, studying the crown of his hat.

"On the contrary," was her spirited retort, "we are both anxious to find the thief, if such a thing is possible, to

(Continued on Page 48)

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IX

THE king, in solid black faintly edged with gold, raised his hand as a signal, and from the balcony opposite the dais there swelled a low, enticing harmony. With punctilious gallantry he led Prince Onalyon's mother upon the wide strip of tufted red carpet which stretched from the dais to the great gold-traced doors beneath the musicians' balcony, and paced with her through the first stately measure. Onalyon escorted Bezzanna and followed. Then Tedoyah stepped down from the dais and, with no hesitation whatever, selected the black-eyed little Toopy, in dainty yellow, who had just happened to be standing close by. The opening ball of Onalyon's magnificent two weeks' fête had been inaugurated, with the sanction and presence of the king himself.

The music swept into a gayer swing after that first dignified ceremonial; and a hundred gayly bedecked couples, clad in all the soft-textured, lustrous colorings of field and forest and sky, of blossom and bird and rainbow, hailed the long-awaited moment with a swelling murmur of delight and whirled into the curving intricacies of the dance. The great hall, pilastered with sculptured gold and paneled in a delicate filigree of copper turned to an exquisite green by age—the last sumptuous work of the artistic but heedless Xantobah - glowed, from its high ceiling to its wainscoting of marble mosaic, with countless wavering points of orange light from candle-brackets wrought into the filigree; while below, on the spacious tiled floor, weaved and turned and glided a tangle of kaleidoscopic color from which rose the babble of gay voices and out of which flashed the smiles of rosy lips, the color of healthy cheeks and the gleam of bright eyes.

The king, taller than any of his subjects, though not so tall by a good inch as the absent Jimmy Smith, made the round of the hall; and then, escorting Onalyon's stately mother to her seat on the dais, stood by with an indulgent smile watching the merry throng as, in laughing, pirouetting couples, they swung past him; and his grave eyes softened as they rested upon his sister, in shimmering white, floating as airily as a thistle upon the proud arm of Onalyon.

"It's great sport, Thanks Old Scout!" she called to him as she swept by, mischievously happy in the thought that no one but the king—and this particularly including the prince—could understand her.

The king laughed and waved his hand to her; and then, reflecting that she was too young to understand the political menace to him in this apparently harmless fun, he made his pleasantly chatting way to the lounging room where already the older and more sedate nobles had begun to drift in, leaving the gayety to the younger people who had the greater appetite for it.

With a smiling demeanor, but a serious inner purpose, he remained in the lounging room and about its entrances for nearly an hour, and found precisely what he had expected to discover—that Onalyon's innovation had heightened his already dangerous popularity to an uncomfortable degree.

He smiled quizzically when he made sure of that, the little wrinkles of sly humor coming to his eyes; and then he set out in search of Onalyon. The music of a furiously rapid little dance had just ceased when he reëntered the ballroom; and the loud shouts of approval, followed by the insistent clamor of two hundred eager voices, assured him, if he had needed reassurance, that this stroke of Onalyon's, made in direct defiance to his, the king's, ten-year policy of retrenchment, was a highly successful one from the viewpoint of the prince.

At the far end of the hall he caught the fluttering white of Bezzanna's robe linked with the sapphire blue of Onalyon's costume; and, hastily retreating through the corridor lest he should be stopped at every step of his progress, he emerged upon the wide stone terrace, with its balustrade of ornately pierced marble, and walked rapidly to the corner. Fortunately the prince and Bezzanna had turned in his direction, and he met them just in the broad glow of light from one of the wide-open wooden windows of the great ballroom, Bezzanna leaning confidingly on the arm of the prince, looking up at him and listening with a happy half-smile upon her lips, and Onalyon bent earnestly toward her and talking in a low, intense tone. Time was when the king would have hailed this tableau with delight; but now it slightly oppressed him.

Gleaming With All the Iridescent Colors of the Rainbow

Bezzanna was the first to perceive the king, and immediately she ran forward to shake hands with him in the hearty American style.

"Brother, it's the limit!" she advised him, with flushed cheeks and her melodious voice vibrating with happy excitement. "I didn't know there could be this much fun in the world."

"I'm glad you are enjoying it," laughed the king. "Onalyon, I'll have to give you credit for treating Isola to a thorough awakening—on the social side at least."

"I am delighted that you approve of it," returned Onalyon, highly gratified and a little surprised as well. "I am confident that it will result, also, in a commercial awakening."

"I agree with you," returned the king pleasantly; and, taking the arm of Bezzanna, he led them across to the balustrade. "My only fear is that you may bankrupt the nobles before you enrich the commoners."

"I'll admit there is some danger of that," laughed the prince, following the example of Bezzanna and sitting beside her on the balustrade. "I am willing, however, to sacrifice myself for the cause."

"No sacrifice will be necessary," said the king, who knew pretty thoroughly the resources of Onalyon and just about how long he could stand the drain. "Since you introduce the subject of a commercial awakening, I feel perfectly free to advise you not to drain your resources by paying out any of your certificates immediately; for in a few days—ten at the most—you will have five times as much currency as you have now. Everybody in Isola will be likewise affected."

The prince, prepared as he was for most emergencies, was swept off his feet by that statement.

"Why, that's impossible!" he protested.

"Not at all," returned the king calmly. "As soon as the new ones can be prepared, I intend to call in all the old certificates and issue five of equal value for every one now held in Isola."

"Why, it's impossible!" repeated the prince, still bewildered. "Every certificate in existence calls for one measure of wheat now held in the public granaries against a possible famine."

"Exactly," agreed the king. "I suppose you, as keeper of the public granaries, know that we have not enough grain to redeem all the wheat certificates now in circulation. Some of it has leaked away in loading and unloading, transference and retransference—for the old wheat is exchanged for new under compulsion at every harvest-time. Moreover, a large quantity of it has been destroyed because of mold and insects and other destructive influences."

"That is a bad condition of affairs," declared the prince, rising and standing before the king, who had now seated himself. "I have long contended that it should be remedied by levying an assessment upon the forthcoming crops until the deficiency is made up."

"It won't be necessary," smiled the king. "We already have enough wheat in storage to withstand a three-year famine; and I should have stopped the further accumulation last year if it had not been that our people look forward to the annual increase in our national currency."

"That currency is backed by something, however," protested the prince; "even if it is depreciated by the loss of a few bushels of wheat. If I understand you, though, you propose to issue five one-measure certificates for every one-measure certificate now in existence, which would mean that our currency would call for five times as much grain as we have. It is absurd."

"That's what I thought," acknowledged the king; "but I see it in a different light now—and you will too."

"I knew it was one of Jimmy's astonishing ideas!" claimed Bezzanna with gleeful approbation; and then she suddenly remembered that she was angry with Jimmy Smith. "It sounds crazy enough!" she supplemented, and the prince gave her a pleasant smile for that remark.

"It does sound crazy," admitted the king with a musing smile. "My friend Jimmy has a way of putting it which I believe I understand. He says that if we were to consider that as an inflated currency he would fight it tooth and toenail—for that is dangerous and the United States of America never does it; but that, since we are to consider it as a bonded indebtedness, he is for it so strong he has convulsions."

The princess clapped her hands.

"That sounds like the good old days!" she cried—"When everything was silly!"—remembering with difficulty that she was still angry with Jimmy.

"What is a bonded indebtedness?" inquired the prince.

"The way it has been explained to me," replied the king carefully, "the right kind of a bonded indebtedness is really a promise to pay backed by somebody who is bound to be able to pay it. America has a heavy bonded indebtedness. That is why it is the greatest nation in the world."

"Though there are a lot of other reasons," said Bezzanna, as interested and as serious about it as her brother.

"In this case," went on the king, "we consider these new certificates as the government's promise to pay one or ten or a hundred measures of wheat on demand, with the full belief that the demand will not arise before the wheat is accumulated, or before the government has had time to retire the certificates with the proceeds of taxation on our new manufactures."

The prince was as bewildered by all this as if the king had recited to him a chapter of the Koran in the original language of the Prophet—which bewilderment is the end and aim of every wise currency expert.

"But why are you doing all this?" he asked with his brain in a whirl.

"Because we need the money," stated the king calmly. "We need it to finance our amazing new manufacturing projects. I have in my pocket a subscription list which I shall presently invite you to sign—payment to be made in the new currency; capitalization one hundred thousand measures, forty-nine thousand to be offered for subscription and the remainder to be held in escrow for the benefit of the promoters until the entire capitalization has reached par value."

He rattled off the translation of these unfamiliar terms so fluently that Bezzanna felt a sudden keen pang of jealousy. It had just occurred to her that the king was having a tremendous advantage of her in his American lessons.

"What is it?" asked the prince feebly.

"Matches," announced the king with the absolute calmness of certain triumph. "Let me show you."

He produced from his pocket a short section of hollow cane, closed at each end with a wooden plug, and from it shook into his hand some splinters tipped with yellow.

"This is a match," he explained. "My friend Jimmy made these at the mines last night. He was hunting the

right materials and preparing the mixture until nearly daylight. It caught fire and destroyed all his work several times; and once it singed off a little of his hair, which was why he would not come to the ball tonight. This little article is made of sulphur, combined with certain other ingredients which are the secret of the manufacturing department of the Isola Match Company. This is how it works." And, selecting one of the splinters, he drew its head along the under side of the coping of the balustrade and held it up for the marvel of his auditors.

Where the yellow tip had been, flickered now a faint, almost invisible blue flame which, gathering intensity as it gathered heat and changing color as it caught the wood, blended gradually into a bright yellow fire.

"I knew it!" cried the princess. "I told you it could be done! Didn't I say that somebody ought to invent a fire that could be carried round in your pocket—not burning all the time, you know, but just when you wanted it to? And Jimmy has done it! I could hug Jimmy for that! Let me burn one."

The king, delighted with the success of his miracle, handed a match to Bezzanna and one to the prince, and carefully instructed them in the use of the magical pocket fire.

With awed countenances they lit them and held them out at arm's length, breathlessly watching them until they had burned down to their very fingernails.

"It is wonderful!" admitted the prince, completely humiliated and rendered docile. "Why, you can carry a few of these round in your pocket and start a fire any place—anywhere you like!"

"They will become a household necessity," the king informed him. "No family will be without them. They will cost at the present time about one-fiftieth of a measure to manufacture a box of twenty-five; and while the novelty lasts they will be sold at one-fourth of a measure a box. Do you imagine that it would pay you to invest in the stock of this enterprise?"

"May I?" asked the prince eagerly. "What is stock?"

The king explained that to him very slowly and very carefully, pausing now and then to remember the exact words of his friend Jimmy; also calling attention to the amount of stock to be offered for public subscription.

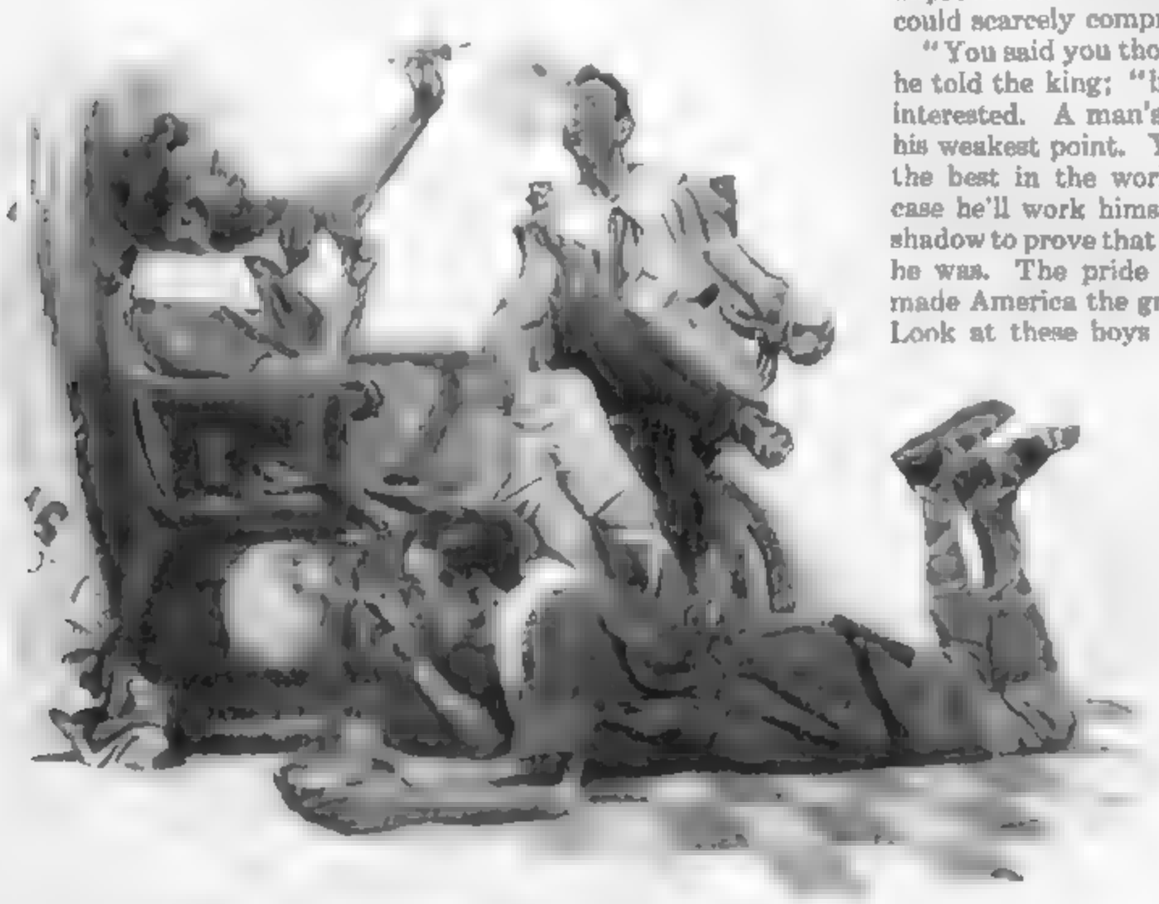
"I will take the entire forty-nine thousand measures' worth," decided the prince without an instant's hesitation.

"Indeed you will not," declared the king. "I am talking to you first because I want your name at the head of this list on account of your influential position in the community; but I can only let you have five thousand. I have with me, however, subscription lists for several of our other enterprises—the Park Soap Factory; the West Mountain Steel Works; the Smith & Scout Sewing-Machine Company; the Inter-Village Electric Transportation Company; the Hello Telephone System; the Advanced Planter and Harvester Concern; the Daily Isolian and the Glass Monopoly."

"I want stock only in the matches," protested the prince, out of the depths of his bewilderment.

"You merely put down your name," the king assured him. "You don't put up the money until you have seen a sample and are satisfied. Here are the lists," and with consummate adroitness he lit another match to select the proper parchment from the others.

"Let us go in by the back way to my library," invited the prince, his eyes fixed in fascination on that miraculous flame and his brain filled with speculation on the number of uses to which this epoch-making device might be put.



They Held a Soap-Bubble Party in the Big Hall for Nearly an Hour

A little black-eyed girl in dainty yellow came hurriedly by, so lonesome that she did not see the three people in the broad light. A long-legged boy in green came striding round the corner, looking anxiously for some one in particular. He met the little girl in yellow so suddenly that he had no time to think what he was doing—and kissed her!

"O-o-o-oh!" cried Toopy, properly shocked. "Why did you do that?"

"I didn't know, myself!" explained Tedoyah; "but now that I take a good look at you I know, and I'm going to do it again."

"You bad boy!" she exclaimed, and started to run; but suddenly she stopped. "What are they doing over there?" she demanded. "Oh, I wonder if they saw you!"

"No," he replied, not caring very much whether they had or not.

"But what are they doing?" she persisted as the king and the prince and Bezzanna turned toward them.

"Oh, they're only striking a match! Come on; let's go round this way." And he drew her toward the darkest path back to the ballroom.

"You'll have to behave yourself, then!" she naïvely warned him—but she went along.

"You see," explained the king, himself wondering at the enthusiastic Tedoyah's sudden and inexplicable lack of interest, "it will not be very long before everybody in Isola will be so used to matches, and consider them so much a daily necessity, that they will pay no attention to the novelty of pocket fire. Teddy never saw one before daybreak this morning and he has already lost his awe for them."

The eyes of the Princess Bezzanna snapped, but she said nothing.

The king led the prince into the quiet little library where, surrounded by a large collection of over a hundred well-thumbed parchment manuscripts, with the assistance of Bezzanna he clubbed the prince away from the forty-nine per cent of match-company stock and secured his signature at the head of each of his subscription lists. Then, with the influence and support of the prince, and all of Onalyon's newly found popularity and prestige appropriated to his own clever use, he went into the lounging room and explained the new currency system, and struck matches for the nobles; and when he rode away, with Tedoyah at his side, in hot haste for a night trip to Jimmy's workshop at the palace, and with the Isolian substitute for the Home, Sweet Home waltz ringing in his ears, he had all his subscription lists filled and the overflow on blank parchments for Jimmy to adorn with the names of suitable new companies.

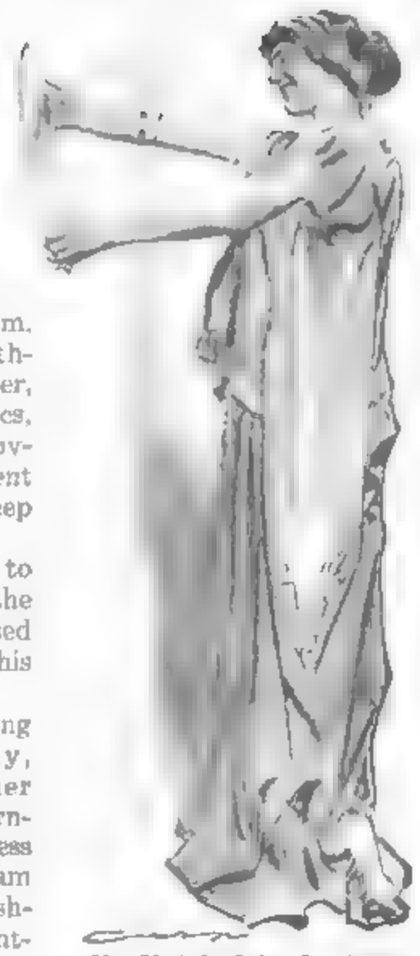
The nobles were not quite sure what they had signed, but the king had left them each two sulphur matches to play with in the dark—and that was enough!

*

THREE days after the king's return from Onalyon's opening ball, he and Tedoyah, perspiring happily twelve to fourteen hours a day in Jimmy's workshop, were wearing overalls and becoming used to the clean freedom of limb that they inspired. One of Jimmy's first acts had been to open a tailor shop in one of the many vacant rooms in the palace, collect therein the three best tunic-makers in the kingdom, give them elaborate lectures and copious diagrams on the correct architecture of trousers, and start them to work. They labored more or less nonchalantly until Jimmy hurt their pride; and then they turned in and worked so savagely that they made a daily improvement which their energetic boss himself could scarcely comprehend.

"You said you thought your people were lazy," he told the king; "but all they needed was to be interested. A man's pride is his strongest and his weakest point. You tell him that he's either the best in the world or rotten, and in either case he'll work himself to a skeleton of his own shadow to prove that he's better than you thought he was. The pride of doing things better has made America the greatest country in the world. Look at these boys here!" He pointed to the fifty-four men he already had at work. "They're so eager about results that a sunset looks ugly to them because it means quitting-time. They're crazy to get things done—not because it's cut out for them to do, but for the mere pride of accomplishment."

"I think it's because you're such a hustler," laughed the king, jamming a block of wood into an impromptu vise and beginning to chisel it according to the pattern set before him. "You're busier than all of us put together."



She Shrieked for Joy When She Found Herself Looking at the Pink, Oval Cheeks of the Beautiful Princess Bezzanna

"I have to be," protested Jimmy, tearing a sheet of parchment drawings off his board and examining a sample of paper pulp which the impatiently busy Teddy had just brought him. "Here I find a country without glass or steel, gunpowder, steam or electricity, politics, monopolies, lawyers or poverty; and if I could invent a way to go without sleep I'd do it."

"I suppose we have to take a certain amount of the bad with the good," mused the king. "What is this block for?"

"A part in the printing press," replied Jimmy, spreading down another sheet of parchment and turning with cheerful readiness from a design for a steam engine to an electric push-button pattern. "A printing press, with the right to use it without restriction, is the healthiest boil you can put on the neck of politics—and we're going to have some politics, I bet you! Politics is the greatest practical joke we have in America. It keeps everybody amused and happy, and it's harmless. What was that you were telling me about the laziest man in your kingdom? Didn't you say he invented the rowlock?"

"Yes," laughed the king. "He expected everybody to pay him something for using his idea; and when they wouldn't he refused to work any more—and the neighbors have had to feed him ever since."

"I want that man," declared Jimmy as he finished blocking out his drawing and grabbed his hat. "Give me his address and I'll get him on my way back from the copper mine. I have to go over there and see how they're getting on with that wire-pulling machine. By the way, when I get back tonight we want to figure on the plans for a patent office. America wouldn't have been worth shucks today if she hadn't encouraged her inventors. And by the way again, king, you'd better hustle out this afternoon and collect something on those gaudy subscription lists of yours. We're going to need money to pay the hands."

He took a foreman's survey of the shop before he walked briskly out of the door and jumped on Step Lively. Along both sides were ranged stout wooden benches, and underneath these were rows upon rows of bins filled with every conceivable material in the kingdom, from potter's clay to gold nuggets, and from quicklime to iron filings. A foot-power turning lathe was already in active operation, and other machines were in course of construction.

Jimmy nodded in approval as he passed out the door. There, cluttered close together and already elbowing each other for more room, were twenty of the best-protected infant industries in the world!

In the town, after a twenty-mile gallop on Step Lively, he located the electric-light plant, the First National Bank and the telephone exchange, paid his visit of superintendence at the buildings being erected for the rolling mills where the rails for his electric traction system were shortly to be manufactured, and hurried on to the copper mines which were his especial pet just now. He felt that he simply could not exist without wires; nor could he rest until he had telephone communication between the palace workshop, the town and the mines.

It had been only four days since he had first driven through these streets and already he could see a marvelous acceleration in the movements of every human being. Perhaps the prince had done something to awaken them; but Jimmy had enough experience with affairs to know that no social stirring up can equal the good, healthy blood-surge of a commercial impulse—and he was giving Isola the most violent commercial impulse that was ever known.

Prince Onalyon might have some large plans in view, as Jimmy gathered from his talks with Teddy; but if Onion only gave him a little time he'd have the kingdom so firmly clamped to himself and the king that it couldn't be loosened with a tank of nitroglycerin. He was not quite sure why he so particularly disliked the prince. Onalyon was an intelligent chap, a good fellow, nice-looking—and was, in all probability, to marry his friend Betsy Ann. He and the prince ought really to be on splendid terms. It was a highly suitable match and he hoped she would be happy—and all at once he discovered he had been thrashing his poor, inoffensive donkey most unmercifully.

He apologized to Step Lively and threw away his whip, which he had only carried as a matter of form anyway; but the laceration was not gone from his heart, nor would his stubborn mind reconcile itself to the task of letting him be happy over the marriage of Betsy Ann and the Onion.

There was no use in telling himself he was going to stop loving her, because he could not. His will had nothing to do with it. He loved her, and that was all there was to it! He would love her so long as he lived, and he might as well let himself go ahead with it. The only way for him to stop loving her would be to lie down and die, and he was not quite ready for that. He had first to reconstruct Isola on the American plan and make a real live country of it. As for the Princess Betsy Ann, he intended just to let himself keep on loving her. So long as he kept it to himself, it was nobody's business!

Suddenly he came face to face with the tower of the Princess Wahanita, and he gritted his teeth savagely. Before he quit, he intended to have that tower down. For the present, however, it stood there and mocked him with its stony reminder of the only reason why he could not doggedly aspire to marry the Princess Bezzanna; and it made him so blue that it was all he could do to keep from taking the crossroad to Onalyon's palace! If he hung round in the shelter of the shrubbery long enough he might get a glimpse of the princess and be comforted—and grieve himself to death.

Ye gods! How he wanted to see Betsy Ann!

His poor, bewildered donkey stopped in despair to let him decide what he wanted to do. That roused him to a grim and cheerless sense of humor; and he braced up, hurried on to the copper mine, found there the first hundred feet of passable wire, and was as happy in the possession of this homelike commodity as a man could possibly be with a persistent toothache where his heart belonged.

He showed his pleased workmen how to draw a finer grade of wire; galloped over to the iron mines to see how the new ore crushers and smelters were coming on; dashed up into the pine forest, where he had a gang of men cutting down telephone poles, and instructed them how to make and set in four crosstrees on each pole—for it was no use putting up temporary telephone lines; promised them glass insulators two days later; hunted the man who had invented the oarlock and sent him up to the factory to work himself to death; turned in at the gold mine to sit on a pile of nuggets and eat a bite of supper with the workmen; then, feeling the urgent need of more work, rode home in the dark to inaugurate a patent-office system and devise some means to substitute the word "dollar" for "measure of wheat" on the new money.

"It's a better word anyhow," he explained to the king. "It's handier—means more; and after the people get acquainted with the word they'll grow to love it. Everybody does!"

"It might frighten them and make them distrust the value of the bills," sagely objected the king.

"Well, it might in the beginning," admitted Jimmy; "so I think we'll just engrave it small somewhere on the bills and enlarge it with each issue. I know ninety millions of particular people who don't think money's good unless it has the word dollar on it somewhere. Moreover, that money's intensely valuable all over the world. Everybody bows to it."

"We'll have to have it," promptly agreed the king. "Did you see the soap?"

"Where?" asked Jimmy excitedly; and the king showed him a cake of it, made after the best formula in Jones' Handbook, with certain improvements of Jimmy's own.

It was the twelfth experiment in three days—and at last it was right. It was almost pure white, molded into convenient size for the hand, delicately fragrant, and stamped with the advertisement of the Park Soap Company.

Jimmy felt it, rubbed his fingers along it to get the oily texture, smelled it and almost tasted it; he was so glad to see it. "How does it lather?" he anxiously asked.

"Out of sight!" replied the king with earnest enthusiasm. "I left a cake up on your washstand, but I guess you overlooked it. Come up and I'll show you."

He led the way to his own bathroom, with its clumsy arrangement for heating the tub with a wood fire, jerked off his tunic and rolled up his sleeves.

"Look at my hands," he directed as he turned the water into the basin. "They're so white they're effeminate; but I have washed them eight times since dinner."

With unabated joy he plunged his hands into the water and began making suds with the soap. Jimmy took it from him and almost gurgled with happiness.

"This feels like home!" he declared with emotion. "I wouldn't believe—until I had traveled that the American nation is the only one which has learned the joy of acute personal cleanliness. Other people bathe, but they set dates for it. America uses more soap per person than other nations use for a family, including grandfather and the cousins. That's why we're great! Did you ever see a soap-bubble?"

The king never had; and Jimmy pitied him so for having passed an unnatural childhood that he insisted on hunting up Teddy and some straws. They held a soap-bubble party in the big hall for nearly an hour; and the fun of it reminded them to start Jimmy's untouched cake of soap by a special messenger to Betsy Ann that very night, so she could have it to wash her face with in the morning; also they sent complete instructions for the blowing of bubbles large, small, double and bulk. And, as a last happy thought, the king included a blank subscription list for the capital stock of the Park Soap Company.

The rest of them wanted to retire, but as Jimmy was afraid he might not yet be fatigued enough to go to sleep he produced the checkerboard he had made during his convalescence, and the overjoyed Teddy beat him.

Jimmy disliked to acknowledge it even to himself, but that defeat was a blow to his pride, especially since the king seemed to enjoy it so much. Well, Jimmy was preoccupied that night; but, after all, he was comparatively contented. If he could only keep himself so furiously busy as to shut out thought, and could fatigue himself so much that he would go right to sleep when he went to bed, without lying awake and thinking of the Princess Bezzanna, he could get along fairly well.

The next day, in pursuance of that idea, he moved the soap factory to a separate building; drafted a set of corporation laws, and helped the king appoint a secretary of state; and had an hour's fitting in the tailor shop; and moved the gunpowder department to a safe place behind a hill; and gave some pointers to the expert manuscript-writers, whom he was training into type-founders; and selected two baseball teams from among his workmen. He had figured accurately from the day of the shipwreck that the next day would be Saturday. He intended to give Isola a calendar in place of its present clumsy moon-to-moon reckoning, and to declare a half-holiday, so he could start the shop baseball rivalry.

He kept up that sort of activity for ten solid days, and he fancied he was putting the Princess Bezzanna far enough out of his mind to leave him at least a trace of peace; but on the morning of the eleventh day he deserted the telephone receiver coils he was feverishly winding in order to be able to connect them at once with the wires stretching over the valley—and brushed his hand across his eyes to drive away the vision of Betsy Ann!

It was not merely a mental image, but a physical one, which seemed to stand so persistently before him wherever he turned. He could see her roguish eyes, and hear her soft, bewitching voice, and feel the flare of her windblown hair upon his cheek. Confound it! He could do nothing while she was there; and there was only one way effectively to dispel that image.

"I say, king," he observed, slamming an unfinished coil into the box, "let's drop over to Onalyon's tonight, all lit up like a Christmas tree!"

XI

A HUGE soap-bubble fell to the surface of the smooth rock and rolled down the gentle incline, bumping and bouncing over the tiny obstacles, with many flattenings of the fragile sphere; and it hung poised for an instant on the very edge, gleaming with all the iridescent colors of the rainbow, before it plunged into the treetops below.

Breathless with interest, the two girls, in filmy gray touched with tender pink, had crept cautiously after it on their hands and knees, fearful lest their own gentle breath might destroy the fairy thing. When it dropped over the edge two heads, one brown-haired and one black, peered out after it, watching it in round-eyed fascination as it floated serenely down between the tall pines, twirling and shifting with the quiet air currents, miraculously escaping a spiny tip here and a rough branch there, and finally disappearing in a patch of broad sunshine—one glistening drop falling swiftly to the ground to mark the spot above which the bubble had burst.

"Duck, Toopy!" suddenly ordered the brown-haired one; and, crawling back hastily, she lay face downward upon the big rock which overlooked Prince Onalyon's palace and park, the only ascent to which was a rather perilous path of stones at the rear.

"Why?" demanded the black-haired one, lying flat, however, with prompt agility. And both the girls turned their rosy faces to each other and giggled.

"Onalyon and squeaky young Huppylac are down there looking for us."

In spite of her intense desire not to be discovered, Toopy raised her head enough to peep down and see the two young men just ascending the glade toward the rock, and she dropped her head on her arms disconsolately.

"I don't want to be made love to," she complained.

"Neither do I," pouted Bezzanna. "I'm sick of it. We've had no other form of amusement for ten days. I want to go home."

"I want to go home," echoed Toopy; who invariably wanted to do anything Bezzanna did. "A grand party every night isn't half the fun I thought it would be. Everybody but the prince has tried to make love to me, and I've quarreled with every one of them. I even quarreled with Teddy the night he came over to bring you that present from Jimmy."

"Quarreling is wicked," said Bezzanna sternly. "It never pays to get mad at a good friend. You always feel so mean afterward!" In handing this superior advice to Toopy she was flagellating her own conscience for her treatment of the helpless Jimmy.

"I know it!" wailed Toopy. "I don't care for the rest—I want them to be mad; but I do wish I could see Teddy."

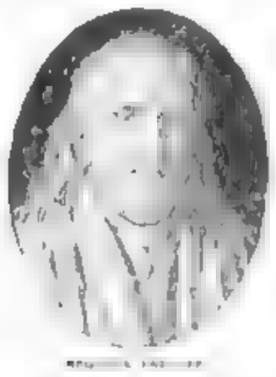
"That's because he's the one who isn't here," sagely guessed Bezzanna.

"Is that the reason you're sorry you quarreled with Jimmy?" indignantly retorted Toopy.

Both of Them Tumbled From the Steps and Rolled Down the Hill

(Continued on Page 60)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4, 1912

The Coal Situation

NORMALLY our mines produce some four hundred million tons of coal a year; but a protracted coal famine appeared not improbable this spring. Anthracite miners suspended work pending adjustment of wages and other matters. A long strike in the bituminous field was distinctly possible.

Anthracite coal, for all practical purposes, is produced by a trust. The Government knows it and has taken various ineffectual steps to break it up.

In bituminous coal there is competition—excessive competition, the mine-owners say. At their convention in Chicago last fall, speaker after speaker declared that profits had almost disappeared; that, under stress of competition, operators were continually opening up new veins, mining the most accessible parts and abandoning the rest, so that the natural life of a mine was cut in half and "large areas of coal are wasted without hope of recovery." Also, speaker after speaker urged that Congress be moved to amend the anti-trust laws, permitting bituminous coal miners to organize by districts and appoint common sales agencies to handle their entire output. President Bush, of the Missouri Pacific, suggested that the sales agencies be under control of an interstate coal commission, which should be empowered to keep prices at a reasonable level.

In one coalfield we have something like a trust; in the other we have competition. The public gets so little real protection in either that it has been confronted with the pleasing possibility of going without coal for an indefinite period. Is this a good way to manage the affair?

Are Lawyers Infallible?

A NUMBER of the most distinguished and prosperous members of the New York bar have formed an independent judiciary association which they invite every right-thinking lawyer to join. The association's object is to combat all proposals for the recall of judges and reversal of judicial decisions by popular vote—which would "lay the ax at the root of the tree of well-ordered freedom."

The most resourceful, prosperous and famous lawyers are rarely found upon the bench. They can do much better at the bar. The influence they exercise over courts by reason of their acumen, experience and reputation is very great.

Take, for example, the striking case of the income tax. In 1815, when Madison was president and other men who had taken a leading part in framing the Constitution were still alive, the secretary of the treasury proposed that Congress levy an income tax—evidently without entertaining a doubt as to its constitutionality. During the Civil War, Congress did levy an income tax and in 1870 the Supreme Court unanimously upheld it; but when the income tax of 1894 came up, the court, first by a divided bench, held that part of the tax was unconstitutional; and then upon a rehearing, by a vote of five to four—one justice having changed his mind—held the whole act unconstitutional.

Now the opponents of the income tax of 1894 were represented by exceedingly brilliant counsel from the New York bar who presented to the court several bulky volumes of ingenious briefs and arguments, setting forth in particular the origin and meaning of the constitutional clause upon which they relied. And, in his history of the income tax, Professor E. R. A. Seligman—one of the highest authorities upon the subject in this country—charges that these eminent lawyers led our highest tribunal far astray. "That the Supreme Court of the United States was misled by counsel into a historical interpretation which is, beyond all doubt, erroneous, is deplorable," he observes. Again, regarding counsel's explanation of what the framers of the Constitution meant by "direct" tax, Professor Seligman observes: "As a matter of fact, it would be difficult for almost anybody to pack into such small compass an equal number of misstatements."

As it happens, the leading counsel in opposition to the income tax is also the first signer of the call for an independent judiciary association.

Dangerous Primaries

LAST winter, about the time the Republican executive committee met, Illinois was a sure Taft state. At an eleventh-hour special session, however, the legislature passed a presidential primary law; and when Republican voters of the state lined up at the polls under that act the President received decidedly less than one vote out of three. This, combined with like results in North Dakota and Wisconsin, followed by the Roosevelt landslide in Pennsylvania, must have confirmed Campaign Manager McKinley in his opinion that presidential primaries are exceedingly dangerous.

It is already quite clear that, whoever the Republican voters of the Middle West may want, they do not want Mr. Taft. If they get him it will be solely because the voters themselves were not given a chance to express their preference. Insurgency is more prevalent in Iowa, for example, than in Illinois; but, under the convention system, the President may count hopefully upon a part of the delegates.

When a leader of Campaign Manager McKinley's experience and ability not only signally fails to deliver his own state but loses every county in his own congressional district, the danger of the presidential primary stands revealed. The danger is that leaders who are headed in the wrong direction will be put out in the first innings. There is another danger of a temporary nature: Enough presidential primaries have been held to show that Mr. Taft is not the choice of a majority of Republican voters. If his nomination should be forced by machine delegates the situation obviously would be quite awkward. We call this a temporary danger because, hereafter, the candidate for president will be chosen by the voters of the party in so many states that the nomination of an unpopular candidate will be impossible.

Two Riddles Without Answers

THE most interesting experiment in political psychology that we can think of at the moment would be an inquiry to determine why three-fourths of the Democrats of Illinois preferred Champ Clark to Woodrow Wilson, while over two-thirds of the Republicans preferred Roosevelt or La Follette to Taft. The old explanation that Democrats and Republicans are essentially different creatures—the one being children of light and the other children of darkness—no longer passes current. Democrats and Republicans in Illinois are so much alike nowadays that many of them can hardly tell which they are. The overwhelming victory of the Republican Progressive and the coincidental and equally overwhelming defeat of the Progressive Democrat are a bit puzzling. Possibly the ingrained old distrust of the "academic" person had something to do with it. At the last municipal election Chicago defeated an admirable candidate for mayor who happened to be a college professor and elected a pragmatical professor of politics.

If we were running for office in Illinois we believe we'd begin by shying a brick through a college window.

Crime's Kindergarten

OUR murder rate scandalizes Christendom. In crime we exceed civilized nations with which we are otherwise comparable. The complacent old explanation that this was due to an "influx of aliens" has been largely exploded. In looking about for some sounder explanation the retiring president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology mentioned "the lack of discipline among native-born children."

The essence of crime is disregard for one's social obligations—a lack of respect for the rights and convenience of the people among whom one is placed. It is appalling, therefore, to think how many cherubic little criminals there are in the land; how many ill-bred, undisciplined youngsters, who care nothing for the rights and convenience of the people about them because they have never been taught to care. The children, of course, are not to blame. Parents who are too lazy or timid to enforce discipline, too doting or dull to understand other people's attitudes, are responsible. Fond mamma thinks her precious little darling ought to own the earth and lets him act in company as though he did. If lack of discipline among native-born children is really a source of crime it is remarkable that we do not have even more crime.

The Passing of the Pass

NOT many years ago a railroad ticket was a badge of humility. The fact that you didn't have a pass was proof positive that you were a person of little consequence in your community. The conductor answered your questions without turning his head—and deferentially hung over the seat of the passholder. If there were courtesies to be extended anywhere along the line the gentleman who had at least enough pull to ride free was first choice for them. People with a nice sense of social values insisted upon having passes—not so much because they begrudged the money as to protect their standing.

The other day a Western railroad issued a formal notice that Pullman reservations would be made for passholders only upon the understanding that the passholder must surrender his berth if anybody who had paid fare wanted it. If there are enough fare-paying passengers to fill the sleeper the passholder must sit up.

This is a small revolution, but interesting and significant. It is becoming not only respectable, but positively advantageous, to earn your money and pay your way.

If This be Insurgency—

IN THE state of Washington, as everywhere else, workmen are continually maimed or killed by accidents happening in mines, factories, building operations, logging, transportation and other industries where machinery is used. Formerly, when a workman was injured he might sue his employer for damages and possibly, after two or three years' litigation, get a final judgment, about half of which would go to his lawyer. The employer usually insured himself against damages arising through accidents in his plant, paying the casualty company annually a given percentage of his total payroll, in consideration of which the company fought his damage suits for him. Of the money thus paid by employers, hardly one-fifth ever reached the victims of industrial accidents. Meanwhile the court expenses arising from litigation of accident damage claims devolved a charge of not less than a hundred thousand dollars a year upon the people of the state.

That was the fine old standpat arrangement, approved by precedent and sanctioned by the sacred dogmas of the common law; but Washington isn't standpat nowadays. A year ago it enacted a workmen's compensation act that went into effect last October. Every employer in a machine industry where there is constant liability to accident pays into the state treasury a given percentage of his total yearly payroll, ranging from ten per cent in powder mills to one and a half per cent in many little-hazardous trades. Out of that fund the state pays, immediately and without resort to the courts, a fixed compensation for injury or death resulting from industrial accident. The state also pays the total cost of administering the fund, which amounts to no more than it formerly paid in court expenses for litigating damage claims. Every dollar that comes out of the employers' pockets on account of accident damages now goes directly to the victims of the accidents.

Uniform Express Rates

THE Adamson Bill, favorably reported by the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, proposes—for the first time, we believe—that Congress itself, by direct action, shall fix maximum transportation rates. It applies only to express companies and only to parcels not exceeding eleven pounds in weight; but the precedent is rather interesting. Express rates, like the freight charges of steam railroads, have been largely built up on what the traffic would bear. The charge for a given weight carried a given distance may vary greatly—competition having brought about sharp reductions as to some commodities and between some points, which are made up for by higher charges where there is no competition. The Adamson Bill proposes a uniform rate, ranging from twelve cents a pound where the distance exceeds two thousand miles to two cents a pound where it is not more than two hundred and fifty miles.

The express companies, like the steam railroads, get a profit out of their total business. If they carry some commodities over some routes at a very low rate they must make up for it by charging a high rate on some other commodities over some other routes. The shipper or the shipping point that is not strong enough to force a concession not only pays enough to yield a fair return upon the railroad's investment, but enough more to offset the lower rate given the shipper or shipping point that is more advantageously situated. Uniformity in express rates is almost in sight. Uniformity in freight rates will come in time.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Disciple of Epictetus

HARKING back a good long hark and two short ones, it is doubtful if our stoical friend, Epictetus of Hierapolis, ever thought he would be doing double shift ultimately in the City Hall of New York. Yet such is the case. It only goes to show that everything is to be undertaken with circumspection, as Epictetus himself once remarked to Epaphroditus when negotiating a small loan to carry him over a particularly unremunerative philosophical period.

Perhaps you do not remember—but, for the matter of that, why should you?—with prices going up every day and T. R. yelling fraud and the baseball season beginning and a lot of other things happening; but, whether you remember or not, it is a fact that when William J. Gaynor was elected mayor of New York it was discovered by the New York editors that Mr. Gaynor has a fancy for Epictetus; and the New York editors hurried reporters out to get the story and find out how to cook them and whether he wore them to sleep in or merely as an antidote for his whiskers.

There was much chagrin in the New York newspaper offices when it was learned that Epictetus is not a rare disease or a new kind of a serum, or a variation of the turkey-trot or the bunny-hug, but merely an old guy who had thoughts and expressed them pretty fair thoughts, too, as thoughts go in these feverish days. Still, it was odd to have a mayor of New York who read anything but the sporting extras and the Sunday supplements; and the editors played the mayor and Epictetus up, principally with a discussion as to how you pronounce the darned thing anyhow. And the result was that the mayor, having been discovered, knew a good discovery when he saw it and handed out quite a line of Epictetusisms or Epictetusiana—or whatever you like—and began to take his Epictetusitis seriously.

Well, old Epicteet had quite a run; but the editors dropped him presently and got all heated and hectic over a new way to comb the hair, or hobble skirts, or a martyred valet, or something. The mayor didn't drop him, however—not by a long shot! The mayor clung to Epictetus and sandwiched him in at every opportunity. Of course the mayor could have grabbed some more space by dropping Epictetus and taking up with Diogenes Laertius, say; but he didn't. He stuck to the original line; and if you know anything about mayors, or Gaynors, you can readily understand where that left Bobbie Adamson, his secretary.

The Filter of the Administration

THERE was nothing else to it, so far as Bob was concerned. When he took in a little matter to his chief and suggested that the chief pay some attention to it, the chief tugged at his whiskers and remarked: "'No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen!'"

Bob had to have a comeback; so he would say: "'Everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot.' Besides, Mr. Mayor, this doesn't refer to figs, but has a bearing on subways."

"Pah!" the mayor would respond. "'There is a fine circumstance connected with the character of a Cynic that he must be beaten like an ass, and yet when beaten must love those who beat him, as the father, as the brother of all.'"

"Sure," Bob would counter; "but, first, say to yourself what you would be—and then do what you have to do."

"Give it to me," the mayor would cry, "for 'in theory there is nothing to hinder our following what we are taught; but in life there are many things to draw us aside.'"

And so it went. It wasn't long before Bob knew That Courage is Not Inconsistent With Caution and How Nobleness of Mind May be Consistent With Prudence by heart; and one day he walked in and hung a little card over the mayor's desk. On the card was printed this Epictetian thought: "Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God." Since which time the mayor has been reasonably calm.

It is this way with secretaries to mayors: Almost any kind of a man may get to be a mayor and almost every kind of a man has; but no kind of a man has been a good mayor unless he has had a good secretary. Being mayor of a large town is a complicated job. Always there are folks who will say: "He's the best mayor the town ever had!" And there are folks who will strike out "best" and insert "worst" when the matter is up for consideration and discussion. A mayor, however, is usually a person who sits in an inside room and has things filtered in to him. The filter is the secretary. If he is a good filter it is a good administration. If he is a poor filter it is likely to be a poor administration. The secretary is the point of first attack. When he is wise the mayor is likely to be near wise at any rate.

The First Point of Attack in Mayor Gaynor's Office

Now there may be points of difference about the administration of Mayor Gaynor in New York; in fact, I have no hesitation in going so far as to say there are points of difference as to that administration. There is a consensus of opinion about Robert Adamson, however, and that is that he is as capable a secretary, as capable an administrator, as capable and efficient a director of a mayor, as New York has ever had; and it will be admitted on all sides that the mayoralty of New York is somewhat of a job, with certain angles of difficulty as to direction in the present instance.

This is a matter of no surprise to those who knew Adamson. He was a good reporter before he became an excellent secretary to the mayor of New York. He has had no complaisant, conventional, constrained mayor to deal with, but a highly conversational, combative, contradictory and controversial person. And in a modest but extremely efficient manner he has been constantly on his job, and has acquired great merit with those who have dealings with the mayor of New York, the same being some four or so millions of people.

Adamson came from Georgia, the same state that produced Joe Johnson, the rufously hisutocinereous fire commissioner of New York at the present time. He arrived with a bunch of other Georgians some ten or twelve years ago—Georgians who had heard the call of Park Row, or who thought they had heard it, or tried to make the city editors think they had heard it; and he got a job on the New York World. The fact that he kept that job makes it quite clear that the call, so far as Adamson was concerned, was a real one. They turned him loose on general work in New York and he plugged along until he developed a knowledge of politics and an aptness for writing on that convoluted subject. Then he arrived and made a good name for himself.

Presently the Gaynor campaign came along. Adamson had a share of the news of that and Gaynor picked him out as a chap who would be of use to him. This proved Gaynor to be a good picker, for Adamson has been of more use to him as his secretary than any other.

As Epictetus said: "The materials of action are variable, but the use we make of them should be constant." Bob's materials of action to wit, the mayor—have been variable—and that's the truth; but his use of them has been constant. And he has gone along steadily, modestly and efficiently in a place that has as many difficulties as any you or I know about, and has developed into a highly useful citizen of New York.

A Profitable Route

AN OLD beggar, who called on Herb Meyer at his office in New York every week for his quarter of a dollar, came in last week with another man.

"What do you mean?" asked Meyer. "Isn't it enough to give you something each week without bringing in another?"

"Well, Mr. Meyer," answered the beggar, "I thought I would bring him in and introduce him—as I just sold him my route."

A Capital Sentence

THIS is a gem of English description dug out of an English newspaper by Richard V. Oulahan, the chief foreign correspondent of the New York Sun:

"Just as the sun rose to flood England with glorious, life-giving light, giving cheer to thousands of workers who rose in the cold, gray dawn, James Hackett—forty-two—a laborer, for the murder of his wife, Jane Hackett—forty-three a barmaid at the Rose and Crown, on the twenty-seventh of last month, under particularly distressing circumstances to wit, in which the unfortunate woman was strangled by her drunken husband—paid the extreme penalty for his crime, namely—death."

Too Hearty a Diet

A YOUNG Englishman came to Washington and devoted his days and nights to an earnest endeavor to drink all the Scotch whisky there was. He couldn't do it and presently he went to a doctor, complaining of a disordered stomach.

"Quit drinking!" ordered the doctor.

"But, my dear sir, I cawn't. I get so thirsty."

"Well," said the doctor, "whenever you are thirsty eat an apple instead of taking a drink."

The Englishman paid his fee and left. He met a friend to whom he told his experience.

"Bally rot!" he protested. "Fawncy eating forty apples a day!"

Birds of Ill Omen

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES was at the army aeroplane grounds, watching some experiments in flying. Several of the birdmen had been in the air.

A native came along. "Looks like we're going to have a hard winter, mighty cold," said the native.

"What makes you think so?" asked General Miles.

"Oh, them rich folks from up north is goin' south so early."

"Are they?"

"Sure they are! I seen three flocks of them flyin' south today already."

Not That Kind of Feud

HENRY F. ASHURST, who will be one of the new Democratic Senators from Arizona, went to the University of Michigan and studied law there.

One day Dean H. B. Hutchins called on Ashurst for Blackstone's definition of "feuds," wherein it is shown that a feud is land held of a superior on condition of rendering him services.

"I do not remember Blackstone's exact wording," answered Ashurst; "but it is some kind of a fight or scrap."

MEMOIRS OF A MUSICIAN

Stars and Their Settings—By Rudolph Aronson

TO SHOW all that can be done in music is not the only exaction on a manager. In the process of this showing are many difficulties that perplex and tremendously irritate. An imperative requirement is for a manager to keep his head in spite of these.

It is rumored that when Sappho added two strings to the lute she felt more gratified than she did over all the poetry she had written and all the scholars she had taught. I may be pardoned for making even modest comparison with an artist so famous as Sappho, but my gratification was likewise beyond measure when I knew that I had rightly calculated the preference of the people and I was adding my bit to the gayety of the nation. These little satisfactions are compensation for the little annoyances, and the latter are forgotten in the accomplishments of which they form an unavoidable part.

Lillian Russell, as She Appeared at the Casino in New York in 1887

As I stated in my first article, The Queen's Lace Handkerchief ran at the Casino for two hundred and thirty-four presentations. The remarkable success of this operetta prompted me to seek other Strauss compositions, and Prinz Methusalem most fortunately was my selection. One hundred and two performances were given and they were all crowded. No let-up in excitement came with the termination of Prinz Methusalem, for I was overwhelmed with a shower of injunctions that I fought with counter injunctions. All of these were incited by my announcement that I would present Millocker's The Beggar Student, which in its turn achieved much popularity. Next, the lure of Strauss' Merry War attracted me as it did almost all New York. The Casino was thronged while the Merry War was there, and this opera was described as the "pattern of genteel operetta."

The Casino Becomes the Home of Comic Opera

THUS was the Casino established as the home of comic opera. The success I had met with confirmed my belief that the public had tired of the terror and melancholy conveyed to its mind by the plays that had enthralled it, and was eager to exchange tears for laughter. The people proved more than ready to support productions whose music belonged to a bright and merry school and was wedded to a plot that was romantic and humorous. The compositions of the great masters awaken thoughts that have lain dormant in the human brain, as though dreams were being realized, and it was my wish to arouse these pleasant sensations with light music that all could appreciate because all could understand.

While a stage Merry War was amusing thousands of auditors a veritable merry war was raging between a certain prominent manager and me. The cause of it was a contract I had with him, which was to expire on May 1, 1885, and which I declined to extend for one more year.

This manager thereupon allied himself with a dissatisfied stockholder at the Casino and undertook to give me trouble. The alleged grievance of the stockholder was that my doorkeeper had refused to recognize that gentleman's non-transferable card of admission when it was presented by the stockholder's servant. The stockholder then brought a suit against me as president of the company and manager of the Casino. After a lengthy, costly and irritating suit a decision was given in my favor.

When the manager had ended his season at the Casino the operetta Polly was presented, having Miss Lillian Russell as the "pet of the regiment." Miss Russell's husband, Mr. Edward Solomon, was composer of the music, and he had but recently arrived in this country, coming with her from England. Polly enjoyed a run of eight weeks, when it was removed to give place to Billee Taylor, another of Mr. Solomon's operas. Miss Russell was also in this opera and it ran until the end of June, 1885, when Zell & Genée's Nanon was produced under my own management. Nanon was staged by Mr. Heinrich Conried, who afterward became director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and it achieved great success. It was followed by other successes, Czibulka's Amorita and Strauss' Gypsy Baron, which also were staged by Mr. Conried in a most sumptuous manner.

Miss Lillian Russell's engagement at the Casino extended over a long period, and during that time I had only one misunderstanding with her. It was a custom of hers to call on me at the end of each season with the request for a small increase in her weekly salary, and the request was generally granted, as Miss Russell was a valuable addition to any high-class company. Her last observance of this custom was the occasion of our very slight disagreement. We had arranged for the usual increase, which brought her salary up to, I believe, seven hundred and fifty dollars a week; and she left me, saying she would call on the following Thursday to sign her contract, which I was to have ready at that time. On the day agreed Miss Russell called at my office and said: "Mr. Aronson, I have signed." Not entirely understanding what she meant by this remark, I told her the contract was ready for her signature. She continued then rather nervously: "I have signed with Mr. T. Henry French for twelve hundred dollars a week and a share in the receipts above a certain amount every week." To this I made again the only reply possible for me to make, that if she had signed a contract on such terms she was to be congratulated.

The date of May 10, 1886, will long be marked in the history of comic opera, because on that evening I began the presentation of Erminie, the most successful operetta of modern times. This marvelous operetta was staged by Mr. Harry Paulton, the author of its libretto, and it had the unprecedented run of twelve hundred and fifty-six performances at the Casino alone.

The first knowledge I had of Erminie was early in 1886, when Mr. Edmund Gerson cabled me from London, saying: "Can procure for you for five hundred dollars new operetta by Paulton and Jakobowski, entitled Erminie, and now playing at the Comedy Theater, London, to fair business." I at once replied by cable: "Send libretto and if satisfactory will wire five hundred."

Before this could be done, however, Mr. Frank W. Sanger purchased the operetta and finally arranged with me for its production at the Casino. In the course of its phenomenal run he received one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in royalties on it. This is a forceful illustration that occasionally a fair success in Europe will make a great success in America.

Mr. Harry Paulton, when his work of staging Erminie was finished and the final dress rehearsal was at an end, said to me in a voice full of disappointment: "With the antics of some of the people on the stage, the many interpolations and its Americanization, so to speak, Erminie will be a fiasco." I expressed decided disagreement with this statement, although I realized that it is a difficult matter to judge beforehand what the public will accept.

As an example of the quick expediency required of a theatrical manager, one of the incidents connected with the presentation of Erminie is appropriate. I approached Miss Marie Jansen, one of the popular soubrettes of those days, with a view to getting her for the part of Javotte in Erminie. Miss Jansen read the part over, then handed it back to me with tears in her eyes, saying: "Mr. Aronson, is it possible that you ask me to play such a mediocre part that has not even one song?" I thought of what she said for a few moments and then replied: "Very well, I will get a song for you that will be acceptable." And I did. I took a little catchy German song I had heard in Berlin some years before, had words written to fit the situation, with the refrain: "Sundays after three, my sweetheart comes to me." This I submitted to Miss Jansen, who promptly accepted the part and the song, and the ballad thus introduced made one of the hits of the operetta. Miss Jansen thanked me many times thereafter for "that splendid introduction."

The cast of Erminie was ideal and included many of those artists who later were leaders in the field of comic opera. In the cast were Marie Jansen, Pauline Hall, Marion Manola, Jennie Weathersby, Agnes Folsom, Rose Beaudet, Francis Wilson, W. S. Daboll, Harry Pepper, Carl Irving, Max Freeman, A. W. Maflin and Murry Woods. The occasion of the five-hundredth performance of Erminie was made a gala day for the company, all the members being presented with mementos. On that day I remember Mr. Wilson saying to me: "Do you know, Aronson, this continuous playing of the same part is telling on my nerves, and at times I almost feel as though I were forgetting my lines. Why won't you relieve me of the part temporarily?" I very much regretted not being able to accommodate Mr. Wilson, but it would have been difficult to replace him after his tremendous success.

Before Patti Began Her Tours of Farewell

DURING the preparation for the presentation of Erminie I was very frequently in consultation with Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, the famed and widely known scenic artist. At that time Mr. Hoyt had a small studio among the flies over the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. This was a convenient and congenial resort for me, where I could enjoy the ideas of a finished artist regarding the elaborate scenery that was being planned and made ready for this new opera. During these consultations I suggested to Mr. Hoyt that he experiment with a stage setting entirely of one color. With the proper light effects such a setting would, I thought, be beautiful. The result of our conferences was the famous Pink Ballroom Scene in the second act of Erminie, which was painted by Mr. Hoyt and brought him most favorable encomiums.

In December, 1884, I was present at the dinner given Madame Adelina Patti, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the prima donna's first appearance in New York. Mr. Max Maretzek, who was then conducting opera at the New York Academy of Music, was present and told several stories connected with Madame Patti's childhood. The following incident, in which Mr. Maretzek was a participant, impressed itself on my memory.

"Adelina as a little girl was asked by her mother to sing for some friends who were visiting at her house," said

Josef Hofmann

Mr. Maretzek. "Instead of responding quickly with a song, she thought for a moment and then asked: 'What will you give me if I do?' She was asked by one of the company what she demanded for a song and, though she had not yet reached the age to realize that a warble from her throat was worth a thousand dollars, she demanded what, no doubt, was quite as valuable to her then—a hatful of bonbons. We had some difficulty in getting these, but until we did get them we had no song!"

One of the greatest impresarios was Colonel J. H. Mapleson, old-time director of the opera at the New York Academy of Music, and his remarkable qualities were brought to my recognition during the years from 1884 to 1886, when I had the privilege of meeting him frequently. Many artists in Colonel Mapleson's company at the Academy appeared at my Sunday evening concerts at the Casino, and in arranging the concert programs this remarkable man would, without referring to the music or to memoranda of any description, dictate the various numbers to be sung. He had in his mind the title of each number of his stupendous repertoire, and he would make up the programs offhand, naming the composer and the title of the piece in whatever language it chanced to be, and never repeat a previous program. It was a proof of marvelous memory.

A regrettable incident, although one that brought forth great applause, occurred at a Casino Sunday evening concert when the young, handsome tenor, Signor Cardinali, who has the distinction of having been the original matinée idol, was among the soloists. Upon this evening Cardinali sang the "Di quella pira" from Il Trovatore. An excessively tall and very stiff collar evidently affected him, for in attempting to take the high "C" he broke on the note, gave way to his temper, tore off his collar and, throwing it to the floor, rushed off the stage. He would never again appear at the Casino.

Colonel Mapleson said of Signor Cardinali after his first appearance at the Academy: "To Cardinali belongs the triumph of the night. At one stroke he has dethroned Campanini." Campanini was the Caruso of that day.

The Property Pig Plays a Pathetic Part

ON DECEMBER 9, 1883, at my Sunday night popular concert, appeared for the first time at the Casino the distinguished prima donna, Madame Nordica. Madame Nordica sang the aria from Mozart's Magic Flute and the polonaise from the Mignon of Thomas. Of course she sang them magnificently. I had not met her since 1878, when as a young girl—Miss Lillian Norton—she crossed the Atlantic with Gilmore's Band and sang through many European cities with that excellent organization. I was a fellow passenger upon the occasion and we had music galore during the trip.

Among the funny incidents that make every serious matter easier to overcome was one that occurred the third evening of Nanon at the Casino. One scene of that operetta was somewhat in the form of a diminutive menagerie, and Miss Sadie Martinot had entire charge of the animal collection during this scene. She was animal trainer to a quantity of doves, pigs, geese, goats and other livestock of small dimensions. While bringing these wild beasts into a condition of domesticity Miss Martinot fed them with a selection of dainties most popular with such creatures. But the little pigs apparently were not amenable to this kindness, for they ran about the stage and one of them indulged in frequent squeaks. During the second evening of the operetta an officer representing a society with a long name called in my office and informed me that the shriek was injurious to the little pig, although it might be an addition to the scene. He explained that the reason it was injurious was because it was doubtless occasioned by the prick of a pin or needle, as the beautiful attendant and the bountiful feed would otherwise put from the brain of the pig all thought of squeaking. The officer then asked me to have this stopped. I promptly agreed to do so, and the officer returned to his seat for a further enjoyment of the play. The following evening the officer again came to my office. He observed rather bitterly that he had accepted my word the night before that the pig would not again be made a pincushion for the pleasure of a Casino audience, but that on this evening the animal had again shrieked, and in the tones of that shriek he, the officer, could detect great pain. Of course I made profuse apologies for this recurrence of cruelty and invited the officer to go back of the scene with me to interview the pig regarding the matter. We saw the property man, and after I had told him the purpose of our call he exhibited a papier-mâché pig, which Miss Martinot manipulated so cleverly as to conceal its artificial nature from the audience. He repeated the squeak in the flies with such excellent naturalness that I was at once relieved from the suspicion of cruelty, all idea of the pin and needle accessories was abandoned, and the officer left me with earnest apology for his mistake and with a smiling face.

I was one day invited by Mr. Henry E. Abbey to attend an exhibition he proposed giving of the almost incredible musical talent possessed by Master Josef Hofmann, then a boy of eleven. This introduction of the wonderful boy was made at Wallack's Theater to an audience of musicians, artists, newspaper men and others interested in art in all its phases. Little Hofmann did a variety of marvelous piano "stunts," and I, among others, put him to a test. Mine I can say with personal knowledge was a veritable test. I played on the piano sixteen bars of an unpublished waltz I had composed. While I played young Hofmann listened attentively, then seating himself at the piano he played my waltz correctly, modulated from one key to another, interpolated other melodies, and after five minutes of this extemporizing reverted to my waltz in the original tone and note for note. This brought great applause from his critical audience, and for fully an hour after that he submitted his talents to tests, far surpassing even the exalted opinion all had formed of him.

This reminds me of another incident involving that most delightful man, Mr. Abbey; and although it is slightly incongruous to intermingle muscle with music, I think the story is theatrically interesting enough to excuse me in doing so. Most persons will remember Eugene Sandow, the strong man. Well, Mr. Abbey had engaged Sandow, and he said to me one day: "Aronson, I will let you have Sandow for what he costs me, six hundred dollars a week. You place him between two of the acts or at the finish of your operetta at the Casino, and I'm sure he will fill the house." Unfortunately for Abbey this suggestion was made in July, at a time when theater business is rather hazardous. So I replied: "If you are so sure of your card I will give you fifty per cent of our receipts after we have cleared the average weekly receipt." Abbey was a born speculator. He seized my offer and Sandow came to the Casino, where he gave his first performances in this country. However, the fact that it was July and that the temperature was terrifically high had an unhappy influence on business, and only one week in the entire six of Sandow's engagement did the house receipts go above the average, so for that one week only did Mr. Abbey receive any monetary return from the Casino for Sandow's most admirable work. But Abbey's speculative disposition had a satisfactory return in the notice Sandow received on the road because of his lengthy Casino appearance.

I could boast, as could Mr. Abbey, of bringing a famous pianist to the attention of the public. During my popular Sunday night concerts at the Casino, in the eighties, I presented Mr. Leopold Godowski, a young man then and now recognized as one of the foremost pianists living. In these concerts I also presented Mr. Alexander Lambert, another gifted piano performer, and Mr. Michael Danner, the violinist, who had but recently received a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire.

Giuseppe Verdi, the Italian Composer

While Chassaigne's delightful operetta, Nadjy, was in rehearsal for the Casino Miss Sadie Martinot, who had been engaged for the leading part, got into a controversy with Mr. Richard Barker, who was staging the operetta, concerning some stage business in the last act. I was watching the performance from the front and felt that Miss Martinot was correct in what she wanted done, which was merely a change in the position of the chorus girls in order that she might make a better entrance. Mr. Barker possibly did not approve of the change, for he replied to Miss Martinot's request: "I am directing the stage and you must follow my instructions." Miss Martinot then declined to continue unless her suggestion was accepted, and came in front to consult me. She stated her demand and I replied: "Had you suggested your idea to Mr. Barker or to me previous to the rehearsal, I have no doubt that either or both would have acquiesced. But your peremptory demand on the stage before the entire company was unwarranted." Her reply to this was that she would not play the part. "Very well!" I said. "The operetta will be played anyway on the day set, five days hence."

I at once rushed to Miss Marie Jansen's apartment, informed her that I was in an awful predicament, explained the situation and appealed to her to help me out, and to rehearse and play Nadjy on the following Monday—five days later. Miss Jansen looked at me earnestly and all she said was: "Man, are you insane? Why, I couldn't learn the dances in that time, not to mention the music and the lines! And how about the dresses?" She placed particularly strong emphasis on the last obstacle, the dresses, so I guaranteed her them for Sunday morning. She once more considered for a time, then said: "I have engaged passage for Europe, but if it is a favor to you I will cancel that and go right over to the Casino and look at the part." She went to the Casino and I to the dressmaker, where after much argument and after finally agreeing to pay one hundred and fifty dollars in addition to the regular price the three dresses were promised for Sunday morning. I hastened back to the Casino, where I found Miss Jansen had already started her rehearsals, and when I told her the dressmaker had promised me the gowns in time she became so absorbed with the part that she hardly left the Casino night or day until the opening of Nadjy. When Miss Jansen appeared on the first night of the operetta she received a veritable ovation. For five minutes the vast audience applauded the energetic Jansen to the echo, and in that play she made one of the greatest hits of her career.

Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall in Erminie at the New York Casino, 1886

The Diplomacy of the Dressing Rooms

THE troubles and worries haunting me thus far I had considered real, but they were nothing compared to those that now came along. I had shortly the consolation of knowing that the worst was yet to come. In one of the operettas at the Casino, an operetta entitled The Marquis, were three really prima-donna rôles, "Mae, Marie and Marion." For these the Misses Bertha Ricci, Lillie Grubb and Isabelle Urquhart had been cast. Each of these three ladies wanted the so-called star dressing room, nor would she be satisfied with any other. As a matter of fact, I had put no star dressing room in the Casino because I never intended having a star there; I intended to have a strictly stock company. But these ladies, one and all, regarded the room known as Room A to be a star room, and demanded it. For the moment I was at my wit's end, until the plan came to me of dividing the one room into three by placing through it two partitions, having a separate door to each of the three sections and lettering the doors respectively A, AA and AAA. By this means peace was restored. Each lady was quite satisfied with a room two-thirds smaller than need be, for each lady was exalted into a prima donna.

A Pleasant Way to Keep Well

THINK of building up blood, storing vitality and energy, aiding digestion, sharpening appetite, while enjoying the most refreshing and delicious of all beverages!

Which is exactly what you can do by drinking ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE—the grape juice that conserves for you all the wonderful health properties of the fresh fruit

For, that grapes are Nature's choicest tonic has long been recognized by foreign doctors. Thousands of health seekers take the grape "cure" yearly.

ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE gives you your own "cure" daily and all the year 'round. A cure that only means indulging yourself in the most delicious of all beverages

Armour's Grape Juice

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Made at the splendidly equipped Armour Plants, located in the hearts of the famous New York and Michigan grape sections, Armour's Grape Juice is especially rich in matchless grape flavor, as well as tonic and health qualities.

Only the finest Concords are used, sun-ripened to their fullest perfection, sent to the press the day they are gathered.

No sweetening or dilution of any kind. Just pure *grape juice*—the most delightful of all beverages—preserved only by sterilization and air-tight bottling.

ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is sold by grocers and druggists, at fountains, buffets and clubs. It is the great family drink—for health and pleasure combined.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Armour's, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $4, express prepaid east of Omaha. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 124, Chicago

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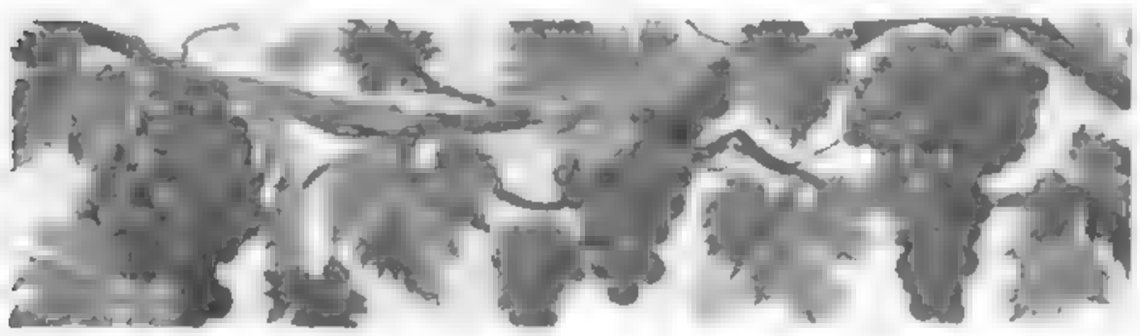

In Uncle Celestin, a light operetta at the Casino, I introduced for the first time the automatic piano. The dummy player was made up like Paderewski, who was then the rage in this country. One evening during the Uncle Celestin engagement the real Paderewski strolled into the Casino, and I invited him to accompany me on the stage, holding forth to him the promise of great joy in meeting a brother artist. He accompanied me and his surprise was genuine when I introduced him to his double, made up so accurately as to be almost indistinguishable from the original. Paderewski laughed heartily at his double's antics.

Loie Fuller's First Big Hit

It was during the run of Uncle Celestin at the Casino that my business associations with Miss Loie Fuller took on some interesting phases. These were in connection with her then new dance. She had been playing with Nat Goodwin at the Bijou Opera House and, these performances not being successful, Miss Fuller left for England, playing there in a company. While abroad she discovered the light material she later used in her dancing dresses. When she returned to New York she called at my brother's office and stated that she had a new kind of dance she was quite sure would take, and wished to submit it to me, and he arranged for her to dance for me at the Casino the following morning. My orchestra was on hand the next morning, and I sat back in the auditorium to watch what I had been assured was the most thoroughly up-to-date novelty. Miss Fuller gave her directions for the lights, the orchestra played the music—and the lady appeared with two sticks and a white flowing gown of light fabric which she waved to and fro. Before she left my office she had signed a contract with me for two years at fifty dollars a week. The Serpentine Dance was put into rehearsal at the Casino and then went on the road with Uncle Celestin for six weeks.

I wish here as a matter of justice to make reference to my brother Edward, who was the greatest aid to me in my work, as his ready mind enabled him at once to comprehend my immediate requirement and to anticipate my thoughts. He had a genius for the preparation of catchy advertisements, a charming personality that enabled him readily to make friends, and he was largely instrumental in my success.

Casts Without Stars

My policy had always been to keep the Casino Comic Opera Company intact and devoid of stars, and to this I attribute largely the artistic results of the performances given by that company under my direction. It was entirely owing to this policy that I rejected a proposal made by Mr. Francis Wilson, after his long engagement with me, to give him a reduced fixed salary and an interest in the profits of our company. My rejection of this request resulted in Mr. Wilson's combining with Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman.

During one of my visits to Italy I had the pleasure of meeting the great Maestro Verdi at his home in Genoa. On this occasion I made bold to request an autographed photograph, which, to my delight, the great Verdi graciously handed me and which is reproduced on a preceding page.

On one of my visits abroad Mr. James Creelman, who at that time was correspondent of the New York Herald in Paris, informed me he had just returned from Italy and while there had been present at an early performance of an extraordinarily beautiful opera, Cavalleria Rusticana, by a new composer, Muscagni. At the same time Mr. Creelman gave me an Italian libretto of the opera and was enthusiastic in his eulogy upon the music. Most unfortunately I was compelled to return to New York hastily and thus was prevented from hearing that remarkable work, which in the course of a few months became the talk of musical circles. It was not until the following year that I went to Europe again, when I heard Cavalleria and arranged for its production in New York. America, as was Europe then, soon became Cavalleria Rusticana mad, and anticipating this I hastened to New York with the score of that opera carried safely in my suitcase. I also carried with it Zeller's Tyrolean, and as soon as I reached port I arranged for a double performance at the Casino of both works. Mr. Heinrich Conried was to be stage director of the double bill, Miss Marie Tempest playing the title part in Tyrolean. At once upon my announcement of the first performance of Cavalleria Rusticana Mr. Oscar Hammerstein also announced a performance of the same opera at the Lenox Lyceum, and we watched one another with great suspicion. But my production was the first in the New York field and was a : invitation opening, so all the local music world went to the Casino. Subsequently I gave fifty-five performances.

On June 30, 1885, Sir Arthur Sullivan occupied a box and witnessed the second performance of Nanon at the Casino. He complimented me highly upon the artist : completeness of that operetta, emphasized the excellence of the chorus work and of the orchestra. Sir Arthur had recently arrived from England to superintend the final rehearsals of The Mikado at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, and also to use his every effort for the suppression of the many piratical productions of that clever opera. Speaking of piratical productions reminds me that I was a victim of them during my representations of Erminie in 1886, 1887 and 1888. In those years I had no less than fourteen lawsuits against pretended owners of this very successful operetta. In each suit I secured an injunction, but it meant for me much trouble and expense. Mr. David Leventritt was my attorney in these suits, and they kept him exceedingly busy almost to the very moment he was elected to the bench of the Supreme Court.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Rudolph Aronson.

Selling Books by Mail

THE mail-order publisher has to pass through three doors to success.

The first is his circular; it must be exactly right or it will not sell the best book in the world, even below cost. There are very few men in the country who can write these circulars uniformly successfully.

The second door is the list. This must be made up of the kind of people who buy books or it is useless. A good list of large size is a priceless possession. There are lists which can be sold over and over and over again indefinitely for certain kinds of books. Publishers guard their lists zealously. They continually correct them and add to them. The class of books they venture is usually largely influenced by the nature of their available lists.

The third door is the test. This is made by sending out one thousand circulars to persons chosen at random from a certain list. The publisher then sits down and waits. Experience has shown him that the number of orders he receives from that first thousand he will average from all other thousands in the same list. It is this variable average that makes the mail-order book business a dependable business. If he has a large margin of gross profit he can go ahead on returns of two per cent—or twenty sales out of his thousand circulars. He doesn't often get much higher returns than this, especially of late years. This mail-order book business is one of the most highly specialized of businesses and there are not many who continue to succeed for a long period of years. There is one New York house, however, that is reputed to have made extremely handsome profits for many years.

"Well, I figure this way," said a mail-order man when I asked him his business basis: "Say the set is that Smith there, that I offer for fifteen dollars. Well, out of each hundred orders, say, I cancel ten on investigating their financial standing and seven send the set back when they see it—for nowadays, you know, we have to sell on approval. That will leave eighty-three sets, bringing in $1245. Now let us deduct the cost of doing business, which amounts to twenty per cent. This includes collection and losses. You can count on a dollar a set for delivery. All that out brings us down to—let me see—about $913. Now that set cost us $4.75 to manufacture and $3.50 to sell—that is, to circularize. There remains a profit of about $228.25. That isn't so bad as some businesses I know."

A slight variation from this substitutes magazine advertising for circularizing. Sometimes both are done with the same set. A very conspicuous recent instance of the advertised set is the latest edition of a standard encyclopedia, which has been presented to the American public wholly by advertising, the first appropriation for which was three hundred thousand dollars.

The Senator's Secretary

A PROPOSITION to decrease the price of the Congressional Record to the public was under discussion in the Senate, and Senator Heyburn talked about it. That was not odd. Senator Heyburn talks about almost every proposition that comes before the Senate, talks usually at length and as often as he cares to, which is quite often.

The Senator is equally tall east and west and north and south, and he has a large square head, from which he puts forth large square thoughts. He is a most positive person—most positive—and has ideas on every subject within the purview of collated knowledge, information or speculation. Also he has prejudices. One is against the South. One is against the newspapers. He appears to think the war is not yet over, and he certainly contends that the newspapers are not so solemn and considerate in their treatment of Congress, and especially the Senate, as they should be. He thinks the newspaper correspondents are "jokesmiths," to use his term, and that they do not take the Senate, himself or the Congress with sufficient seriousness. He makes frequent use of the good old word "garble."

Not rising to attack the press, he said of newspapers in general: "The man who comes here caring what they say about him ought not to be here, and the man who, being here, cares ought to leave. I do not say this out of disrespect to journalism in its true sense; I say it as a correct rebuke to those who, enjoying the courtesy of this body, abuse it. They treat the members of this body, without regard to their personnel, as though they were merely here for their amusement, and as though Congress were a great joke."

The Senator said some other things along these lines, but those sentences show the trend of his thought. There is some truth in the Senator's contention also. Men who watch the Congress professionally and for the purpose of writing about it are sometimes inclined to think Congress is a joke, especially the Senate as at present constituted. Let me illustrate. One afternoon, two days before Senator Heyburn had these thoughts about the newspapers, he had some thoughts about parcels post Senator Heyburn is opposed to the parcels post. He did not express himself fully on the subject, but he had a few thoughts anent a suggestion to print as a public document some document in relation to parcels post.

Some of Heyburn's Thoughts

It is his opinion that the parcels post will abolish the small town and village element of our civilization, by putting it out of business or by making it unprofitable for the people in the towns and villages to do business. "They would have everything brought to their doors," he said, meaning the advocates of a parcels post. "They would stay there in the solitude of their solitude, and they would never learn anything except what they read—if they do read them—in the papers brought to them at the expense of the people who do not want such a system or scheme of government. They would have their vegetables brought to them; they would not be acquainted with anybody in the county except themselves, and they would return to that isolated condition of social life that is the very opposite of civilization and advancement. Why, half the education of our people has been obtained by the casual coming together at the country store and post-office in the ordinary walks of life.

"You get to know how men look in that way. Under this proposed system you would not know how a man appeared who lived five miles away from you, because you never would have any occasion to see him. Some of these people will vote by letter, I suppose, and pretty soon we shall have a system devised by which a man will not know anybody else."

Diverting his argument from parcels post for a moment, the Senator took up the subject of direct primaries, to which he is opposed also. "That is the bane of this foolish direct primary! I do not know why I hesitate to mention it, but that is the bane of it," he said. "Nobody knows what a candidate looks like. Somebody comes round with a petition for him." The Senator elaborated this thought by a feeling reference to the old convention system where all can have an opportunity to pass on the pulchritude of the candidate.

Then he returned to the parcels post. "If you want to send the districts outside of the big cities back to the wilderness, just establish some such ridiculous system as this, so that every man will have to send to Chicago or some other central place for his daily bread by and by. Nobody will support stores for the purpose of trading off eggs for sugar. The result is that we shall have none of the small, beautiful centers that we call villages and towns, and we shall have two or three big trading-points at which commerce will seek to supply the whole body of the American people."

Of course Senator Heyburn is a serious-minded man, and he never will see why the men who write about Congress will not take him so seriously as he takes himself. Still he may get an inkling of the attitude of the correspondents toward him and some of his colleagues if he will read over that parcels-post speech, and some other speeches he has made, some day when his mind isn't occupied with the atrocity of the evident fact that the North has long since ceased to call the men of the South traitors.

Samples of Statesmanship

And, just to go along a bit farther, almost any number of the Congressional Record will prove the contention of the Senator. The correspondents do not always take the senators seriously. How can they? Taking a copy of the Record at random let us have a look. The session on the day in question opened with a long discussion by this same Heyburn as to whether a certain amendment was in order. The fact that the amendment was offered by Senator Heyburn's colleague, Senator Borah, may have had something to do with it, but Heyburn fiddled and split hairs until the Vice-President peremptorily declared him in the wrong and put the question. Then in a few minutes Senator Poindexter, of Washington, arose and talked for a time about a speech made recently by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, in which Doctor Butler referred to the vote last fall on the constitutional amendments in California.

Senator Poindexter took issue with the statements of Doctor Butler. He contended Doctor Butler is entirely at sea as regards recent movements toward popular government, and he wound up with this paragraph: "Doctor Butler's speech is a delightful effort, full of literary charm, sprightly wit and interesting abuse. It is true that it overflows with inaccuracies, misstatements and bulls; but then allowance ought to be made for the fact that Doctor Butler has had little experience with affairs, and has spent most of his time in an atmosphere where the one great goal and object was a large endowment from some 'malefactor of great wealth,' or a comfortable pension from the profits of watered steel." Senator Poindexter is another who thinks the correspondents do not take him seriously either.

On this day the Senate, having listened to Poindexter, discussed dental surgeons for the navy, listened to a message from the President, and took up the case of an unfortunate young woman who was employed in the Census office and met with a frightful accident there. Her hair was caught in a whirling shaft and her scalp torn off. She suffered for months, and finally a skin-grafting process proved successful after many trials, and she partially recovered. The bill proposed to pay the young woman $3500. She had previously received $1900 from Congress.

There was a long discussion over this, participated in by many senators. In the course of that discussion Senator Crawford, of South Dakota, said: "I sympathize with this young lady, and we will give her money enough so that she can get a very handsome wig, and she will get a position somewhere in a few months. She was earning only $840 a year. That was her earning capacity. Very likely she will enjoy good health, and she may be just as good looking when she gets that handsome wig as she is now, presuming she is a handsome girl."

Now, mind you, that young woman had her entire scalp torn off and suffered frightfully for many months. Not long after

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Your own physician will recommend

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An attractive opening course for dinner or luncheon, it is also specially valuable for invalids or convalescents, and in all "run-down" conditions from any cause.

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21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
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Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
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Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
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TOLEDO
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As a buyer of food which must be weighed, did you ever stop to think of the significance of this Sign? It means that for every cent you spend TOLEDO SCALES give you every fraction of an ounce to which you are entitled—honest weight.

These famous automatic scales contain no springs, consequently are not affected by heat or cold, and therefore have proven invaluable in eliminating the evil of short-weight.

The easy terms on which they are sold, and the fact that they soon pay their cost in increased trade, new customers, make their absence inexcusable in any store.

When buying groceries and meats, look for the SCALES with the SIGN:

"Toledo
No Springs—
Honest Weight"

If your grocer or butcher has a scale which falls short of the accuracy and quick service provided by the Toledo Springless Automatic Scale, tell him about this advertisement. He may be thinking of buying a scale. Do him a favor by signing and giving him the coupon below. It will save him $5.00.

Toledo Computing Scale Company

Makers of Honest Scales Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ont.

Coupon-Value $5.00

This coupon, when signed by customer and merchant, will be accepted by the Toledo Computing Scale Company, any of its seventy branch offices or two hundred and fifty-seven agents, as a $5.00 payment upon the purchase of any Toledo Scale, the price of which is not less than $100. Only one coupon accepted on each scale purchased. This coupon good until August 1, 1912.

Customer's Signature _____

Merchant's Signature

Senator Crawford made his wig proposition, Senator Martine, of New Jersey, arose and said: "Mr. President, I feel it is sad and most unfortunate for the glory and manhood and dignity of this great Senate that the Senator from South Dakota should have made the suggestion of a wig for this young woman. Think of it! I realize, of course, that she might wear a wig. So she might use a cork leg; she might use a pair of false teeth or a glass eye. But, great Heavens, what a spectacle!"

These quotations are not selected from the records of a number of days. They are all taken from the same record and all were a part of the proceedings of one day's session of the Senate. And about the same line of statesmanship can be extracted from the record of any other day.

It is enough to cause any man to hold a grand lodge of sorrow with himself to take the roster of the Senate of ten years ago, say, and the roster of the Senate of today, and compare the men in it, state for state. That body may still be the greatest deliberate forum of free discussion in the world, but it would be hard to prove it. The only certain thing about it all is that it still retains its proud supremacy as the greatest forum of free discussion. That is still the fact. There is no way of stopping it. It is still free, but that doesn't help any when one is looking for arguments to boost the Senate. A good, efficient gag law would undoubtedly help the Senate more than anything else that can be thought of at this moment.

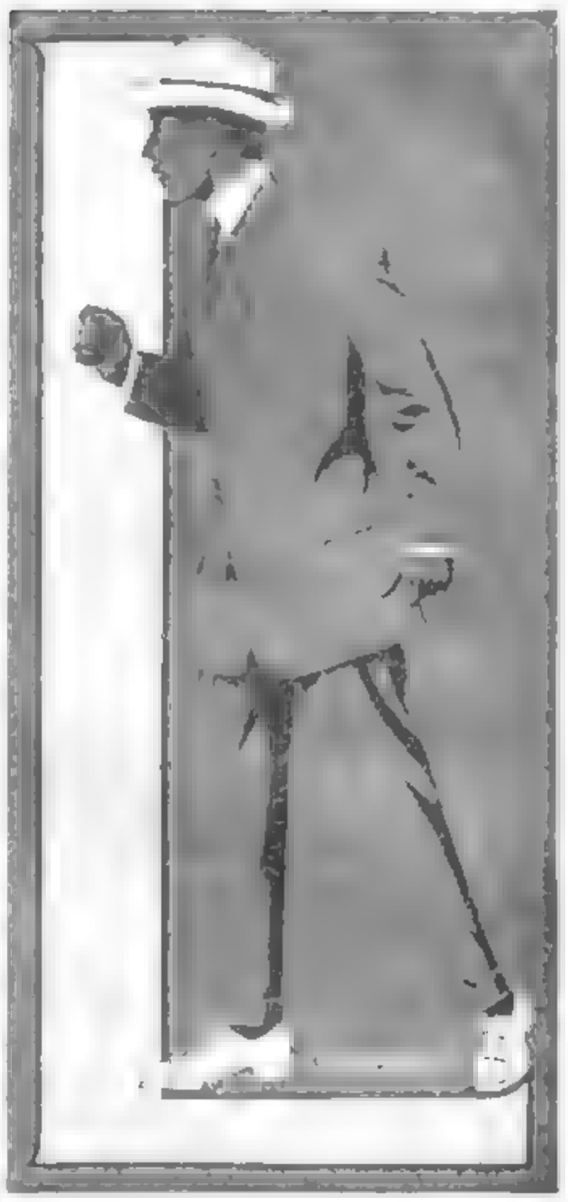
Representative Choice Boswell Randell, of Texas, is a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Joseph W. Bailey, who is about to retire to seek the consolations of the practice of the law and the emoluments thereof, being in sad case himself, inasmuch as the Congress steadfastly refuses to interpret the Constitution and the statutes according to Bailey in all instances, or in any instances, for the matter of that; and being determined to let the Republic go smash on the rocks but quite eager to save something personally out of the wreck, as his warnings have been universally unheeded and at times scoffed at.

Congress Not Corrupt

Mr. Randell is running on a down-with-the-corporations platform, and in speaking in the House of Representatives one day recently alleged some startling things about his fellow statesmen. Mr. Randell has introduced an anti-corporation bill of long and involved character, but its purport is to prevent statesmen from receiving retaining fees from corporations. Mr. Randell was convinced, he said, that the passage of his bill will stop employments in which a majority of the members of the House are engaged. He believed the larger proportion of these emoluments are innocent of themselves, but the situation exists in the connection of the lawyer with his client, the agent with his principal, the officer with the institution.

Naturally the House was much shocked and aggrieved to have this wholesale slur cast upon its membership, and Mr. Randell was called to account. He couldn't account very well. He was asked to specify and he had no specifications ready. He spent an unpleasant hour or so on the floor trying to explain he meant nothing wrong, but he didn't get away with it very well. And the House numerously declared itself highly virtuous.

That is the fact too. The Congress isn't corrupt. There aren't twenty men of the nearly four hundred in the House who could be bought; nor are there that number who allow any business connections they may have to dictate their legislative actions. I mean personally. The difficulty with the House as a legislative body is that the members want to remain in public life, and they legislate with an idea of the effect the legislation will have on their districts. Representative Clayton put it right when he said the representatives are cowards. They are afraid of the sentiment "back home." They are all political. And when Randell fell into the error of generalizing as to congressional motives he fell into the commonest error there is. No man can be politically independent and get a reëlection to the House of Representatives every two years. He must be highly expedient. It is expediency that dictates congressional action, not wrong or corrupt or corporation motives. And it is loose talk like Randell's that has created a contrary impression.



THE L SYSTEM
Clothes for Young Gentlemen

Won't Suit Everybody

BUT, they will suit any young fellow who is not of the "dilly dally" sort.

We don't care who he is—whether he is dark or light—tall or short—lean or fat; these garments will bring a smile to his face—a twinkle to his eye.

If you want beautifully shaped shoulders—if you want lapels that roll back softly and expose a waisty vest that buttons high and really fits you—if you like trousers that fit snugly at the waist and "stay up"; then our clothes will bring your enthusiasm to the boiling point.

The L. System Clothier is now displaying our remarkable new styles—your styles—in Royal Ascot Grey, Paprika Brown and Beach Sand Tan. All are graced by The L System label. If you've been clothes-wrong, get clothes-right. See them.

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons
Boston CHICAGO New York

Send 24c for a new set of College Posters or 2c for style book.

Crisco is purely vegetable. It makes pastry digestible.

Delicious Pie Crust

Tender—Crisp

The simplest way to make it

WOMEN have been told so often that pastries are difficult to make, that many hesitate to attempt even the plainest kind. Pie crust, when made with Crisco, according to the recipe given below, is not in the least difficult to make successfully.

With Crisco, you can get tender crust with a uniformity impossible with lard, or lard and butter.

The flakiness of pie crust depends upon the kind and the amount of shortening used. Lard makes tender crust, but an indigestible one and lacking in the flavor which butter gives. Crisco makes a lighter, flakier crust than lard, with a flavor equal to that given by butter.

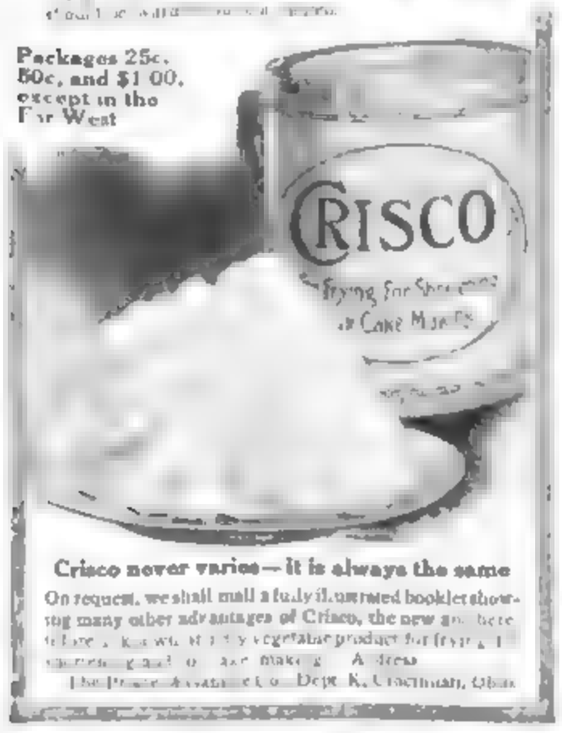
Make Crisco pie crust. This recipe was found by the Crisco Kitchens to be excellent, as the crust was uniformly flaky, tender and delicious.

Try it. You can obtain the same good results.

1 cup flour — ½ teaspoon salt — 5 level tablespoons CRISCO — 2 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour and salt together, chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board [illegible] to roll. Take [illegible] roll. Have all ingredients and [illegible] cold. Make

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00, except in the Far West



Crisco never varies—it is always the same

On request, we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet showing many other advantages of Crisco, the new and pure vegetable product for frying [illegible] making. Address The [illegible] Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio

ON MAIN STREET

Press Errantry

IT WOULD now seem that the ultimate limit of press-agenting has been reached. A New York press agent—hereinafter denominated as A—has hired a press agent—known as B—to do personal press-agenting for him.

A is one of those large and impressive persons who refer to themselves as publicity specialists. As a matter of fact, W would be a much better letter than A by which to identify him, seeing that A is a sort of a narrow-chested, slope-shouldered letter, whereas W has a broad front elevation and a kind of wide and specious way of spreading itself. Nevertheless, having started out with A, we will, avoiding possible confusion, let it stand A to the end of the chapter.

A, the aforesaid, maintains a suite of offices, a stenographer, a corps of assistants, a file cabinet and a regular connection with a clipping bureau. Also, in their appointed seasons he maintains a fur overcoat and a pair of flesh-colored spats. He is one of the crowning products of that phase of New York civilization which has for its slogan: What is life without publicity? Answer: Nothing.

The press agent has and has had all sorts of clients. In the course of his multitudinous activities he has press-agented summer resorts; winter hotels; spring waters and fall fashions—also health underwear; prima donnas; new restaurants; face bleaches; society queens; presidential booms; automobiles; fresh-laid eggs; stammering cured by mail in twenty easy lessons—the sufferers ceasing to stammer by mail and only doing so thereafter in conversation; revival meetings; world's fairs, and other things too numerous to mention.

For his patrons he has devoted years, talents and experience to getting the right things into print and keeping the wrong things out. It is his broad boast and his vaunting claim—and as a broad boaster and ground-and-lofty vaunter he has few peers and no superiors—that he has press-agented everything that is capable of being press-agented; and from there on.

The House That Jack Built

One morning, however, he woke up to a realization of the disturbing fact that personally he was not getting as much free advertising as his merits and qualifications would seem to deserve. In order to secure the proper amount of top-of-column, live reading matter for his various customers, he had been compelled to shove himself into the background so far that the casual passer-by was apt to mistake him for a part of the scenery.

In this emergency what should be more natural than the thought that he ought to hire a press agent? No sooner thought up than done. Going forth into the highways and byways, he scouts round until he happens upon B—upon busy, buzzing, bustling little B, a free-lance press agent, whose office address is the size-number in his hat; and him he hires on the spot. At last accounts the arrangement was working out splendidly. A was getting the publicity that enabled him to get publicity for his patrons. In getting publicity for A, B was getting three square meals a day; whereas, before, his meals had frequently been of a rectangular shape and sometimes even triangular, with jagged edges on them. The pertinent remark of the late Dean Swift touching on large fleas having small fleas to bite 'em, and so on *ad infinitum*, was being illustrated to an infinitummed fare-you-well. And, therefore, all was well with the world!

This, I take it, is merely the most recent step in the development of what has come, at one and the same time, to be a profession, an art and a recognized trade—but mainly an art. Every day—in New York anyhow—newspaper men and others are graduating into the ranks of the press agents; and the press agents, on the other hand, are graduating out of the ranks and writing confessions for the magazines, telling how press-agenting is done. And nearly every day some new field of press-agenting opens up, fair and vernal green. At this writing, nearly everybody of importance

The Sheer Sock that Wears.

Read the type through the sock. This is a reproduced photograph of an Interwoven Sock, showing you how thin, sheer, gauzy it is and how we make such a thin sock wear.

NOTE the toe, heel, sole and ankle. All of these wear-points are wear-proofed with the most durable knit fabric known. This feature is exclusive to Interwovens, because only the Interwoven patented machines can do Interwoven wear-proofing.

In Interwovens you get socks that have the sheerest texture, a brilliant, permanent silk lustre, an ankle-hug that can't be washed out, and with *every* wear-point wear-proofed.

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries.

All fashionable shades. All weights. Lisles at 25c, 35c, 50c the pair. Pure thread silk at 50c.

INTERWOVEN STOCKING CO.
New Brunswick, N. J.

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Spending a Dollar to Save Three

True Stories of "Efficiency Engineering" With the Westinghouse Electric Motor

WHEN a watch factory not far from Chicago decided, in opening a new plant, that electric drive was the only thing for the modern watch works, they called our engineers in consultation.

We advised them that in their particular case the apparent extra expense of individual motor drive with Westinghouse Motors over group drive with Electric Motors was not an expense at all but an investment.

After going over with them the advantages of individual motor drive in ease of control, in economy of factory arrangement, in *efficiency* of operation because no current is consumed in turning shafting enough for a dozen machines when only one is needed, they agreed with us, and installed the individual Westinghouse Motors.

For comparison, this plant had as a neighbor a plant turning out the same class of work *but* applying power to its machines through shafting and belts by means of two large electric motors. **On a year's comparison the power bill per machine for the same amount of work is one-third less for individual drive.**

As to what these people think of the Westinghouse Motors after two years of operation, we quote from a letter written by them: "We cannot say enough in praise of the Westinghouse Three-phase small motors. The design, workmanship, and performance are beyond criticism, and we take great pleasure in showing them to anyone interested in motor drive."

But back of the design and the rugged construction that thousands of users of Westinghouse Motors praise at every opportunity is **the service that goes with the Westinghouse Motor.**

The service has in mind not the installation of a Motor, **but efficient manufacturing production by means of the motor.** To that end the motor is designed to do its particular work with the least lost motion or expenditure of energy. And to that end we give the customer the full benefit of our wide experience in industrial power application.

You are interested in the Westinghouse Motor if you are interested in any of the great industries in this country. The Westinghouse Motor has bettered some operation in every one of them.

Bring yourself right up to date on this matter of efficiency work in the manufacturing end of your business by getting in touch with us. Our power application experience is perhaps the widest in the country. A personal letter asking for "cases" in your own business will be of course treated as confidential and will not commit you any further than you wish to be committed. On this subject write Efficiency Engineering Division, Industrial Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in Forty-five American Cities — Representatives all over the World

in the fair city of New York is either being press-agented or is a press agent. Starting with the amusement enterprises, press-agenting has spread with a rapidity that must have brought jade-green thoughts to the jealous souls of the boll weevil and the grippe microbe—both, in their respective ways, busy little spreaders themselves—until now every great corporation, every big business enterprise and many of the small ones, nearly every distinguished criminal lawyer, every enterprising social climber, every newly launched commodity in the edible, drinkable or wearable line, and nearly everybody and everything else, is suitably press-agented.

Other events, hitherto overlooked, are likewise being press-agented—births, for example, and weddings and funerals. I am speaking now, of course, of the births, marriages and deaths of the well-to-do—especially those so well-to-do that they have nothing to do. Persons in humble circumstances may go right on being born and being married and being buried without attracting any undue attention; but with those who have money—money enough to hire a press agent—it is a vastly different thing. Take a wedding now—one of those simple and unostentatious weddings, say—of a daughter of uncounted millions to a titled scion of uncountable debts, such as do occur from time to time, when the populace turns out and the church is mobbed and the papers print eighty or ninety miles of advance notices, and the whole community is agog, with the society reporters going out of one violent and convulsive gog into another for weeks at a stretch. It is the press agent who attends to all those details that are so necessary to the proper carrying out of a simple and unostentatious wedding of this general nature. It is he—though sometimes a she—who arranges for the interviews with the contracting pair; who furnishes to the press those intimate descriptions of the trousseau, and who sees to it that every paper gets a fresh picture of the bride for each edition.

Well Advertised Funerals

As for funerals—well, the press-agenting of funerals is a comparatively new development of this, New York's greatest and most active industry—I refer now to press-agenting and not to funerals. At the same time, however, those who follow the trend of the times closely are bound to admit that it is now being done right up to the last notch. Flowers may be omitted, and sometimes, by request or otherwise, are; but not the press notices. Better no broken columns at the late residence than the absence of any full ones on the front pages next morning.

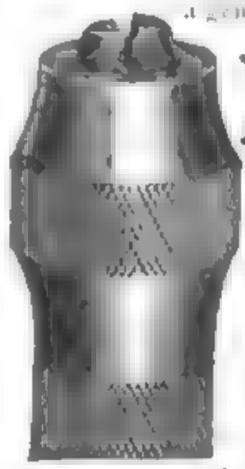
The funeral, generally speaking, is a brief affair; but that the newspapers shall carry a commensurate amount of space about the funeral is the main thing. The World prefers a pleasing spice of adventure in the proceedings. It being humanly possible, the press agent will attend to this. The Journal, on the other hand, favors a touch of romance, such as a mysterious female form, heavily shrouded in black, sobbing in a front pew. That also can frequently be arranged. In the old Dana days the Sun liked a funeral with a few mildly humorous touches to it; now it is satisfied with an impressive list of names, to be printed under the subheading of Among Those Present. The Times and the Herald also specialize on names, while the Evening Post wants a full list of the clubs to which the late lamented belonged. If he was descended from one of the old Massachusetts families so much the better; that will mean an extra paragraph at the bottom—a sort of Plymouth Rock footstone as it were. If the press agent is any kind of a press agent at all he'll get at least two columns of clippings out of the event, and the late departed can then rest in peace.

A year or so ago a man died in New York who had a big reputation in an artistic way, but the life he had lived had been a singularly retired and secluded life. He had been the next thing to a hermit. Even among men of his own craft he had few friends—and none of them was wealthy. From among them, though, a list of pallbearers was chosen; but, almost at the very last moment, a distressing difficulty presented itself—three of the pallbearers did not own tail coats and high hats. And what was more, for financial or other reasons they couldn't and wouldn't get any. They had never gone in for afternoon teas or for Fifth Avenue Easter parades, and not one of

Home, Office, Shop or Garage

There are a thousand uses for this same Auger Bit—

the standby of experts. So standard in quality imitations have grown numerous. Imitations in name and looks only. There is but one bit for best work—fastest work longest service. Experts know it. If not an expert let our *Money-back Guarantee* influence you to buy



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It takes 50 distinct handlings to produce an IRWIN. Tempered by a secret process that no imitators have mastered. There's a *deep* difference. You can't always see it on the surface but it's there—it shows in your work—*we guarantee it.*

Price promptly refunded if the IRWIN fails to give satisfaction

—the only solid-center-stem bit made in all styles and sizes for every use. Irwin Dealers Everywhere. If you can't get the *genuine Guaranteed IRWIN* write us.

IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
Largest in the World
Station E-1, Wilmington, Ohio

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Be sure this identical brand is on the bit you buy.

WELCH'S is the business man's drink.

As a Welch Grape-Ball—high glass, piece of ice, fill half with WELCH'S, half with charged water—it is an immediate answer to every thirst-request. You will appreciate its delicious tartness.

WELCH'S is a before-breakfast drink, a noonday pick-me-up and a before-bedtime night-cap.

You always will find

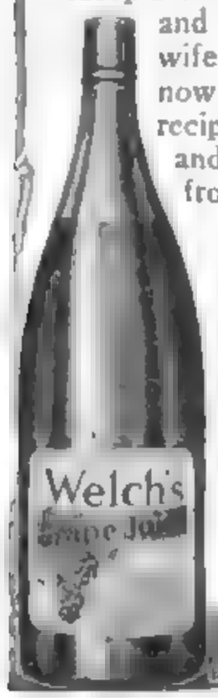
Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

served in the best cafés, hotels, restaurants, on dining cars, at soda fountains—wherever people drink in public or in private.

Not only do we pay a bonus for our choice of the finest clusters of the richest Concords grown in the great Chautauqua belt, but we designate the time they shall be picked and the quantity that shall be gathered for us. This insures that none but ready-ripe, finest Concords shall go to make WELCH'S.

"Get the Welch Habit—It's One that Won't Get You."

Keep a case at home for family and social use. Ask your wife or mother to write now for our free booklet of recipes for dainty desserts and delicious drinks made from WELCH'S.



If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express free east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

them had ever been a candidate for office in the South. And so they were frockcoatless and highhatless to a shameful, nay, well-nigh a nude degree.

In New York this would never do, and you must understand that to appreciate what follows. In New York there are no informal five-o'clock funerals—where you come just as you are. In New York there is current a belief that if a pallbearer presented himself without a frock coat and high hat on at a funeral of even a moderately well-known person the deceased would sit right up and put his head through the lid and use harsh words. This situation, therefore, was one calling for immediate steps. Happily one present in the capacity of an acquaintance of the dead man was a reformed press agent; and he promptly threw himself into the breach. First shooing the three improperly clad individuals into the background, he got busy on the telephone. He called up three men of large affairs who loved to figure in the news of the day—as he well knew, having used them aforetimes as honorary vice-presidents of mass meetings and as members of reception committees, and on other suchlike occasions. They were prop celebrities and he felt that he could depend upon them.

He could. As the sequel proved, he could. Within a remarkably short space of time all three volunteers arrived, each appropriately habited in his longest frock coat and his shiniest high hat; each was wearing a look of deep personal grief upon his face, and each lined up automatically to be snapshotted by the photographers for the daily press. One of them was heard to state, in a tone of deep feeling, that the memory of his dear departed friend would live forever in the field he adorned so illustriously—and in the next breath to inquire privately what the first name of the deceased was. However, the funeral, from a press-agenting standpoint, was a complete success, both sartorially and journalistically. And what more could anybody expect in New York!

Paying for a Blazed Trail

I believe I told you in a preceding paragraph how weddings among the immoderately well off are press-agented. That, however, is merely one phase of the game. Society women in New York—some of them—are assiduously press-agented by paid experts from the time of their coming-out parties right on through for the full course—first season in society; second season; third season; engagement; marriage; divorce; other marriages; other divorces; pet charities; fads; club diversions, social activities, costumes; travels—all of it. The press errant takes his lady fair in hand before her début; and from that hour henceforth it is his pleasure to see that she is properly advertised; and it is her privilege to pay freely for the same. She needs the publicity—or thinks she needs it—and he needs the money. Being a press agent to a reigning queen of New York society is a good, paying job.

In this connection let us consider for a moment the pleasing and diverting pursuit of being a society suffragette. Long years before suffragetting became the mode of the hour among the best New York families—meaning by that, of course, the richest New York families—there were suffragettes in the community—slues and oodles of them; but outside of a few women of rare intellectual force and real capacity they did not get much space in the papers. There was one in particular, a lady with one of those high, knobby foreheads and a kind of casual, not to say carefree, way of dressing herself, who used to haunt the outer offices of the newspapers, trying to smuggle pieces into print about the then feeble and struggling movement. Her success in this regard was what you might call indifferent. With her, life was earnest, life was real—and the grave was not its goal; but she was negligent about tucking her shirtwaist in all the way round. There was a rumor that she had taken an oath never to do her hair thoroughly until Belva A. Lockwood was elected president. She was a pathfinder—but you know what has happened to pathfinders. As poor life-insurance risks they have ever ranked right next to the martyrs and just ahead of the reformers.

However, when women prominent in society decided that the thing to be was a militant suffragette—I believe militant is the term customarily used—what happened then? Why, first off, they went and did it—they became militant overnight—and then the press agents hopped in while

A·B·Kirschbaum & Co.
True Blue Serge

Insist on "True Blue" serge!

Ask to see the Kirschbaum *$18 Special*, as illustrated. You'll buy!

We don't weave the cloth, but we do produce the FINISH.

And it is the finish that makes the big difference in looks.

"True Blue" has a depth of lustre, a softness and fineness, resulting alone from the refinishing treatment the serge receives at the Kirschbaum factory.

So, if you are particular enough to want a distinctive serge—different from every second fellow's on the street—ALL-WOOL and fast color, and *hand-tailored* to boot, you will insist on Kirschbaum's "True Blue" serge. Prices, $18 to $35.

This label, under inner breast pocket, is the identification mark; and your guarantee of all-wool, fast color and hand-tailoring.

Ask at better-class stores for Kirschbaum guaranteed [illegible] Clothes, $15 to $35

Dealer's name sent on request.

Art Calendar Free

[illegible]

A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.
The House With the All-Wool Policy

[illegible] PHILA NEW YORK BOSTON
Telephones: Telephones:
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The Kirschbaum
$18 Special
"True Blue" Serge

The serge that CAN'T "fade a shade."

Superior in *making* as well as fabric: Kirschbaum serges are HAND-TAILORED. Stability is *built in*, by expert needle workers. Hidden parts are worked up as carefully as those in sight. The garments hold their shape; they give long and successful service. They have the *stand-up* qualities that have made Kirschbaum tailoring famous; that make Kirschbaum clothes an unsurpassably good investment.

Besides, there is the unmistakable expression of the master touch—the elusive something called style.

When all automobiles are built alike, one lubricating oil will suit all cars.

When winter is as warm as summer, one grade of lubricating oil will suit all seasons.

When heavy oils flow as freely as light oils, the feed system, and other factors, need not be considered.

Until then no one grade of lubricating oil will suit all cars.

While we are recognized, in power-engineering circles, as the world-leaders in high class lubricants, we find lubrication no simple problem.

In producing a series of lubricating oils suited to the need of every car, it was necessary for us to analyze the construction of every domestic car and practically every foreign make. We found that several distinct grades of oil were needed.

Our detailed recommendations for 361 makes (in all likelihood including your car) were announced in the April 27th issue of this weekly.

They will be published again in the May 18th issue.

These recommendations, in book form, will be mailed to you on request.

As oil saves power, it follows that one oil saves more power than another.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor.

Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, U. S. A.

DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

the hopping was good. Have you noticed in the New York papers any column-long accounts, any full-page stories about the lady pathfinders who blazed the way for the cause? Speaking generally, you have not; but mayhap you have seen those striking stories in the Sunday editions dealing with the activities of Mrs. Horacio Duflicker, the suffragette leader of the Four Hundred; and also you may have seen those impressive four and five column pictures showing Mrs. Duflicker, the society suffragette leader, in her new suffragetting gown, expressly designed by herself for herself; and Mrs. Duflicker, the society suffragette, in the act of opening an egg for breakfast in the morning—crossmark X shows where the egg was opened; and Mrs. Duflicker, the society suffragette, doing any number of other interesting things. Therein lies the difference—the original suffragist, the woman with a motive and a real purpose, who gave her life to the crusade, didn't have any press agent; while Mrs. Duflicker, who took it up because she was tired of everything else, did have one—and her agent knew his business.

Suppose a family of large and sudden wealth comes to New York for the purpose, first, of getting acclimated to their money and used to the feel of it in a congenial atmosphere; and, second, for the purpose of breaking into New York society. Confidentially I do not mind telling you that such things have happened. Often such a family undertakes to attract the favorable attention of those favored persons who are on the inside, looking out, by lighting bonfires of their money along Broadway and Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive, which is a gross mistake—because the nostrils of New York are accustomed to the acrid yet pleasing odor of incinerated currency, and you have to burn up a lot of it before anybody feels called upon to turn in a third alarm.

Press Agents as Timesavers

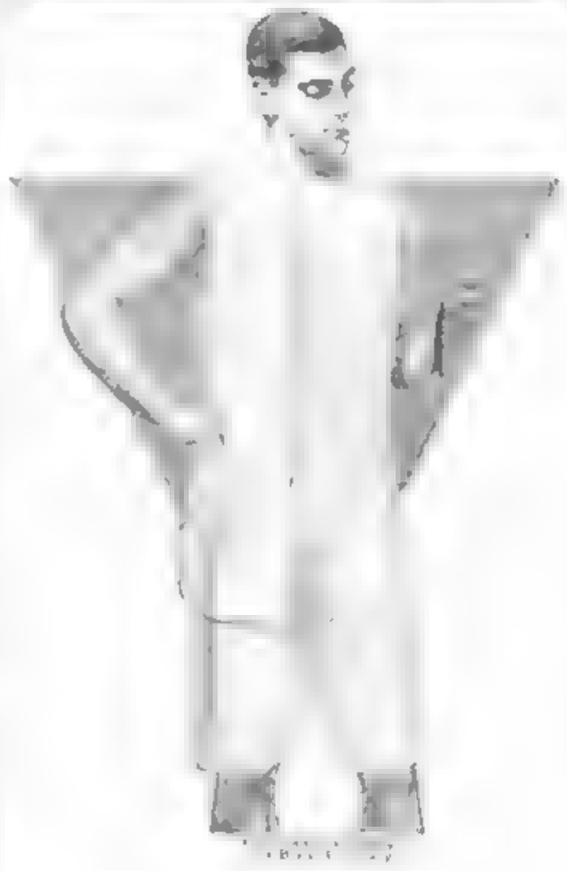
Meanwhile those on the inside, looking out, will continue to do so in a bored and haughty manner; but if the newly arrived and ambitious family are smart they hire for themselves a good press agent, male or female, or both—I violate no confidence in stating that such male and female press agents may be found well inside the ranks of our most exclusive society—and the rest is, or should be, comparatively easy.

In every newspaper office in New York is a printed list of all the known press agents in town; and this might be regarded in some quarters as a black list, but it isn't. Hardly a day passes that the city editors do not make use of it. City editors are like other and lesser human beings in that they seek the line of least resistance. Suppose a director in a big corporation dies suddenly or resigns unexpectedly. Suppose a prominent criminal lawyer—one of the group known to be addicted to press agents—has been retained in a famous case, but is not himself personally available for interviewing purposes. If you are a good supposer go on and suppose any one of a dozen situations. How much easier, instead of sending reporters running round, trying to piece the story together from half a dozen more or less irresponsible and uncertain sources of information, just to call up the authorized press agent and get the facts sanely stated!

Newspaper editors know, and so do press agents know, that the public at large—the public that buys papers and patronizes theaters—loves to read about actors and actresses, and about shows and circuses, and about wild animals—particularly wild animals; and because of this community of interests there is a basis of perfect understanding between city editor and theatrical press agents. The old day is gone when the press agent, in fooling the populace, tried to fool the newspapers too.

His purpose is to get a free reading notice into print, with the name of his attraction mentioned. That's what he draws his salary for. The theatrical press agent and his older brother, the circus press agent, were the pioneers in this profession; but now they are merely atoms in a vast and rolling sea of press-agentry.

And so it was fitting and proper, and quite in the spirit of the times, that our original hero, A, having done press-agenting for all such until his own fair fame began to flicker dimmer, should then, as above stated, have hired B, thereby illustrating with beautiful exactitude the truth of the remark passed by the late Dean Swift touching on the habits of fleas—especially fleas of assorted sizes.



"I'm Ready!"

COMING—warm weather. Gone—the discomforts attending it, if you wear *Loose Fitting* B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits.

Identified By This Red Woven Label:

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

GET B. V. D. *today* for the *first* warm day. Don't be caught "off guard." There's calming comfort in the mere thought, *"I'm Ready!"*

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00, and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A., April 30, 1907), $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, and $5.00 the suit.

The B.V.D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 65 Aldermanbury E. C.

For Thrifty Men & Young Men

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES

All Wool At $10 to $25

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL

CLOTHCRAFT

Saving and Service Assured in Clothcraft Clothes at $10 to $25

THE fabrics look good and feel good. They *are* good. The styles are authoritative. The fit is particularly accurate. Thus you can see for yourself that Clothcraft Clothes, ready to wear, have all the ear-marks of clothes at much higher prices.

And you can be sure of a supreme degree of good service and of good looks. These other great guarantee assurances are duplicated for the things you must have. I prove to you before you spend a cent and during all the time you're wearing the clothes.

Clothcraft Service Tailoring, our term for the methods that improve quality without increasing cost, is the kind of tailoring that yields expert service in making good clothes at moderate prices.

It permits us to make the Clothcraft guarantee unusually liberal and definite—assuring absolutely pure wool, first-class trimmings and workmanship, permanent shape, satisfactory wear and service.

An investigation of Clothcraft Clothes will mean money saved and service assured. Go to The Clothcraft Store; examine and try on the suits.

Ask particularly to see the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special, No. 5130, at $15—by far the best $15 serge suit we've ever produced. Notice the fine quality of the cloth—the soft, even twill, and the rich indigo dye that's guaranteed fast-color.

If your clothier doesn't sell Clothcraft, write us direct. We'll send you the address of the nearest Clothcraft Store, the Spring Style-Book, and a sample of the 5130 serge.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.

Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.

Cleveland Style City

BUSINESS HELPS

EVERY business man—and every employee of a business man—knows theoretically the value of courtesy to customers or possible customers—the practical and business value of courtesy; but never before has such attention really been given to it as in the present era of business swiftness, business expansion and marvelous business growth. It really seems as if the very impetuosity and magnitude of present-day business, which might have been expected to minimize things pleasant, have called forth higher, more attentive, broader and more elaborate kinds of courtesy than ever before. I use the word "courtesy" in the broad sense of meaning not only politeness but general thoughtfulness for comfort and convenience. In thoughtfulness for the comfort and convenience of patrons the greatest and most prosperous houses go farthest—and in this lies one of the principal reasons why they are great and prosperous!

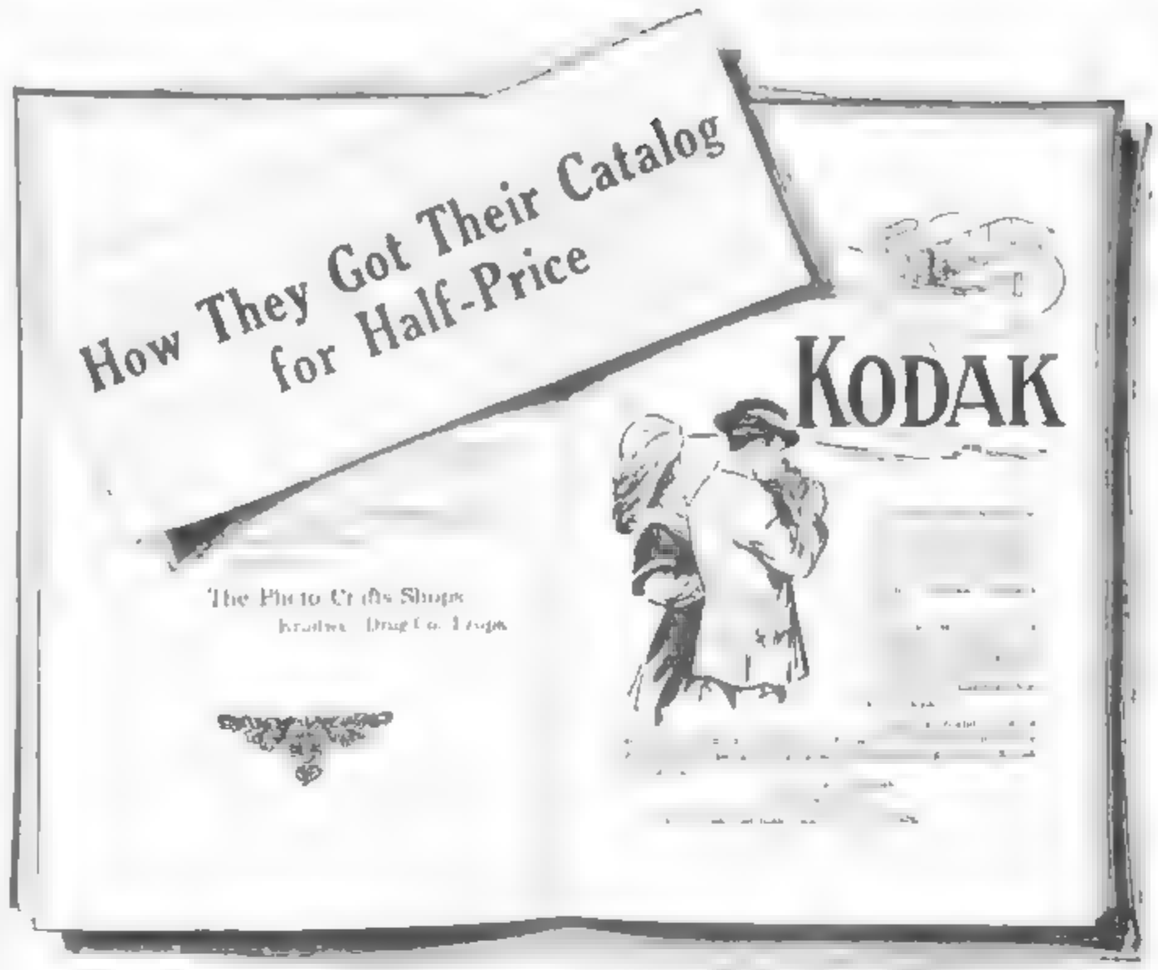
Yesterday a friend was telling me of an experience in a leading department store. She had bought a fifty-five-dollar suit and while the purchase was being made had received most polite and even deferential attention; but there were certain alterations to be made without charge, and in the consideration of these courtesy might have lapsed into perfunctoriness—assuredly would have lapsed with a house under the influence of an unwise spirit. Here, however, the only change, after the purchase was made and there were only free alterations to be considered, was that courtesy was even more marked than before, and that not only the clerk but the head of the department showed warm personal interest. "That happened to be my first purchase in that store," concluded my friend; "but the spirit of courtesy so attracted me that I shall go there regularly."

The courteous readiness with which mistakes are remedied is one of the distinguishing marks of any big store. One important house prints little notices like this: "If anything is said or done in our store that looks wrong, or is wrong, we would have our customers take it for granted that we will set it right as soon as it comes to our knowledge." And then follows a sentence in which lies the gist of success: "We are not satisfied unless our customers are."

No Questions Asked

The readiness with which goods may be returned is another present-day advance; but every house has not as yet fully learned its importance, though this importance is more and more coming to be realized. The old-fashioned way, still followed by some unwise establishments, was to interrogate the customer, perhaps with curtness, as to the reason for returning an article; but one does not like to give the reason always, as it may be only a change of fancy; or it may be a panic-stricken realization of necessity for economy that had been quite forgotten in the pleased ardor of making the purchase; or it may be that the husband has disapproved of the wife's purchase. The wise house does not try to pry into motives, for to do so might make a customer feel annoyed or ashamed, and that would mean very bad business indeed!

Courtesy, thoughtfulness and solicitude for the comfort and convenience of those who enter a store naturally work out the result of getting more people in and getting them in oftener. This is why up-to-date stores devote so much space and expense to waiting rooms, to rooms where people may rest or write letters or read the latest magazines. People are drawn in and no one asks whether or not they are buying; hence their natural impulse is to buy in a place that so unobtrusively looks out for their comfort. Offering free telephone service from any point in the near suburbs is another modern advance—a wise one, for it holds and increases suburban trade; and this means, not only an increased volume of business but also the important point that by increasing sales, and thus giving full loads to the suburban delivery vehicles, the average expense of suburban deliveries is materially decreased. And when a house adds to this convenience



Photographic reproduction of a catalog that was printed on the Multigraph at a saving of $126

DO YOU mean to tell me we could do printing like that on your machine? Why, man, that's *real* printing—printing-press printing!"

The manager of the Photo-Crafts Shops, Racine, Wisconsin, was talking to one of our salesmen. He was interested, but found it difficult to believe the salesman's statements. In common with many others, he still thought of our machine for form typewriting only.

"My machine did that printing," repeated the salesman, "and at much less than printers' prices—without the heavy investment, delay, high-priced labor, room, high power, muss or fuss of the printing-office."

"Tell you what I'll do," said the Photo-Crafts man—and he thought he was putting up a poser; "guarantee that we can print our catalog on your machine, and I'll give you the order."

"You're on!" ejaculated the salesman. "Sign your name here"—and he produced an order-blank. It called for one Multigraph Complete Unit, which means a No. 4 Multigraph with stand, power drive, automatic feed and printing-ink attachment.

The order was signed. Then came "making good."

Here was some stunt—a 5 x 7½-inch catalog of 28 pages, full of cuts, with a two-color cover—the first job on a new and unfamiliar machine.

But the Multigraph was equal to the conditions. It was installed, electrotypes made, and an operator instructed. The catalog came through in short order.

The printer's estimate for 6,000 copies had been $250. The Multigraph printing-cost, figuring liberally for time, materials and overhead, was $124—a saving of $126, or 50.4%. And if the same plates can be used on the next edition, as seems likely, the Multigraph saving will be $196, or 78.4%. Can you beat it?

The foregoing simply illustrates the way the Multigraph is making good on *real* printing. Those who know it as it was originally introduced—for form-typewriting—are prone to think of typewriting when we refer to printing. Even after we explain, they find it hard to believe that the Multigraph can turn out actual printers' printing.

But it's true! Many a business is paying regular prices for printing—with printing-prices steadily going up—that could be done for half the money on the Multigraph, with all the convenience of doing the work on the premises under personal supervision.

Are *you* wasting money that could be saved, and putting up with unnecessary inconvenience? Let us help you find out. There is no obligation in an investigation. We pledge our word that you can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it.

Let us send you literature, specimens, eye-opening facts—any data we may have on file pertaining to your particular line of business—

Write today—Use the Coupon

Ask us also about the Universal Folding-Machine and the Markoe Envelope-Sealer. Both save time and money in any office with large outgoing mails.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information written on your business stationery. We'll show you what others are doing

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO

1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:

- Booklets
- Folders
- Envelope Stuffers
- House Organ
- Dealers' Imprints
- Label Imprints
- System Forms
- Letter Heads
- Bill Heads and Statements
- Receipts, Checks, etc.
- Envelopes

Typewriting:

- Circular Letters
- Booklets
- Envelope Stuffers
- Folders
- Reports
- Notices
- Bulletins to Employees
- Inside System Forms

The American Multigraph Sales Company

Executive Offices 1800 E. Fortieth Street Cleveland Style City Branches in Sixty Cities Look in Your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Kronenstr., 70 Echo Friedrichstr.

COMMUNITY
SILVER
6 Teaspoons, $2.00
for
Good Service
COMMUNITY SILVER does not make food actually better, but makes it seem better—and this is the art of good service
Guaranteed for 50 Years
ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD ONEIDA, N.Y.

of ordering by telephone the privilege of telephoning free from the store to the suburbs, so that a customer may without expense call up his or her home to talk on any subject whatever, the courtesy constantly adds friends—and the making of friends means the making of business.

The whole matter of telephones is so important to modern business it is not surprising that the great houses are learning that it is very important indeed from the standpoint of courtesy. The house that tolerates operators who annoy telephone inquirers by curtness, by long delays, by snappy or impatient replies, loses business—and loses it heavily. And this not only applies to telephone operators, but to any clerk, salesman or other employee who may be called to the telephone to answer questions.

So important is this considered, that one house gives each of its employees a printed slip, which reads as follows: "In talking over the telephone, the tone of your voice will make either a friend or an enemy for us! If you are talking with a customer face to face, and let impatience get into your voice, he may overlook it because he sees by your face that you really mean to be courteous; but if you let the slightest touch of impatience or irritability get into your voice when talking over the telephone you are sure to lose for the house."

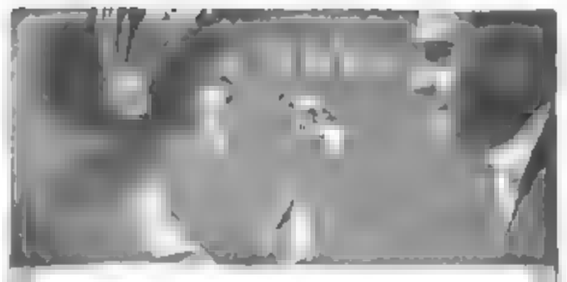
Another important house, one of the growing number whose heads keep in personal touch with their employees in general matters of policy and behavior, urges against the tendency to undue haste that comes from the possible swiftness of doing business by telephone. "Be sure to take plenty of time to make your position understood, and especially if you are telling a man that you cannot meet his views or his proposition," is one of the rules of this house; and another rule is that, whenever an order is taken, not only must "Thank you!" be said, but it must be said as if it is really meant, and not perfunctorily. "The telephone is a timesaver," is the summing up of this house; "but we must not lose a customer in saving time. Never be too hasty."

Courtesies for Customers

One of the great houses—one of national reputation—announces that it can be reached by telephone at "any hour of the day or night!" Now, it isn't at all likely that you will want to call up the store at, say, three o'clock in the morning; but it gives a customer a rather pleasant feeling to know that there is always somebody on hand to attend to his wants if, for any reason—for example, because of being suddenly called away from home—he may wish to talk with the store at night or on a holiday in regard, perhaps, to clothes or other necessities for the trip. Systems that develop courtesies like this make great establishments.

One of the largest clothing stores has adopted a system by which the telephone is steadily used as a means of combined business and courtesy. Each clerk is given a notebook, in which he must keep a record of his customers—such customers as he considers to be his in the sense well understood in every store; and this record must show, in particular, the kinds of goods each of his customers specially likes, and also the articles desired which the customer has been unable to find precisely, and on that account has failed to make a purchase. When anything comes in that a customer likes, and especially when it seems to be the very thing he wanted but could not find, the clerk must take advantage of a lull in business to call him up by telephone and inform him of the arrival of the goods. That store finds this system has materially increased sales. It is not as if customers were called up at random, for that would be very annoying; but they are called up to be told of something that ought specially to interest them—and telephoning is far better than to write notes or to send circulars, because it gives the sense of personal care and thought and attention. Customers are universally sensitive about being nagged or pestered, as they would term it; but this house finds that telephoning, done briefly in a politic way, makes a good impression when it is definitely done in regard to a customer's definite wants.

It is easy to nag or pester a customer in one way or another; and to do so is not only lack of courtesy, but it shows—lack of courtesy always does—lack of business



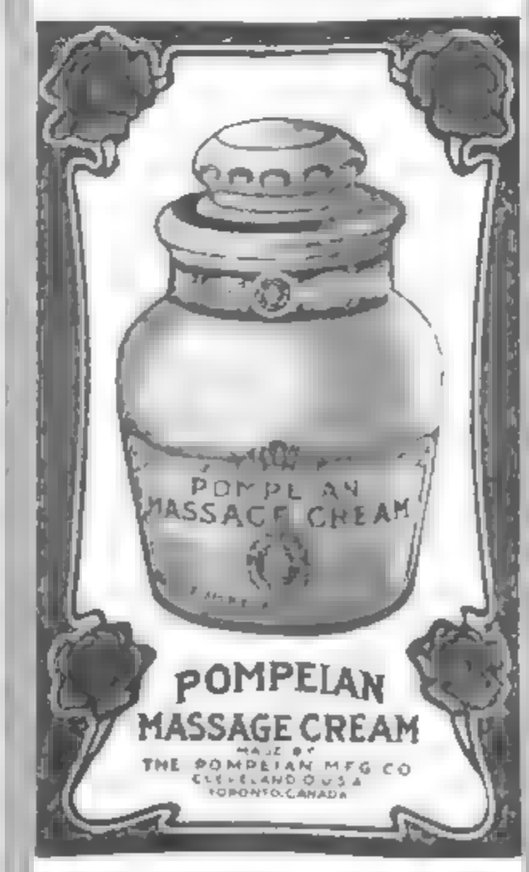
IT is you who are being watched every minute—in business or society—wherever you go.

When certain eyes are upon you, you win what you want more easily and more quickly according to the degree you please and attract. Hence the great value of a skin that is clearer and cleaner and more wholesome than the average.

In spite of the havoc which our modern life works upon the skin you can keep yours above the average by the use of Pompeian Massage Cream. You've doubtless heard many people praise Pompeian. Why not discover for yourself, by means of a trial jar, how

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

keeps the skin healthy and attractive? Though you can get Pompeian at your dealer's (some 50,000 sell it) we are glad to have you make a test before you buy. Remember that Pompeian is a natural means to skin health. It cleanses the pores completely and exercises the facial muscles marvelously. Therein lies skin health. The trial jar test proves this. Millions before you have made the test to their great benefit and delight. Pompeian helps you to win what you want in business or society. Read, sign and send the coupon below today



Above is style of 50c and $1.00 jar sold by dealers. Not size of trial jar.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
48 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

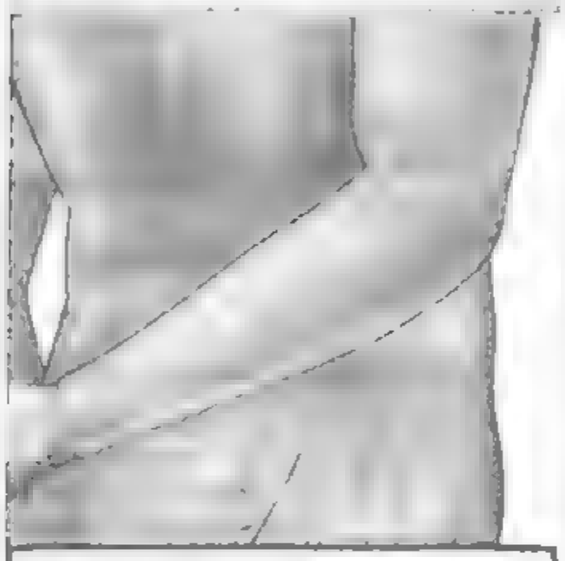
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

City State

STEPHENSON
UNDERWEAR MILLS
(STALEY BRAND)
SOUTH BEND, IND.



TOO much *novelty* is a dangerous thing—in underwear. Stephenson Union Suits are the very last word in correct design—the choice of the well groomed man. But they have no freak features—they are just handsome—comfortable—lasting.

Stephenson Underwear

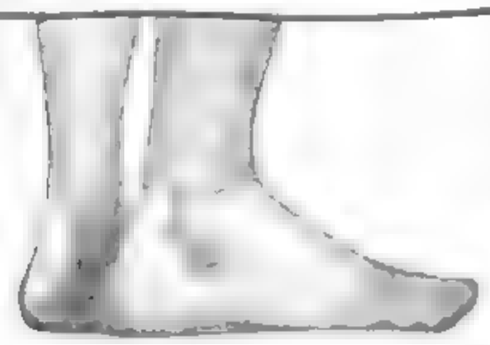
We have the beautiful new seasonable fabrics for Summer wear. The Derby Ribbed Webbing and choice light weight Worsted combinations for Spring and Fall. Knit by the famous Double Spring Needle process. They have resilience, firmness, fit.

Stephenson Underwear costs little more than inferior garments. But Underwear is one thing that you should *not* try to skimp on.

Sold by progressive dealers throughout the country.

Stephenson Underwear Mills
South Bend, Ind.

Largest Producers in the World of Exclusively Men's Underwear. $1 per Garment and up.



The house that, after asking you to send for a free sample of something, follows up the sending by circular after circular demanding to know why you have not ordered, makes a serious mistake. I know of a case where inquiries kept coming for fully two years, and each succeeding inquiry merely annoyed the hoped-for customer and emphasized his feeling that the sample had not been up to his expectations.

If a customer can courteously be given to understand, however, that he is personally kept in mind, and if this can be done in such a way as to seem only the offer of an opportunity and not at all the mere urging upon him of something for which he is asked to pay money, the reminder is likely to be excellent business. And of such pleasant reminders are those sent out by a few of the hotels in places to which bridal couples largely resort, such as Niagara Falls and Old Point Comfort. Bridal couples being easily recognized, the clerks keep a list of home addresses and the time of the visit; and just previous to the anniversary they send on a calendar, or a mere picture postal, or some other little reminder of the place, in order to titillate their memory and induce them to return to the place where they spent such happy days. If they secure only a few returns it more than pays for the slight trouble.

The kind of thoughtful courtesy that leads some of the great stores to advertise that bills for summer-vacation outfits need not be paid until after September fifteenth, when people are back at work and earning money again, has served to make many a sale that otherwise would not have been made. And still more efficacious as a courteous tradewinner is the announcement, as the holidays approach, that Christmas presents need not be paid for until—as at least one department store has it—after February first. Such a system, pleasantly carried out, seems to increase holiday sales materially.

The Art of Showing Goods

Courtesy or the lack of it is constantly displayed by clerks in the matter of showing dearer or cheaper goods first to an inquirer, and in the manner of showing them. The policy of some stores is to have dear things offered first and then to make it hard for a purchaser to say: "Haven't you something cheaper?" There are shops whose customers, as a class, prefer this; but with most customers and in most stores it either humiliates or causes anger—either result being injurious to further business, even if a present sale be easily secured.

It is almost as bad, though, to offer cheap goods to a customer who is ready to buy costly ones; not only is the store likely to lose the better sale, but at the same time the customer is annoyed or even angered; in fact, one may come to realize that there are times when real courtesy is equivalent to a high order of mindreading!

Courtesy so dominates most big stores nowadays in the preliminary treatment of the people who enter that they are not met with the demand to tell at once what they are looking for—they are not pounced upon and held up in the old-fashioned way, and made to stand and deliver their wants! It used to be that the very acme of supposed courtesy was to have a giant floorwalker come prancing up with his questions, but a better understanding of courtesy leaves people to themselves unless they show that they want information and do not know from whom to get it. At least one important store that I know of makes an absolute rule not to ask a customer any questions, and posts up little placards to that effect; so that any one entering may look about to his or her heart's content, with the certainty of not being checked in browsing by persistent queries as to what is wanted.

Present-day courtesy, too, does away with the urging to buy often used in the past; it is realized nowadays that it is not only more courteous but more politic to show goods without pressing the customer to buy. It is realized that the best art of salesmanship is to make the goods enticing by showing them to the best advantage, but to let the actual purchase come from the initiative of the buyer. It is better policy to lose a sale than to make a sale and have the customer feel that he has been overurged or coerced.

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

Just to slip into a Stein-Bloch suit like this on a hot day is to feel a new confidence and a new comfort. It fits lightly and easily, as summer clothes should, and has very little lining. Thorough clothes comfort is no farther from you than your nearest Stein-Bloch dealer. *Write us for his name.* Our label means 57 years of knowing how. Always demand it.

The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago

$1200

MODEL 60-T—Wheel base, 1[illegible]
motor, 4⅛ x 4½; horsepower, 35; [illegible]
ment, three oil lamps in black an[illegible]
Self-Starter, $20 extra. Top and gl[illegible]

Overland

The Truth About A[illegible]

SHOWING WHY THIS $1200 CAR IS TH[illegible]

EVERY single day in the year thousands of people argue backwards and forwards, "Which is the best car to buy and why?" And in practically every one of these arguments the essential facts are overlooked. General statements, made by automobile producers, are too seldom discounted—consequently no clear, or proven solution can result.

Contrary to the popular opinion, the selection of the right automobile is *not* a difficult or complex task. You are after the very best car you can buy for the very least amount of money. That's your problem. No knowledge of the higher mathematics is necessary to figure this out. Common sense, calm judgment, a series of comparisons, and a little knowledge of manufacturing conditions is all that is necessary.

You often hear this statement: "Automobiles are pretty well standardized now; most any standard car you buy will give perfect satisfaction," etc., etc.

This may or may not be true. We do not propose to argue this point here. *But we do propose to show you the wide difference in the prices of popular priced cars that are all practically the same in what they offer. We do propose to prove to you that you do not need to pay in the neighborhood of $1500 for a car of the thirty-five horsepower type when you get a thirty-five horsepower Overland for $1200.*

To begin with, what are you buying? You are buying so much power, speed, comfort, service, appearance, wear and construction. Nothing more.

Broadly speaking, one popular priced car offers you about as much as another. Fundamentally they are all alike. And they are all good cars. No one can say this, that, or the other car is "a poor job." Keen competition permits no "poor job" to exist.

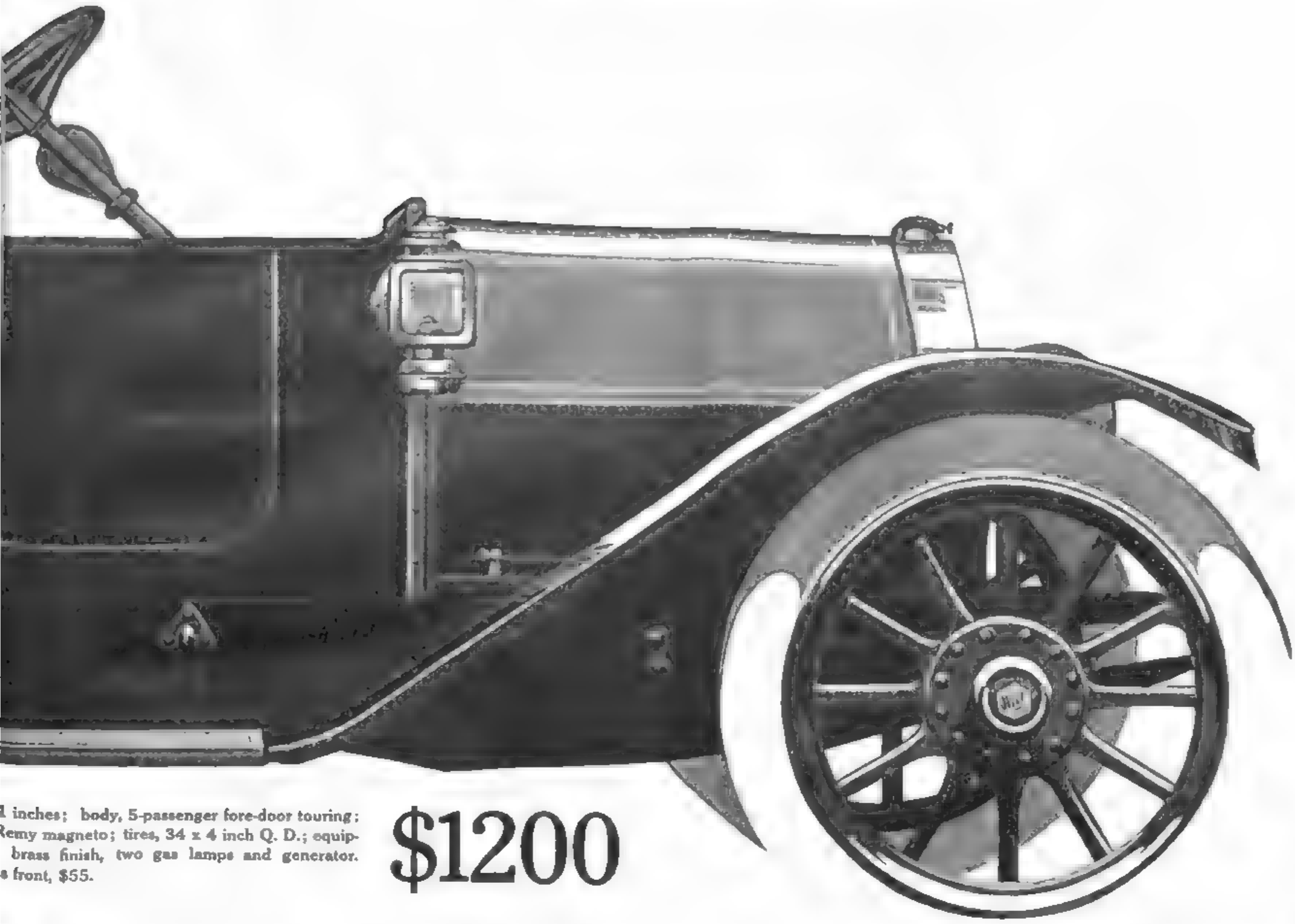
But while most of the cars offer about the same identical car value *they all differ in price.* The power, speed, body, tires, wheels, construction and finish do not seem to differ much. Possibly one has a different set of lamps, another a different style hood—still another a more sweeping curve on the mud guards, *but the basic value of the cars scarcely varies a particle.*

Why, then, such a great di[illegible]
is this due to? This great d[illegible]
prices is due to the size of t[illegible]
them.

The selling price of any [illegible]
and measured by the factor[illegible]
invariable rule. It is a firmly[illegible]
plant—large price. Large pla[illegible]
nothing more nor less than [illegible]
dition it cannot vary.

Having competition to m[illegible]
must make its actual car value[illegible]
value given in the car produc[illegible]
But by the time the smaller m[illegible]
car of the same basic value (t[illegible]
fications) as an Overland it [illegible]
per cent. more to produce [illegible]
price must be raised in propor[illegible]
operate as economically as [illegible]
ization—which is the greate[illegible]

The Willys-Overland Co[illegible]



l inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; Remy magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; equip- brass finish, two gas lamps and generator. e front, $55.

$1200

Automobile Values

E EQUAL OF ANY $1500 CAR MADE

Overland

ference in price? What fference in automobile ne plants that produce

utomobile is controlled 's output. This is an ixed condition. Small nt—small price. Being a manufacturing con-

eet, the smaller plant equal the fundamental ed by the larger plant. anufacturer has built a hat is, the same speci- as actually cost thirty . Thus their selling ion. Their inability to the Overland organ- t of its kind in the

industry—makes it impossible to compete on both a specification basis and a price basis.

Thus the wide difference in price between our thirty-five horsepower touring car and the others.

The proof of which is obtained by a careful comparison of current market prices.

Our thirty-five horsepower five-passenger touring car is priced at $1200. *This is the lowest priced thirty-five horsepower touring car on the market.*

Part for part—point for point—it is the equal of any $1500 car made. It has the power—the speed—the comfort—the appearance—and the construction. Take the powerful motor—the strong and rugged rear system—the Vanadium steel gears—the fine bearings—the pressed steel frame—the drop forged axles—the big tires—the superb body work—the high grade upholstery; in fact, take every item that goes into the makeup of this automobile and you will find the duplicate of this car cannot be had below the fifteen hundred dollar mark.

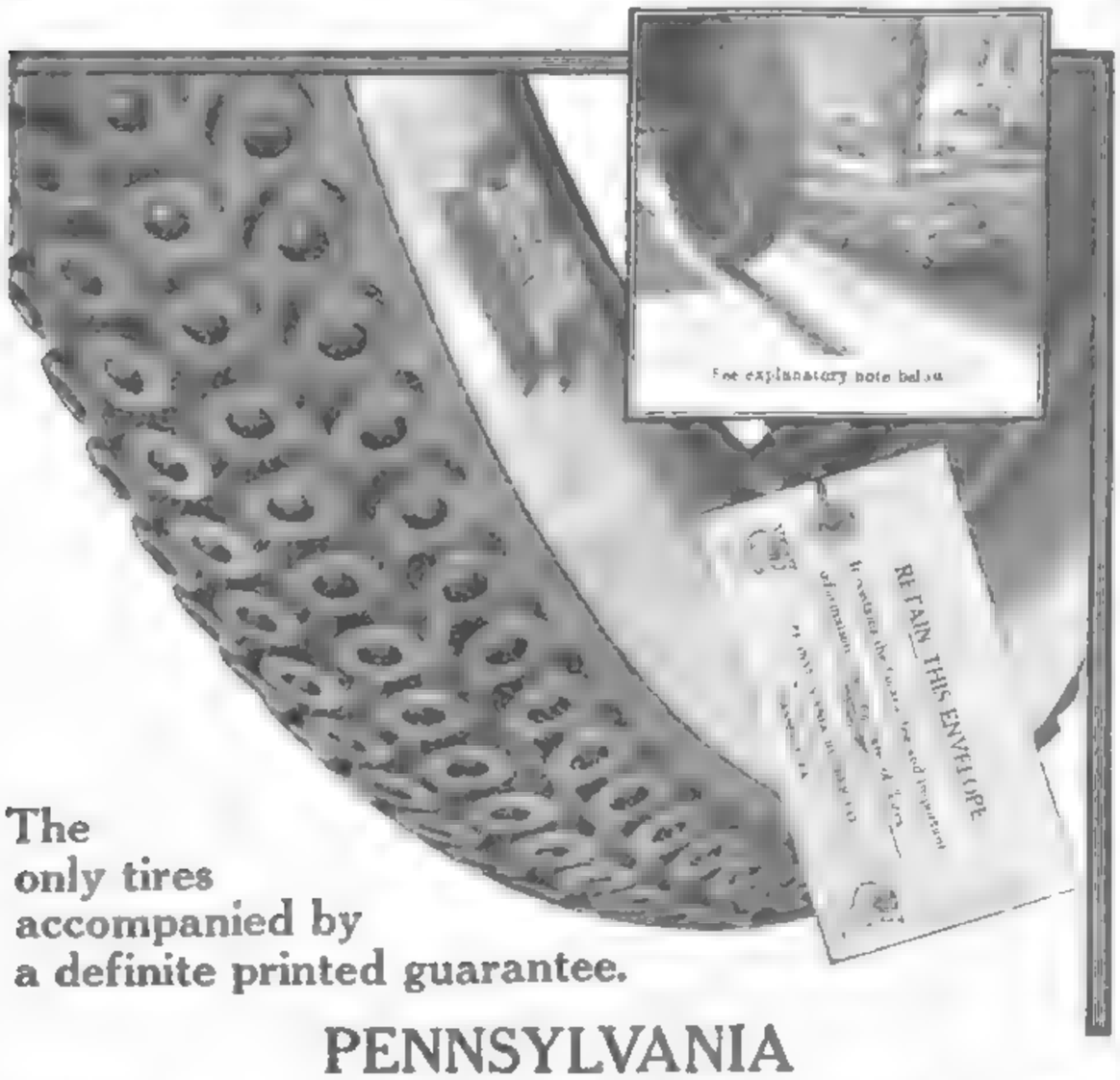
Here is a car with a powerful, silent, smooth-running thirty-five horsepower motor. Here is a car that seats five large passengers comfortably. The upholstery is of good leather, hand-stuffed with fine hair. The body is finished in our famous dark Overland blue and the wheels in battleship gray. The transmission is of the selective type, three speeds and reverse—fitted with the fine F. & S. annular bearings which are used on the most expensive cars in the world. The frame is of pressed steel and has a single drop. The crank and gear casings are of aluminum. The front axle is a one piece, drop forged I section fitted with the famous Timken bearings. The tires are 34x4—quick detachable. The handsome massive lamps are finished in solid black with brilliant heavy brass trimmings. Self-starter, $20 extra.

We have given you the facts. Clear reasoning cannot be argued against. What will you pay for a thirty-five horsepower car? $1500 or $1200? Which appeals to your sense of values?

Our Model 60 deserves your most careful and thoughtful consideration. See the Overland dealer in your town about it. Better let us send you an Overland book. Please write and ask for book A 25.

ompany, Toledo, Ohio

THINK what you gain in economy and safety when you equip these phenomenal new tires.



The only tires accompanied by a definite printed guarantee.

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

NOW that warm weather is upon us and wet pavements and muddy roads are the exception and not the rule, the power of the Vacuum Cup tread to make skidding impossible is overshadowed by its wonderful capacity for wear in dry weather.

This is due not alone to the great extra depth and weight of the tread, but to the remarkable radiating ability of the Vacuum Cup knobs, preventing the "heating up" which is so destructive to tires.

Any guarantee reflects the manufacturer's own experience and observation of what his product will do.

The Only Definite Guarantee.

With every Vacuum Cup Tire goes a definite and printed guarantee of 4,000 actual miles, the most liberal car weights being specified for the various sizes.

Compare this guarantee with those commonly in force.

Then consider our additional guarantee that if, after reasonable trial, you do not find your set of Vacuum Cup Tires to absolutely prevent skidding on wet or greasy pavements, you can return them at the full purchase price. No anxious moments when you run into sprinkled pavements; no stopping to equip chains because of a sudden shower.

Think what you gain when you equip these tires, and write for the name of the nearest dealer if you don't know where to get them.

*The above inset photograph of a tire that has already done 4,900 miles on a heavy car shows how the outer rows of cups preserve the absolute anti-skid quality after the center rows are worn down.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Reorganized February 1, 1910

PITTSBURGH 505 Liberty Ave. CHICAGO 1006 Michigan Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO. 5-4 East 15th St.
DETROIT 254 Jefferson Ave. MINNEAPOLIS 34 So. Eighth St. CLEVELAND, OHIO, 1837 E. 4th Ave.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of New York
NEW YORK CITY: 1700 Broadway

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of California
SAN FRANCISCO 510-514 Mission St.
LOS ANGELES 930 S. Main St.

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy.

Out-of-Doors

Your Shooting Eye and How You Use It

SOME shooters have no eyes at all. There was recently killed, by the accidental discharge of his own gun, a man known as "the blind hunter of Pennsylvania." This man went out hunting in the mountains alone and was said it is not known with what truth—to have killed game after a fashion by the use of that strange supersense acquired by the blind—a sort of instinct which gave him direction through sound instead of sight.

Some very good shots have only one eye—and sometimes it is the wrong eye at that. One of the best quail shots the writer ever saw shot from the right shoulder, but was blind in the right eye. His gun was a very awkward-looking affair, cast off some inches—so that he could align it with his left eye.

Most shooters have two eyes and most shoot from the right shoulder. Of these, some are good shots and others very indifferent ones; and a great many miss for reasons they do not understand, but that have something to do with the eyes in a great many cases.

The eyes do a great many things in shooting that are little understood. Usually we say we missed a bird because we "had the wrong lead on it"; but what we call the wrong lead may have been a wrong castoff—or, what is quite as probable, a wrong understanding of what our own eyes were doing. Things are not always what they seem when we look down a shotgun.

Most shooters know something of the fact that each man has a "master eye," which guides his main hand in its work. We call any shooter unfortunate who shoots from the right shoulder and whose right eye is not the master eye. There are many complications and many modifications of this master-eye idea. What your oculist may call your strongest eye is not necessarily your master eye in shooting. Sometimes, without a man knowing it, the mastership of the eyes may change places in which case, very naturally, his shooting mysteriously goes to pieces.

How to Know the Master Eye

How can we tell which is the master eye? The old way was to take the ring of a key, or any small ring, hold it up—say at arm's length in front of the face—and line it up, with both eyes open, on some distant object. Suppose you try from where you sit—sighting through the ring of a key at a distant chimney a block or so off. Focus the chimney with both eyes, covering it exactly with the ring of the key. Now shut your left eye. If you are looking directly through the aperture at the distant chimney your right eye is your master eye. Now line up with both eyes again. Shut your right eye. At once you find that the chimney has moved off a great many feet to the left—or the key has moved to the right. It will not take much figuring to make you understand that if you were looking down a gunbarrel with the wrong eye, while you thought you were using the right one, you were not shooting anywhere near where you thought you were.

These well-known phenomena of the master eye, however, do not cover the whole process of aiming a shotgun. As a matter of fact, what you want to know is which is your aligning eye when you are aiming—not which is your master eye in general. Sometimes, when you make the simple experiment mentioned above, you will find that your left eye works with your left hand and becomes the master eye so far as that hand is concerned, while your right eye works as master with the right hand. Now when you aim a shotgun you aim it with your right hand and your left hand both. Without doubt or question, a great many unaccountable misses are to be explained by this unconscious nervous readjustment, the unknown shifting of this control of the eyes—that is to say, the left eye sometimes does align the aim without the shooter knowing it.

There are some few shooters who literally see the foresight double, especially when they take time in throwing up the gun and aiming. This is more embarrassing than seeing the game double. Usually, when you fire quickly at game, this appearance

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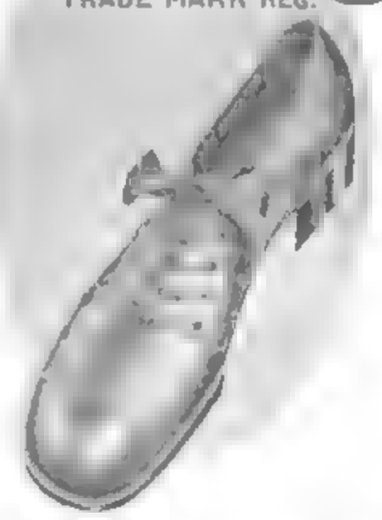

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of a double foresight will not be noticed. Perhaps in your case it never has taken place at all. When it does happen this means that the eyes are too near alike in power—that the left eye is fighting for the mastery, though you shoot from the right shoulder. It makes all the difference in the world to you which of those two front sights you pick out.

It is bad enough to miss when you see these double front sights, for then you may suspect something is wrong. The worst of all missing is when you see only one front sight—and, as you supposed, with the master eye—and yet do not kill your bird. In most cases tests made by an expert would show that this missing is due to the fact that the left eye is doing too much work with the foresight and really aligning the gun, when that was the business of the right eye.

Several mechanical appliances have been devised for keeping the left eye from seeing both the foresight and the game—it being the true function of the left or servant eye to confine itself to the bird and not to the foresight. The task is to cut off the vision of the left eye from the foresight and yet leave it its vision of the bird. The editor of an English sporting periodical, who a dozen years or so ago printed a series of very interesting papers on shooting in practice and theory, at one time found his own left eye "butting in," so to speak, too much on the work of the right eye; and he devised a curious appliance for correcting this—a rubber thumbstall, with a rim or ridge.

He put this on his right thumb; and when he gripped the stock of his gun it stood out so that his left eye could not see the foresight at all, but had to go about its business of seeing the bird. You would expect a man who knew that much about the theory of eyesight to be a good shot; and so he was, as well as an able writer. You should use equal care in studying out the cause of your own defects in wing shooting.

Why You Miss Your Mark

The mysterious miss is what troubles all of us. You would think that any man could tell which eye he was using, but this is by no means always the case. As a matter of fact, you train a particular eye to a particular function. The man who is beginning to shoot has not yet trained his eyes. We smiled very much once at a novice in the use of the rifle who, in explaining how he missed an easy shot at a deer, said quite simply and honestly: "I think I shut the wrong eye." Very likely he did; and very likely many a beginner with the shotgun does the same thing and does not know it.

You say such and such a man has a "good eye." Maybe he is born that way—and maybe both born and trained that way. If his right eye naturally works well with both his hands and his whole body when he shoots from the right shoulder, he probably learned very easily how to shoot, and very likely shot with fair regularity. He did not have a handicap to overcome, which perhaps obliges a less fortunate shooter to miss—and not know why he is missing.

Of course if you know your left eye is doing too much work you can try to correct it, even if you have to have your gun cast off to the left, to shoot from that eye and from the right shoulder as our one-eyed friend did. One theorist devised a little metal guard that rested on the base of the left barrel. It was not a perfect success. Then he extended along the middle of the rib in front a long, metal sight that looked to the right eye like a point, but to the left eye like a ridge, which kept that eye from trying to align the foresight with the game. This was better, but not conclusive.

We have spoken in another article of the way the right eye aligns the gun-barrel—not focusing the breech clearly at all, but seeing the front part of the rib pretty clearly. If you want to harness up your gun in a somewhat absurd-looking but theoretically not absurd fashion, try experimenting with a very low rib, having an elevation of the rib, or long sight, about halfway toward the front sight. This must be like a section of the rib itself, hollowed out, and not merely a small point let in on the rib. Very likely it will help you align the barrel with the right eye. Now if you put on that thumbstall, and cut off your left eye from seeing both the foresight and the bird you want to kill, you have put

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into effect about all the mechanical appliances—except those of castoff and bend in your stock—that you can call to the aid of your eyes. The rest is on the knees of the gods.

You would perhaps be laughed at if you asked the aid of such contrivances. Perhaps a visit to the oculist would be just as well—or better; but do not let any oculist make you believe that, with his series of test lenses, he can fit your eyes for work with the shotgun. He can only fit you both—you and your gun—by having you both in his office and watching you both while he is doing the fitting. If your oculist understands anything of the theory of shooting so much the better for your prospects.

The control of the focus of the eyes, or the correction of astigmatism—a very frequent cause of bad rifle shooting—can be done by use of the oculist's testing patterns in his office; but the bipartisan government set up by your two eyes over your shotgun is an entirely different matter from astigmatism, and you can only learn about it by trying it out with the gun itself. No doubt you drive a nail with a hammer by the use of your master eye and master hand together. You can't drive a tack with a shotgun until you know which eye is which.

How can you learn about this interrelation of your eyes and your shooting skill? Perhaps you could not do better than to read the comments of the able English writer above referred to, Mr. Teasdale-Buckell. This gentleman pointed out the fact that sometimes the master eye changes as you shift the object from hand to hand. He does not think much of the test of focusing a distant object with both eyes and then closing one.

"We do not think that test reliable, even if a change of hand is made and all objects prove to come up to align from the same eye. Even then it may turn out that the aligning eye is liable to neglect its duty when it is so situated that it cannot see the object aimed at and the other eye can see it. For this reason we would suggest the following test—and we have found it unfailing—in order to see whether either eye can, in all circumstances, be trusted to do the alignment. A bird passing straight overhead cannot be seen by the eye which aligns the rib and the sight at the moment of firing, because the gun will be in advance of the bird and will hide it from the eye of alignment. To a pair of eyes properly trained for shooting this makes not the smallest difference. Strange as it appears to all who have not absolutely tested it, the left eye will bring the right eye—if that is the aligning eye—already aligning the rib and the foresight of the gun, into alignment with the game or any point in front of the game that may be desired. The left eye, moreover, will measure the distance in advance and keep the gun on the true line that the game is traveling quite as well as if the right eye could see the object of aim itself."

An Easy Eye Test

"An easy test of this is as follows: Get another man to face you four or five feet away; tell him to hold a sheet of paper so that he cannot see your right eye, but can see your left. His right eye will now see your left—your left eye see his right. Now bring up a gun or other object to the right shoulder and aim at his right eye, visible to your left eye only. This you will align perfectly accurately with your right, though that eye cannot see the object of aim, but can only see the gun and do the aligning on your side of the paper, while the left eye carries on the process on the other side of the obstruction.

"Now ask your assistant, without moving his head, to shut his left eye and remove the paper—and to see whether the object you aim with is, in fact, exactly upon the center of your right eye—that is, in a line between the right eyes of both. It will be so with any one whose eyes are in the habit of right aligning with both eyes open; and if it should not be so then it is a hundred to one that the left eye does more than its share of work in alignment in the field, and a cure is required. All this kind of correcting work ought to be forthcoming at the shooting schools.

"But shortly, you must learn accurately to align with the right eye that which you can see only with the left. But in the field you have to do much more than this—you have to align with the right eye an imaginary point in front of game that you cannot see with that eye; and this is much more difficult to those unaccustomed to it—and impossible for a one-eyed shooter. You not only have to find that line of flight with the left eye for the use of the right eye, but to keep the foresight in a direct line between the right eye and the line of flight of the game, as well as to measure the distance in front for the right eye to point the gun—and all with the left eye! To a one-eyed shooter it looks impossible on the face of it. To many a good shot, who has done it unconsciously every time for twenty years, it has come as news; but to those who have made the theory of shooting, as well as the practice, a thorough study, it must be a commonplace, we imagine."

Helps to Good Sighting

An easy lesson in learning about your eyes is that illusion of seeing the bird through the gunstock. It is impossible—yet you do it because you have two eyes. When you aim at a high incoming duck, and swing ahead of him, you pull the gun between you and the bird, and can't see it with your right eye, which is low down, behind the breech; but you do see that bird somehow cleanly, and you know just how far ahead of him you are holding. Any duck shot can prove this. How can that happen? The answer is, as our English friend explains, in the twofold work of the eyes in aiming. Have you ever fully understood this before? If not you have not quite mastered all your art, even though you may be a brilliant field shot.

It takes little thought to understand that if there is an unconscious shifting of the mastery of the eyes, so that the servant eye, without notice, takes on itself the aligning of the foresight and the game, instead of simply aligning the game and not the foresight, you are going to do some missing. If, on top of that, your lead is not correct on the bird you are going to miss more. If, on top of that, your castoff is not right you will miss some more. If, in addition, the drop of your stock is not correct you will be still more to the bad. If, in addition to all these things, you tilt your gun a little on one side or the other, and do not hold it level when you fire, no matter whether on straightaway shots or high shots on each side, you will miss yet more frequently. Here is the list of causes. Pick out your own—one or several.

The first question of the shooter will be: What is the corrective when you find out the cause of bad shooting? So far as this bipartisan government of the eyes is concerned, if you do not like the thumbstall idea mentioned above you might try another suggestion made by the same man, a "black metal elongation at the left of the center of the rib"—that is to say, a little strip of metal well forward and at the left of the rib's edge to let the right eye through and keep the left eye out of the game. Personally, I should value such contrivances as this most because they induce the shooter to put his mind on the work in hand and to do some thinking about it. The longer you shoot the better the union between the master eye and the master hand—or, more accurately speaking, the master impulse of aiming; so that, after all, there is hope even for the man who misses a great deal.

Some shooters use a small ivory sight well forward in the middle of the rib as a sort of hindsight for the shotgun. I can see no advantage in this whatever, but should think that the adjustment of aim necessary for its use would mean slow and "poky" shooting—though the most brilliant quail shot I ever saw did have such a sight on his gun. I do not know whether he saw it.

What the wing shot does in his work is the joint product of both eyes, both arms, all his body and all his nervous system, as well as his brain, which gives orders to the twofold nervous system. He does this whole series of acts—which look like one act—with speed and decision; and if he hesitates his bird is lost. Really he shoots with his concentrated soul.

That sort of soul is the best to master any sort of body and all parts of the body, forcing them into good correlation in order to carry out the intent of the mind. You will not uncommonly find the good wing shot a man of decision; not uncommonly you will find the successful hunter a man successful in business or war or politics. To master others we must first master ourselves; and a good step toward that process is a thorough understanding of ourselves—not only our character but our makeup; not only our mental but our physical selves.

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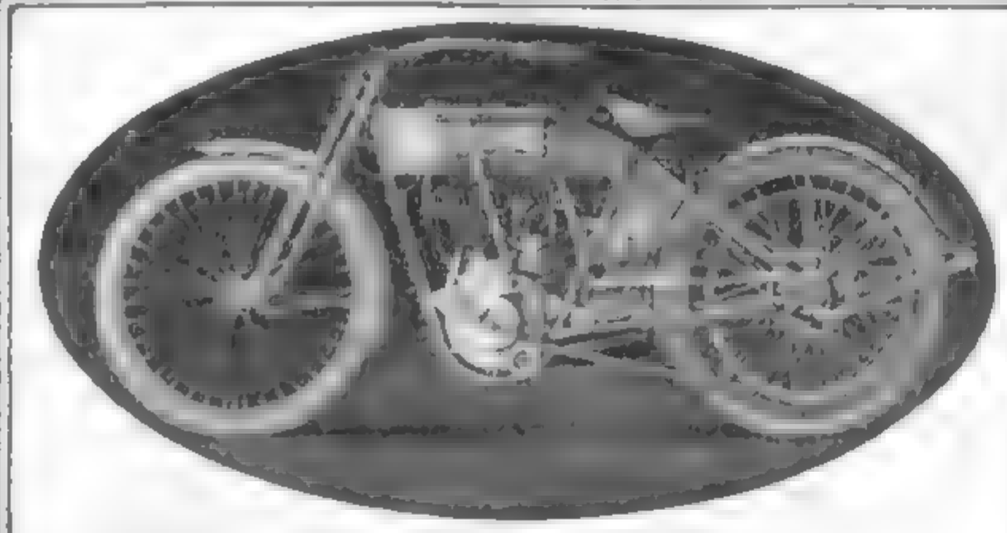

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DID YOU EVER take an unexpected step downward? Remember how unpleasant the resulting jar was? To the rider of the ordinary motorcycle the holes, bumps and ruts common to ordinary roads are veritable unexpected steps downward, yielding the same jar and unpleasant effects. This is not true, however, with

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Why Roosevelt Opposes Taft

(Continued from Page 4

Except in those cases where the President has overridden the board or paid no attention to it, Mr. Roosevelt believes that Mr. Taft has used these experts solely to defeat tariff changes; that the board has not been used by the President to promote tariff revision in accordance with his preelection promises and with the platform pledges of the Republican party.

"What is your position today on the tariff, Colonel Roosevelt?" I asked.

"My position today is identical with my position of two years ago, as set forth in the congressional campaign, particularly in my speech at Sioux City, Iowa. I stand squarely on the Republican platform of 1908, but I believe in an honest interpretation of those tariff pledges and in legislative action strictly in accord with the party's campaign promises. All I need to add to what I have publicly said about tariff revision is this: that I believe tariff benefits should not stop at the front office, but that those benefits should go on through the entire establishment to the profit of every wageworker. And it is high time that the consumer, as well as the special interest, was considered in the making of a tariff law."

"Before you left the presidency your name had become identified with certain governmental policies—the regulation of railroads, pure food, conservation, and the betterment of country life, for example. These policies your successor gave solemn pledge that he would carry out. Has Mr. Taft kept the faith?"

"Let the record speak for itself." Mr. Roosevelt spoke deliberately as if considering every word. "Take railroad regulation," he continued. "The one bit of progressive legislation in the last Congress was the Railroad Rate Bill, amendatory of the Interstate Commerce Act of 1906. As submitted for congressional action by the President's attorney-general, Mr. Wickersham, this was a thoroughly mischievous and improper measure which, if enacted into law, would have undone most of the work of the last twenty years, for it legalized railroad monopoly without providing any additional safeguards in the matter of control. The Administration bill was championed by Senator Aldrich and put through the committee unchanged. It was entirely reconstructed—rewritten, in fact—on the floor of the Senate by the Progressive senators, who successfully met the violent opposition of the Reactionaries—champions of the Administration's bill."

Mr. Taft and Pure Food

"When the Railroad Rate Bill went to the President, only one of the essential features of the plan initiated by Mr. Taft remained. This was the provision for the Commerce Court. But the creation of the Commerce Court was a step backward, not a step forward. It is the only provision of the bill that in practice has worked badly. It has tended, in effect, to nullify or to retard the expert findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In its recent decision on the first case appealed from the Commerce Court, the United States Supreme Court reversed the Commerce Court and upheld the Interstate Commerce Commission. The decision of the Commerce Court, had it been affirmed, would have rendered worthless the commission's entire system of gathering railroad data and would have put a premium on rebating. Justices Lurton and Lamar, appointed in this Administration, dissented from the majority opinion of the Supreme Court."

"And the people's law—The Pure Food and Drugs Act—has that been enforced primarily in the interests of its intended beneficiaries—every man, woman and child?"

"Doctor Wiley's resignation," said Mr. Roosevelt, "answers that question. As he says in print, he resigned because 'the situation had become intolerable,' because 'the fundamental principles of The Pure Food and Drugs Act had, one by one, been paralyzed and discredited.'

"I regard the pure-food law, with the meat-inspection act, as one of the great achievements of my Administration. It was my earnest endeavor to enforce that law with fairness to food manufacturers, but without favor to those engaged in misbranding or adulterating foods and drugs. Soon after its passage the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, venders of imitation whisky, who had defeated the pure-food bill in the Senate on more than one occasion, sought to break down the administration of the law and secure unwarranted license to perpetrate their misrepresentations on the public.

"They concentrated their attack on a general clause of the act that applied as much to coffee and to tea, for example, as to whisky. Attorney-General Bonaparte's clear and unanswerable legal opinion in this matter seemed to me to settle the controversy beyond cavil. But Mr. Taft reversed the Bonaparte ruling and substituted an opinion of his own which gave the imitation-whisky interests all that they had ever demanded. Under this new and strained construction of a beneficent law it would be possible to mix coffee and chicory and call the mixture 'blended coffee,' or to mix tea and willow leaves and call it 'blended tea.'"

Old Trusts in New Clothes

"Doctor Wiley 'vindicated' and allowed to resign; Solicitor McCabe, who has tried in every way to break down the pure-food law kept on the job—isn't this practically a repetition of the Ballinger affair?"

"Precisely," said Colonel Roosevelt. "Mr. Ballinger, as secretary of the interior under this Administration, did all he could to destroy a great public policy. Yet he was vindicated by Mr. Taft and retained in office until he voluntarily resigned. Gifford Pinchot, a peculiarly fine type of public servant who, more than any one man, initiated the conservation policy of the preceding Administration, was dismissed from office."

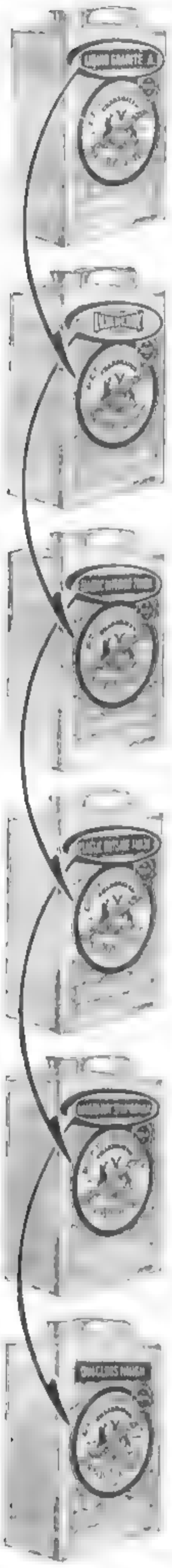
"And your Country Life Commission also was dismissed?"

"Dismissed, although its members were giving their valuable services without compensation," said Mr. Roosevelt. "In an effort for the betterment of country life—farm life—I appointed the commission, with Dr. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, as chairman. A splendid piece of work, an admirable public service, was done by this commission. In its report that I transmitted to Congress, the general condition of farming life in the open country was analyzed and its larger problems pointed out. The report indicated ways in which the Government, national and state, could show the people how to solve some of these problems. I recommended that a small appropriation be made for the expenses to finish the task which was well under way, but I did not recommend any appropriation for the services of the commissioners. Mr. Taft took the position that he could not accept the services of 'unpaid advisers' or consult with them. In reaching this conclusion the President accepted the advice of Aldrich, Cannon, Tawney and Co., whose guiding purpose was to discredit in every possible way the work of the preceding Administration. The President disbanded the commission, and the careful and expert investigation performed by the country life commissioners purely as a public service was practically thrown away. And Aldrich, Cannon, Tawney and Co. were substituted as 'unpaid advisers.'"

"Do you still think that in the widely advertised 'breaking up of the trusts' by the Government the big combinations have merely 'changed their clothes'?"

"That is precisely it," said Colonel Roosevelt. "Nothing of real worth was accomplished in the suits against the Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil. The average citizen can determine for himself whether or not sound public policy was furthered by the attorney-general, representing the Administration, when he acquiesced in the decisions in their final form. I shall not try to apportion the responsibility for the utter failure of these suits. The net result has been that the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Trust materially increased the value of their stock, and that there has been no diminution of their power to control markets. According to the press reports the market price of Standard Oil stock has increased more than two hundred million dollars from the time of the Supreme Court's decision, and the price of oil has gone up during the same period. In Wall Street, I am told, the only difference noticeable is that speculators

Any varnish—as long as it has Berry Brothers' Label on the can



THE choice of varnish lies with you—who pay the bills.

And since there is such wide variation in the quality of different makers, you should never fail to exercise that right of choice.

You should know the name and label of one good, reputable manufacturer.

Then see that it is used or specified for *all* your work.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes are made for every need.

The label is the same on all of them with the name of each kind shown at the top.

The reason there are different kinds is because there are many different uses for varnish, and no one kind or formula is suited to all—just as no one medicine is efficacious for all ills.

[illegible] *Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite* [illegible] which can be polished (dull) or polished [illegible] the natural gloss [illegible]

On [illegible] woodwork of [illegible] use *Berry Brothers' Interior* [illegible] quality to resist the action of hot water, soap and ex[illegible]

[illegible] outside doors, porch [illegible] screen doors and [illegible] to the weather require the extra durability and proper [illegible] ties of *Berry Brothers' Elastic Outside Finish*

[illegible] boats, canoes [illegible] no work best [illegible] ned by using *Berry Brothers' Luxeberry* [illegible] or Enamel.

A very satisfactory [illegible] on rubbed or dull finish can be obtained on general interior woodwork by using *Berry Brothers' "Dulglos Finish,"* which dries with a soft, velvety surface.

It is not necessary that you remember the names of these various kinds. Simply make sure of the Berry Brothers' Label. Your dealer or painter can tell you which kind your work requires.

Don't simply ask for varnish. Always say "Berry Brothers." The label is easily recognized.

Write for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all users, large and small.

Berry Brothers, Ltd.

Established 1858

Factories—Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont.

who used to receive from their brokers a single bit of paper representing ownership of oil stock now receive an envelope containing twenty or thirty bits of paper representing nominally different certificates of nominally different companies.

"In my messages to Congress and in my speeches while president, I again and again pointed out that the Anti-Trust Law by itself and without such additional legislation as I then outlined and have since outlined could not do anything of permanent value. The result exactly and precisely justifies what I then said. The Federal and state governments can, if they wish to, work harmoniously together in a fair and honest effort to protect the people from the evils of monopoly. As president I asked Congress to secure the same governmental control of all big business, including railroads and transportation companies, which is now being exercised over national banks. The Government knows and directs every detail of management of our national banks. The application of these principles—with whatever variation the special needs may require—to all classes of big business, under competent administrative direction would be more effective in protecting the rights of the people against the rapacity and greed of the trusts and monopolies than all the decisions rendered by the courts during the last twenty years—including the 'victories' over the Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil."

"As there seems to be some misconception of your attitude toward the courts, Mr. Roosevelt, will you recapitulate?"

"In my Columbus speech I said that impeachment of judges is a complete failure; that a quicker, a more summary remedy is needed—some remedy at least as summary and as drastic as that embodied in the Massachusetts constitution. I also said that whenever it was found in actual practice that such remedy as provided in Massachusetts does not give the needed results, I should unhesitatingly adopt the recall.

"I have not proposed the recall of judges for most states, but have approved this drastic remedy for such states only as require a drastic remedy; and of course the people of each state are to determine for themselves just what remedy they may care to adopt."

Roosevelt on the Recall

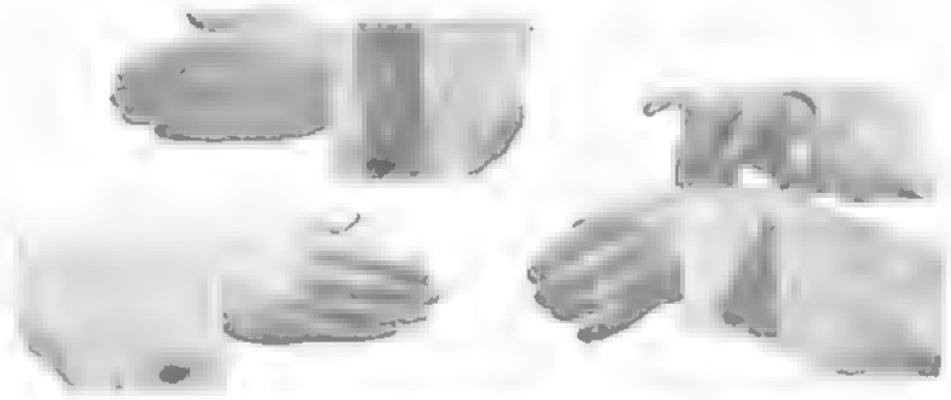
"I have never advocated the recall for the Federal judiciary. I have not proposed anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States or with the Federal Constitution. I have not proposed anything having any connection with ordinary suits, civil or criminal, as between individuals. I am proposing merely that in a certain class of cases involving the police power, when a state court has set aside as unconstitutional a law passed by the legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which should depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration. And I contend that the people, in the nature of things, must be better judges of what is the preponderant opinion than the courts, and that the courts should not be allowed to reverse the political philosophy of the people.

"William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, regards my proposal as one of moderation and common-sense. 'Any one who has been asked to draft specific amendments to state constitutions,' he says, 'would hesitate to condemn, without serious consideration, the suggestion made by Colonel Roosevelt. . . . The idea, it seems to me, supplies an instrument by which the majority can enforce its will in the most conservative way. It makes explosions unnecessary. I should have been very proud to have been the author of that plan, although I want to emphasize the fact that it involves no new principle, only a new method.'

"Mr. Taft controverts the view taken by Dean Lewis and says that the system I propose 'would result in suspension or application of constitutional guarantees according to popular whim,' and he refers to what he calls 'the fitful impulse of a temporary majority.' Let us draw a parallel. Under my proposal, to review a rule of decision by popular vote, amending or construing, to that extent, the constitution of a state,

MODEL SHIRTS

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS



Whether Your Coat Is On Or Off
Nobody Can Know These Cuffs Are Detached

THE little notch in the wrist-band grips the bar of the cuff-button and holds the cuff firmly in place.

Slips on or off easily by tilting the back as shown in the drawing. It is reversed without changing cuff-buttons, simply by changing cuff from right to left and left to right.

You need no longer throw a perfectly good shirt away because the cuffs are frayed.

The cuffs have two wearing edges, and extra pairs to match the shirt may be had from your haberdasher.

With the old style shirt put on clean in the morning you must eat lunch with dirty cuffs or go home to change and you must change again for dinner. With the Model, you merely reverse the cuffs, or slip them off while you are at your desk.

And the Model, with a pair of cuffs to match, costs no more than any other good shirt—$1.00 to $1.75, with 25c per pair for additional cuffs.

MODEL SHIRT COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

That Faithful Little Guard to Power

Put this efficient watchdog on the job of guarding your power consumption. Let a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motor save you a tidy amount on operating expense by eliminating power losses.

There is a place in your business where a "STANDARD" will save you money. Just write us of conditions, present or contemplated, and our power experts will advise you free of charge or obligation.

We will save money for *you* just the same as we are saving for the thousands of others who have told us their needs.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

1/30 to 15 Horsepower

We have been able to make the most efficient and economical motor by *specializing* 17 years.

Pay only for the actual power used. No delays for repairs.

Write to our engineering experts today for valuable information. Immediate delivery through our branches or agents in all principal cities. Writing us for free advice and catalog incurs absolutely no obligation on your part.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester

We also manufacture a complete line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans—Desk, Bracket, Ceiling, Oscillating and Ventilating—for Office, Factory and Home (55)

Dioxogen

For the Toilet

DIOXOGEN removes stains from fingers and nails; softens the dead cuticle, which then rubs off without cutting; keeps hangnail hurts from getting sore.

After shaving, Dioxogen soothes the skin, stops bleeding, kills the germs that sometimes get in—and so prevents sores and pimples.

As a mouth wash—Dioxogen foams and bubbles its way into places no brush could reach; leaves the mouth, teeth and gums hygienically clean. Destroys the odor of tobacco.

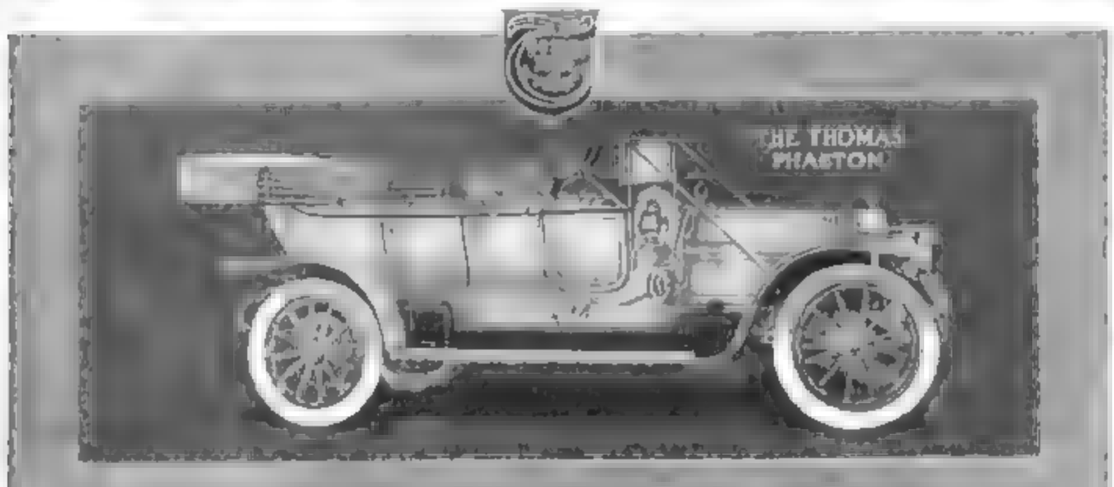
By destroying the germs which thrive in the mouth, it prevents sore throat, tonsilitis and other germ diseases.

Have Dioxogen on your toilet table.

Dioxogen is a germicide—a germ destroyer not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless, too.

Three Sizes: Small (5½ oz.), 25c; Medium (12½ oz.), 50c; Large (20 oz.), 75c

Dioxogen, 98 Front Street, New York City



THE COMFORTABLE THOMAS

With its mechanical and structural features the efficiency of which is easily proved by demonstration, the 1912 Thomas marks an epoch in *automobile riding comfort*.

The eleven inch upholstering, the three quarter elliptic springs, the secondary springs, the shock absorbers and recoil straps give a degree of *tonneau comfort*, especially in touring, not yet attained by any other American or [illegible]

The underslung gasoline and oil tanks give an extremely low [illegible] making the car to hold the road better at high speeds and on sharp turns and further enhance the *physical comfort* of the passengers.

The [illegible] construction, the extra large brakes, the [illegible] and [illegible] control, the [illegible] and [illegible] control, the [illegible] and [illegible] control

WE have twenty-five different styles of hosiery for children. The three broad groups are—

(1) School Hose—Knit for wear and attractive appearance.
(2) Romp Hose—Knit to wear everlastingly.
(3) Dress Hose The most elegant hose made. They'll wear too.

For spring and summer wear

Wayne Knit
PONY STOCKINGS
FOR CHILDREN

are simply ideal.

They keep active children cool and comfortable.

They're very light weight—soft and thin—made from fine airy cottons and lisles.

They'll give a good account of themselves in wear too.

They're protected at knees, heels, soles and toes with extra reenforcing.

Wayne Knit HOSIERY

Leading stores everywhere sell Wayne Knit Pony Stockings at a reasonable price—try them

The Wayne Knitting Mills
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Burnham & Morrill

Fish Flakes

10c and 15c. sizes *(Except in Far West)*

The most delicious fresh Codfish you've ever tasted and so convenient—thoroughly cooked, mildly salted—*ready for the table in an instant.*

You can make ***Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder,*** etc., that will delight the whole family.

B. & M. Fish Flakes is economical, too. No waste—no spoilage—keeps everywhere. At grocers—*full size 10c, 15c* sent prepaid on receipt of 10c.

Helpful book of recipes FREE on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
Portland, Maine, U. S. A.
Packers of the Justly Celebrated Paris Sugar Corn

the right of the people to rule, and we stand for this as a real and living fact, and not as a juggling formula ingeniously devised so as not to find expression in fact.

"Subscribing to the opposite view, Mr. Taft has paraphrased Lincoln's great statement that 'This is a government of the people, for the people and by the people,' proposing as a substitute that we should act on the theory that this is a government of the people, for the people, by a representative part—or class—of the people. Now it is dangerous work for any man, even for a president, to try to improve on Lincoln's doctrine of popular sovereignty and popular rights. In actual practice, Mr. Taft's theory of government of the people, not by the people, but by a representative part of the people, means simply government of the people, by the bosses, for the special interests!

"Mr. Taft's present adherents—Reactionaries like Messrs. Aldrich, Cannon, Penrose, Gallinger, Guggenheim and Lorimer—are precisely the men who, under the President's theory of government, would be, as they to a certain degree already are, the 'representative part' of the people that governs the rest of the people, and that does not really represent them at all, but misrepresents them.

"It is of little matter in this contest whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. When I plead for the crippled brakeman on a railroad, for the overworked girl in a factory, for the stunted child toiling at inhuman labor, for all who work excessively or in unhealthy surroundings, for the family dwelling in the squalor of a noisome tenement, for the worn-out farmer in regions where the farms are worn out also; when I protest against the unfair profits of unscrupulous and conscienceless men or against the greedy exploitation of the helpless by the beneficiaries of privilege I am not only fighting for the weak, I am fighting also for the strong. This country will not be a good place for any of us if it is not a reasonably good place for all of us."

There was an interruption—the usual interruption. The train slowed down and stopped, and a great crowd—the railroad official said four thousand—surged round the tail end of the special like navvies about a paycar. There were loud shouts for "Teddy" and scattering calls for "Roosevelt," and then a roar as The Colonel stepped out on the platform. Again—"curiosity *vociferens*." It was Youngstown, Ohio, where Mr. Taft made what he regarded as one of his notable speeches in the campaign of 1908.

When the train pulled out it wasn't the rebel yell that we heard, but it was surely a rebellious yell. This crowd was against somebody, but seemingly for Mr. Roosevelt. As he reëntered the car—smiling, of course—The Colonel picked up a biography of Charles Fox and paused to remark:

"Four years ago, on Mr. Taft's then record, I supported him and the Reactionaries opposed him. Both sides acted correctly according to their then knowledge. After three and a half years' experience of Mr. Taft as President, I oppose him and the Reactionaries support him. Again both sides are acting correctly in view of the knowledge gained during these three and a half years. The line-up is clear—based upon the record."

Naughty! Naughty!

IN THE days before juvenile courts, Judge Rix, a police magistrate of San Francisco, took a paternal interest in all youthful offenders, fitting reproofs to their offenses and tempering justice to their years. One morning he observed an undersized, palefaced lad crouching in the prisoners' dock. The judge deliberately adjusted his spectacles and glared over them at the delinquent.

"Young feller!" he bellowed in the tone he usually assumed to strike terror to the heart of the offender, "stand up!" The boy dragged himself to his feet. "What you in for?" The prisoner hung his head in shame. "What's the charge?" the judge asked of the clerk.

"Murder!" whispered that official. "He chopped his father all to pieces with an ax."

The judge, taken aback by the enormity of the crime, turned to the boy again, shook his head in sorrow and said gravely:

"Look here, young feller, you ain't acted right!"

COLT AUTOMATIC PISTOL

HAMMERLESS
AUTOMATICALLY SAFE
SOLID BREECH

LOOK FOR THE AUTOMATIC SAFETY IN THE GRIP

It makes the COLT take care of itself in preventing accidental discharge. No thought or attention required by the shooter. SAVES WORRY!

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU A COLT .25, .32 OR .380 AUTOMATIC PISTOL

The Automatic Grip Safety positively locks the [illegible] until automatically compressed by the shooter *when he intends to pull the trigger*

"YOU CAN'T FORGET TO MAKE IT SAFE"

This allows you to put a COLT [illegible] pocket [illegible] convenient place LOADED AND COCKED [illegible] SAFETY [illegible] SLIDE LOCK SAFETY [illegible] an additional [illegible] an essential protection [illegible] COLT always safe [illegible] —and you [illegible] COLT HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC PISTOL has no working [illegible] in the pocket. The COLT [illegible] whether or not the pistol is cocked. *Remember* COLT [illegible] *proved* their superiority over all others.

Catalogue No 85 mailed free. It's full of interest.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

A $25,000,000 Dam and Power Plant on the Mississippi

All the power of the Mississippi will soon be behind Keokuk, Iowa, when the gigantic dam is completed a few months hence. The country will then behold the marvel engineering achievement of the century—a single water-power plant developing 200,000 electrical horse power.

With the opening of this dam Keokuk will offer industrial advantages not to be found at any other point. It will become not only a power center, but the manufacturing center of this section.

KEOKUK
"The City of Power"

Power will be furnished to manufacturers at a lower cost than it can be obtained at any other point in the country. *Think of the fixed annual saving*

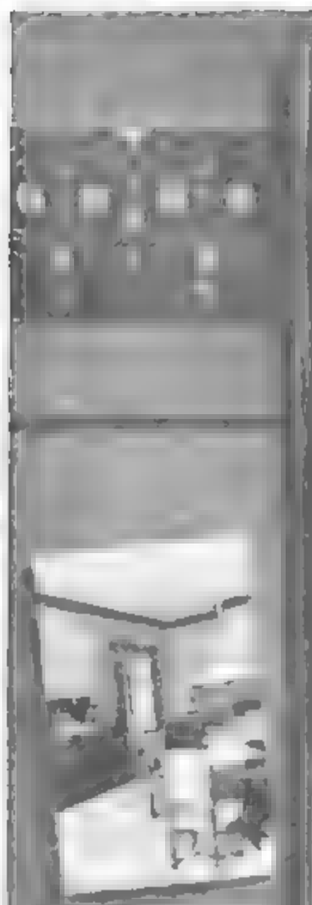
Labor—Keokuk, having so many home advantages, is attractive to workers in the varied lines of industry.

Transportation—excellent by rail and water, with sidings supplied to every plant, connecting with all railroads and wharves. A government lock at Keokuk, the same width as the Panama Canal, facilitates freight traffic on the Mississippi and tributaries through the port at New Orleans to the Pacific coast and all the ports of the world.

Location—right at the gateway for lumber from the north, hides and wool from the west, cotton and sugar from the south, iron, steel and other metals. Near-by bauxite clay beds offer a boon to manufacturers of aluminum.

Every manufacturer in America should know more about Keokuk. Write for illustrated pamphlet.

KEOKUK INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, Keokuk, Iowa



Our Head Designer will send you FREE an Original Color Plan for your Dining Room

There will be no charge whatsoever. The new decorating plans for Spring are unusually effective. We can show you the prettiest dining-room in your neighborhood. Most attractive and most economical. The special Color Plans we prepare make it possible for homes in small towns to be as correctly decorated as the great houses of New York where high-priced artists are paid to do the work.

60,000 Alabastine Men

—dealers, painters, decorators and architects are in every part of the country. They are in close touch with our Department of Design. Our experts secure for Alabastine Men the latest and best ideas of European and American decorators. Alabastine Men are kept posted every month on the high-class work in their line. They receive Color Plans and specifications on notable decorating.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

is the widest used decorating material *of high quality*. Alabastine is famed for its exquisite tints. More in vogue for the new decorating than wall paper or paint—a fraction of the cost—because it permits a different treatment in each room with perfect color harmony throughout. All kalsomine colors appear crude beside the soft-hued water color tints of Alabastine. Absolutely sanitary, mixed with cold water only, no waiting or muss—easiest and quickest to put on the walls—applied with an ordinary wall brush. Goes *furthest* ground for pound and does not chip, peel or rub off when properly applied. Full 5 lb. Pkg., White 50c; Regular Tints 55c.

Let us send the new Color Scheme and The Alabastine Book of Twenty Pretty, Modern Rooms. Write today. If you prefer a Plan for some other room just mention it.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

621 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Desk 21-105 Water Street

It's the Steam Valve That Gets Our Wonderful Results

Ask for the 1912 CALORIC Fireless Cook Stove

No other fireless cooker has this valve. *It is an exclusive Caloric patent.* Yet it is the *one big factor* in securing perfect results in *baking* and *roasting*. It permits the *excess* of steam to escape *while retaining all necessary heat*. It is directly owing to this steam valve that our marvelous results in *browning* roasts, cakes, biscuits, etc., are obtained. In ordinary fireless cookers it is necessary to raise the lid in order to allow steam to escape. This cools off the oven, wastes heat, gets poor results—*and keeps someone on the spot during the whole process of cooking.*

1912 Model Porcelain Lined

This porcelain lining is like the porcelain lining of a bath tub—*permanently* white, *easily* cleaned. It is the *only* lining that will remain absolutely uninjured by the various acids to be found in foods

It is practically *indestructible*. No wear out. No rust out. Yet the Caloric is the *only Fireless* on the market to provide this snowy lining.

Economy Radiators

These are the *best* absorbers and radiators of heat known to science. Any good fireless cooker will save you money. But the Caloric Cook Stove saves you *most* money, because its specially prepared soapstone radiators soak up the heat fastest and hold it [illegible]

They heat the Caloric ovens to a temperature of 400 degrees.

Cooks Everything

[illegible] It cooks everything [illegible] from *three to nine dishes at one time*

Lasts a Lifetime

This improved, porcelain-lined Caloric will last you always. It is *solidly* built—planned to save work, time and worry. [illegible] isn't a *fad*. You can use it *three* [illegible], *seven* days in the week. (7)

Aluminum Cooking Sets Given FREE

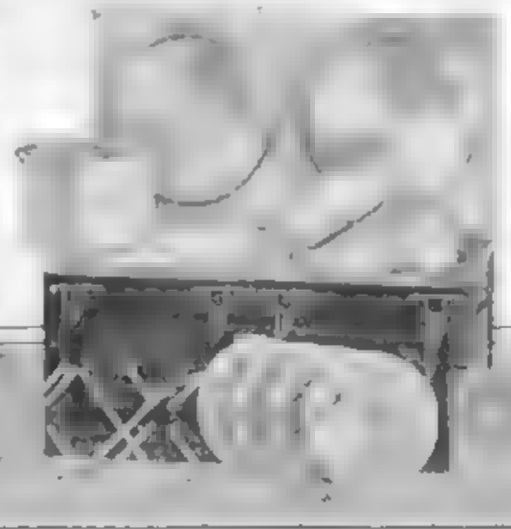
[illegible]

160-Page Caloric Cook Book FREE—Over 300 Recipes

[illegible]

THE CALORIC COMPANY
Dept. 17 Janesville, Wis.

(Note the steam valves, of which only the *underside* is visible—one in the center of each lid.)



Cook With a Caloric and Learn What *Real* Cooking Is

THE WEB

(Continued from Page 20)

put an end to the possibility of such thefts being repeated."

He looked up at her as she spoke.

"I'm afraid that will be very hard to do."

"Why?"

"I think you know why."

"Kindly do not talk in riddles!"

He smiled his humble and heavy smile.

"I suppose it's better not to talk at all," he admitted. A troubled frown crossed his face. "But you still say you'd prefer I kept on with the case?"

"Of course, if there's any possibility of finding the real thief!"

"Or possibly the diamonds themselves?" he suggested.

She became conscious of a half-concealed barb in that apparently innocent question. It disquieted her into a second or two of thoughtful silence. "That would be even better," she finally admitted.

He started for the door, then he stopped again.

"Will you excuse me if I ask just one question?"

"There is nothing I could not excuse—now," she replied. But the satiric ring in her words went from him like water from a spoonbill's back.

"What was your maiden name?"

She looked up quickly, almost angrily, at that apparently irrelevant question.

"What has that to do with this case?" she demanded.

"Very little, I admit."

"I agree with you there, Mr. Weidler," was her haughtily indignant retort.

He waited as though expecting her to speak again.

"You object to giving it?" he asked.

"What I object to is this entire line of procedure," she retorted. "I resent everything you've said or tried to say, and I'm afraid I can't give up more of my time to any such discussion. The whole thing is ridiculous, absurd. If it weren't so idiotic it would be insulting."

He remained silent and meditative before her anger. His contrition was so apparent that she could afford a return to her earlier attitude of indifferent weariness.

"I'm rather sorry you won't let me help you in this," he finally confessed.

"Help me?" she cried. "The only way you can help me is to find who this thief is. It was for that, I imagine, you were called in by my husband."

She still stood, something pictorially aloof and impersonal to him; but she seemed now like a masterpiece hung in a betrayingly bad light.

He stood studying her face as he might have studied a canvas on which some Philistine hand had inflicted a vandalic injury.

"But your husband may change his mind," intimated the detective. It hurt him to think that she was no longer able to conceal her dislike for him.

"He's as anxious as I am to see the mystery cleared up," was the indignant-eyed woman's retort.

Weidler fondled his hat.

"Then we'll see what we can do," he pensively announced as he started even more pensively for the door. He hesitated, seemed about to speak, and then moved on again, a little awkward and red.

. . . . . .

The Dunseiths, riding home in their landaulet late that night with the saddening *aria* of La Bohème still in their ears, found themselves with nothing to say.

It was not until he heard a sigh from the relaxed figure that drooped against his own that Dunseith slipped an arm about the ermine-covered shoulders and drew them closer to him. She sighed again as she lay there, and he remembered that for once she had not even enjoyed La Bohème.

"Tired, dearie?" he asked, using the endearing diminutive which usually won from her some answering sign.

"Yes, Billy," she admitted without turning to him.

"And still in the dumps?" he asked with an affectionate tightening of the arm about her relaxed shoulders. She remained silent for a moment or two.

"I've been thinking about that diamond chain and that detective," she admitted.

"Detective?" he queried.

"The man called Weidler."

"Yes?" prompted her husband.

"Men like that always remind me of ferrets. Their work seems to turn them

Milady

of Quality

Chocolates

HAVE A MARKED GOODNESS THAT GIVES THEM DISTINCTION. DELICATELY FLAVORED, DAINTILY PACKED, AND

"EVERY PIECE A SURPRISE"

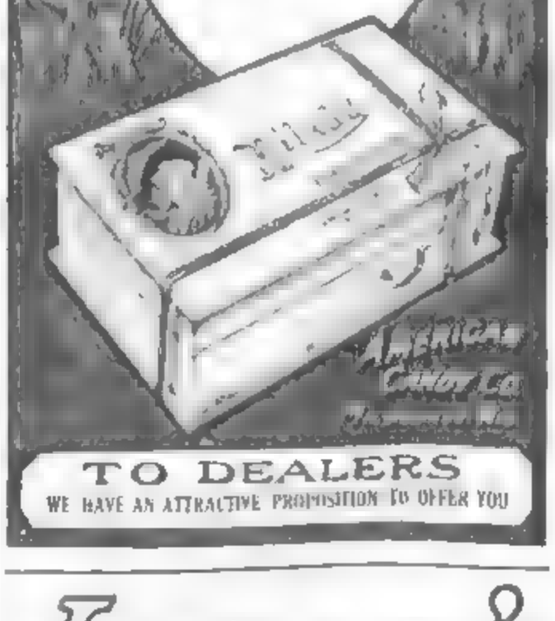
ASK FOR ..

MILADY CHOCOLATES.

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU SEND 85 CENTS FOR FULL POUND PACKAGE

EXTREME WEST . $1.00

REX Chocolates, 60c — Filania Chocolates, 60c



TO DEALERS

WE HAVE AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION TO OFFER YOU

Ingram's Zodenta

Paste or Powder for the Teeth

"KEEPS the teeth white. Keeps the breath right." Insures healthful gums. Prevents ferment and objectionable breath. Destroys bacteria and stops decay. Price 25c.

Sample Free

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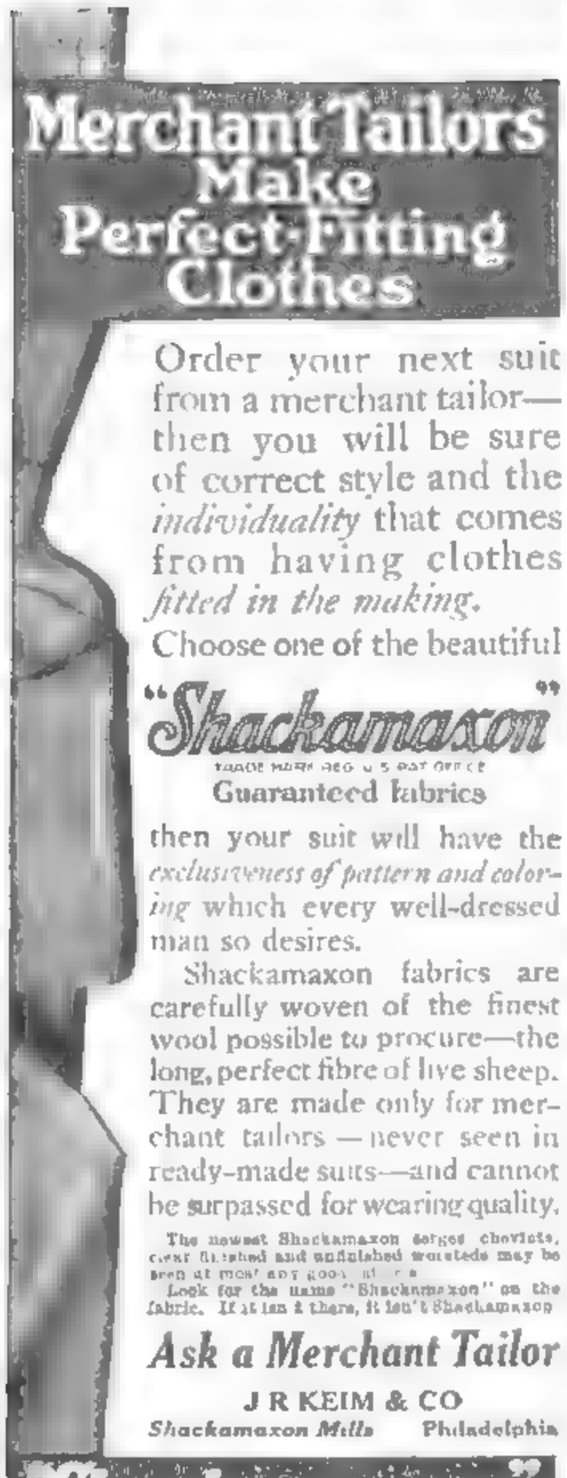

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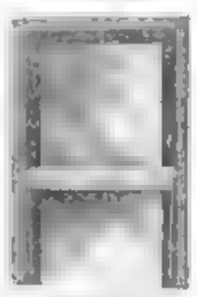

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into such odious little rats, without honest impulses, without decent instincts. I don't think I like even the idea of having one working for us."

Dunseith laughed a little.

"But, my dear, they all say this man Weidler is the cleverest investigator in New York. He always gets to the bottom of things!"

"But what has he done so far?" demurred the tired-eyed woman as she straightened herself in the cushioned seat.

"That's just where he's so clever. He'll fool you and me and all the rest of them, pretending he's on a blind trail. And then he'll suddenly spring something that will make us all open our eyes."

"But that's what I don't like about him, Billy," protested the woman beside him. "He seems so tricky and unscrupulous! And if he fools other people, as you say, why shouldn't he try to fool even us?"

"Oh, I think I'd trust Weidler in anything. He's as straight as a string—they all say that much about him!"

Again a silence fell between them.

"But you take people too much on trust, Billy," complained his wife as she suddenly groped for his sustaining shoulder. "You're so honest yourself, you take every one on trust! You even took me on trust!"

He laughed a little as he bent over and in the darkness found her troubled and tremulous lips.

"But think how much I got out of it!" he calmly exulted.

Still again she remained silent as the swaying car purred onward through its asphalted cañon of quietness.

"Billy, do you love me?" she suddenly asked with imploring wistfulness.

"Love you?" he cried as he drew her head closer down on his breast. "More than anything else in life, my own!"

"Oh, I love you, Billy, I love you!" she cried back as her arms crept up and clung to him. "I love you so much that it hurts!"

And as her passionate lips sought his again he was a little surprised to find that her face was wet with tears.

III

MARION DUNSEITH waited for Weidler in the drawing room. She was not altogether at her ease, and yet she wrung a consolatory comfort from the thought that her visitor would in turn be embarrassed by the very surroundings in which he would again encounter her. And her own presence there, she remembered, would intimidate him even more than would the pompous butler, the more formal machinery of life, the insidiously subjugating richness of the furniture itself.

She gave no sign of excitement, however, when Weidler was announced by the liveried servant. She was equally calm when Weidler himself, with his black bowler in his hand, stepped quietly and a little nervously into the room. There was, in fact, a subdued languor in her smile and a deliberateness about her movements as she acknowledged his presence and motioned him into a chair.

"You sent for me," he reminded her, as though anxious to find a prompt harborage between the substantialities of business.

"Yes, I sent for you," she repeated.

"For what reason?"

"I wanted to tell you that my husband and I have been talking over this matter of the diamond robbery. And as things now are, nothing can be gained by keeping on with the case."

"You mean the chain has been returned?" artlessly asked the detective, yet he did not look at her as he put the question.

"By no means. But in the present emergency I think it will be impossible for you to be of any immediate help to us."

"I'm sorry," said Weidler. "I've been working very hard on the case."

"But not altogether in the right way, I'm afraid."

"That, of course, must remain for you to decide," he somewhat sadly confessed. Yet there was a touch of bewilderment on his face, a bewilderment he could not altogether hide. He seemed puzzled by her newer sense of mastery, her sense of assurance, as though she were fortified with some knowledge as yet denied him.

"Then that simplifies the matter."

"From my standpoint it does," admitted Weidler. "But not from yours, I'm afraid."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that an offense has been committed here in this house, Mrs. Dunseith,

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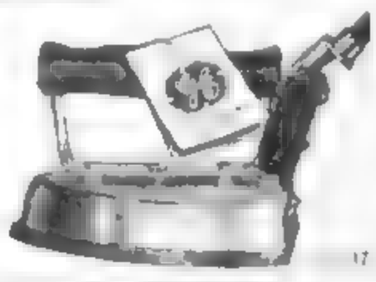

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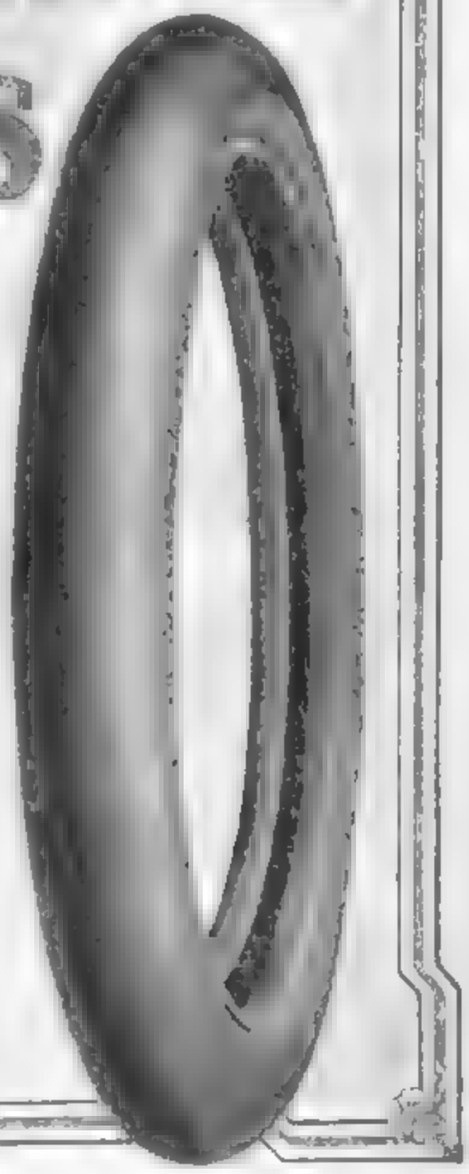

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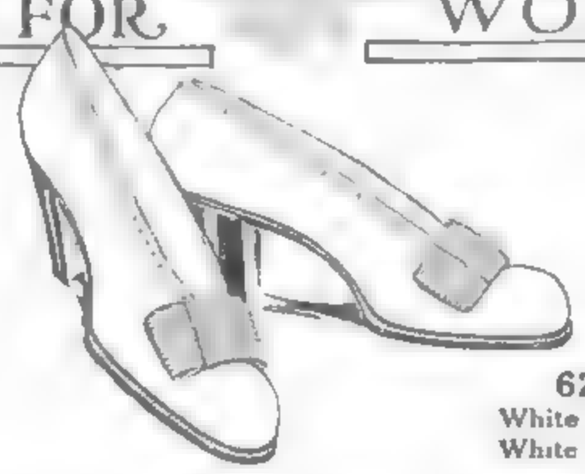

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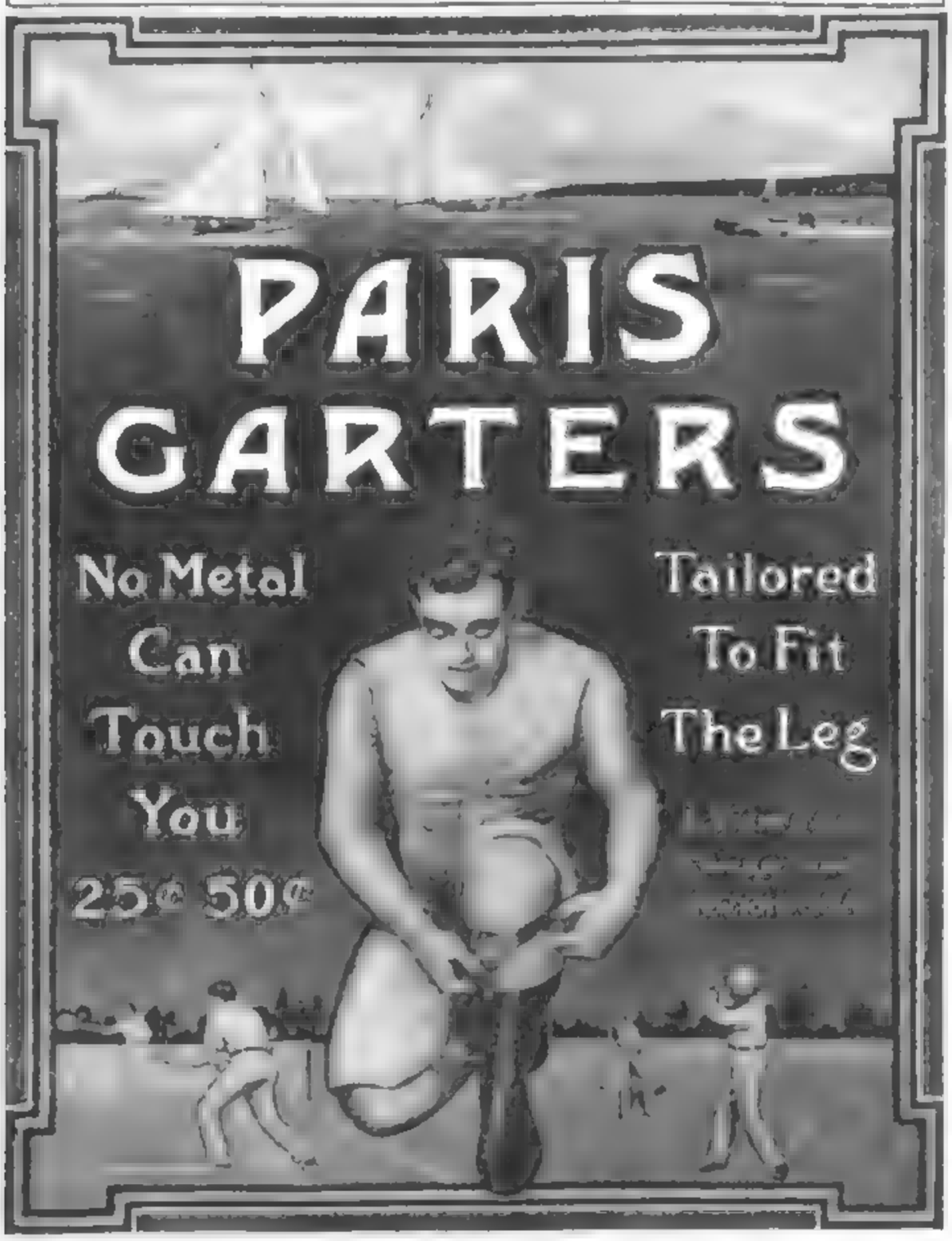

and there is every indication that it will be repeated."

"We shall be very guarded," she answered after a moment.

"Are you sure that even that will be sufficient?"

"I have not thought much about it."

He looked up suddenly as though not in sympathy with what seemed to be little more than verbal fencing. But there was no trace of annoyance in his voice as he spoke.

"Mrs. Dunseith, will you let me tell you about yourself?"

She met his gaze without flinching.

"There would be nothing to tell, I am afraid, even though I cared to do so."

"And you don't care to do so?"

"I think not," and she smiled indulgently at his blind persistence.

"Then, perhaps, you'll let me tell it to you." Weidler went on, so quietly that his tones seemed to translate into commonplaceness the actual words he was speaking.

"I'm afraid it would not interest me," demurred the woman.

"On the contrary, I think it will compel your interest," gently corrected the timid-eyed Weidler.

"But to what am I indebted for this sudden interest in my career?"

"Would you really like to know that?" was his equally quick counter inquiry.

"It is merely that my curiosity is piqued," she languidly acknowledged.

"Mine, too, was piqued when I was called in to this case, and I'll try to explain why. In the first place, Mrs. Dunseith, the person who took the chain from your jewel-case left behind a very definite clue."

"In what way?"

"In the form of thumb and finger prints on the cigarette case from which the chain was taken. These prints I took the trouble to photograph. They were quite distinct on the polished silver of the case itself."

"And doubtless found to be my husband's!"

"On the contrary, the newer prints were those of a woman's fingers. They were quite distinct—as distinct, in fact, as the thumb and finger prints which you yourself left on the flower-vase when you put it back for me on your dressing table upstairs."

"But I'm still afraid this leads to nothing, Mr. Weidler."

"Excuse me, but it leads to something of the utmost importance. I took the liberty of photographing all these finger prints and later comparing them. And I found the prints on the cigarette case identical in every respect with the prints on the flower-vase—the same islands and loops and whorls!"

"And what do you infer from this?" was the quiet-voiced inquiry.

"Remembering that these papillary ridges on your fingers and mine and everybody else's are permanent and personal, that they afford over two dozen distinct points of reference, I can infer only one thing. In fact, it is not an inference; it is a proof positive."

"And that is?"

"You refuse to guess!"

"I can only surmise it means that I must at some time or other have opened my husband's cigarette case for him—which I readily admit." And she laughed at the needlessness of the confession.

"That must have been very recently," argued Weidler after a second or two of thought.

"There I'm afraid I must dispute your claim," she promptly retorted.

"Then I must go on to the next feature—the turquoise ring. It seemed odd to me, Mrs. Dunseith, that a ring, a man's ring, of so little intrinsic value, should have been kept as it was and where it was."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because, as with most women, sentiment is strong with you. And I saw that it was for sentimental reasons that you kept this ring. I also made sure that its presence in your jewel-case was not an accident. You had assured yourself of its presence there, trivial as it was in value, on the very morning when the diamonds were taken. You knew it was there and you knew when I removed it. So that ring puzzled me. It was not your husband's—it never had been his. I also knew that with a woman of your character there could be no—no irregular relationships, no secret friendships."

"Thank you!" was her ironic murmur.

"So I looked elsewhere for an explanation. In doing this I was helped out by the

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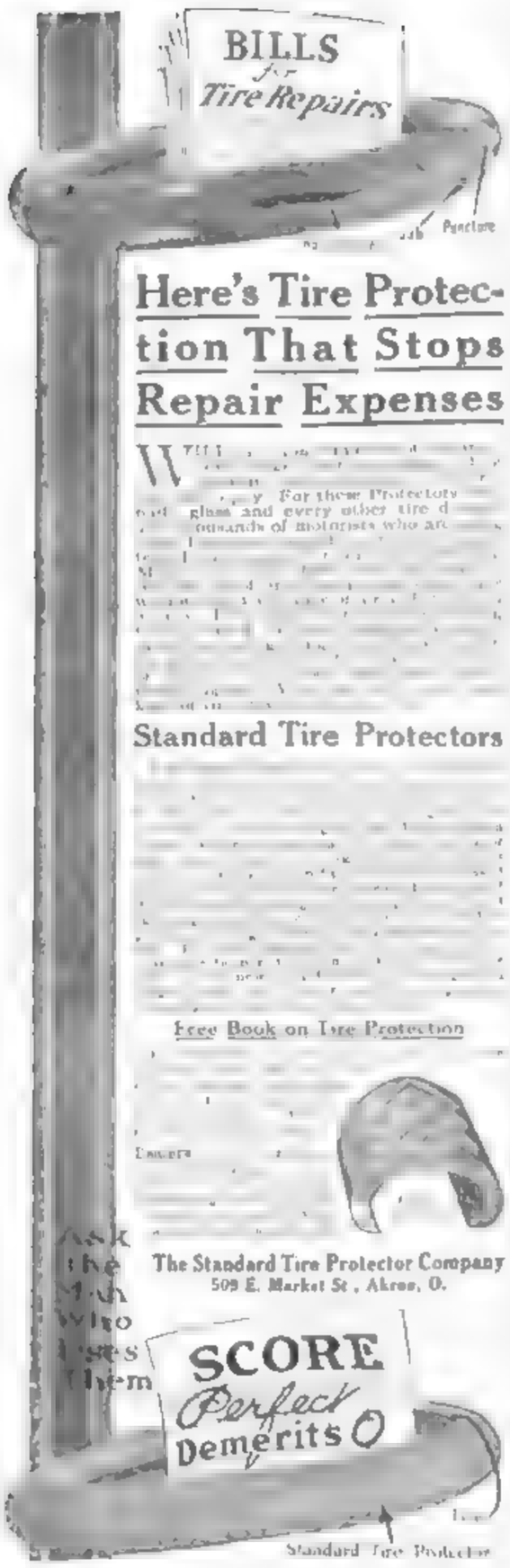

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fact that inside the ring could still be discerned the initials A. W. After thinking the matter over I came to a conclusion. And later I found this conclusion to be correct."

"What?" she queried, watching his face. "The ring, Mrs. Dunseith, is a family ring."

"I have never heard that disputed!"

"What is more, Mrs. Dunseith, it is your father's ring."

"I was not aware that I had a father," she slowly and coldly articulated.

"Very few persons, I think, were or are aware of that fact. But I made it my business to ——"

"Pardon me," she cut in, a little shrill-voiced and unsteady, "but what is all this leading up to? Why are you favoring me with the fruits of your undoubtedly ingenious imagination?"

"Merely to tell you those things about yourself which you decline to tell."

"But you are telling me nothing about myself," she contended, fixedly meeting his half-abashed stare.

"Then I'll have to be more explicit, Mrs. Dunseith. Your maiden name is Marion Wilby, and you were born at Wiesbaden just twenty-seven years ago. Your father was Alfred Wilby." He raised a hand to silence her as she was about to speak. "Please do not interrupt me. Alfred Wilby made a living by restoring pictures and copying Old Masters. He took you to Rome when you were seven years old, and there your mother died. He was a very clever artist; but after that he did not copy Old Masters. He did brushwork and etching and steel-engraving of another kind, work which you could never understand. But it brought him in a good deal of money, enough to educate you in a Swiss convent. You were very fond of your father. He in turn was very fond of you."

"I don't care to hear this!" the white-faced woman suddenly cried out. But Weidler went on as though her words had not reached him.

"When you were seventeen he began teaching you to paint. You were living in Florence then most of the time, though twice during the next year or so you made trips to America. You grew into an especially good miniature painter. Your father even used to get you to copy Italian and Austrian postage stamps to show your cleverness. One day he asked you to make a copy of an American banknote. That same day you learned that he made his living by counterfeiting."

She rose from her chair, but with a motion more peremptory than he had seemed capable of he silenced her.

"On that same day, too, you left him. You went to an English family in Pisa for the winter. They took you back to London with them. In London for two years you worked for a Mrs. Brooke-Cooper, doing small portraits in color and sometimes painting on china. You even opened a studio of your own later on, where you did miniatures on ivory. You liked that work. It protected you; it brought you in contact with women, and only women. Then you heard that the chances were better in New York. You opened a studio in Thirty-third Street. You were rather successful here, but you found yourself less protected—and even good men can make life hard for a beautiful woman. The following spring you decided to go to Rome for a rest. There you met William Dunseith, who was motoring from Naples to Cherbourg. He wanted to marry you. You ran away, went pell-mell back to London. He followed you there and again wanted to marry you. You asked for a year's time. Before the year was up, however, he came back to London. You were married in St. George's Chapel there."

"Is that all?" asked the woman, staring at the man in front of her. She had not moved. Her face was disturbed by no suddenly awakened emotion. The only noticeable change was its complete absence of color.

"Is that all?" she repeated, her quiet voice tremulous with what might have been anger or indignation. "For most pieces of pure fiction, I believe, end with the marriage of the heroine!"

"This unfortunately cannot end with the marriage," Weidler told her, and by this time the note of hesitation had quite gone from his speech. "You passed completely out of your father's life, Mrs. Dunseith, and you thought that he had passed completely out of yours. You felt this because under the name of Alfred Rickey his

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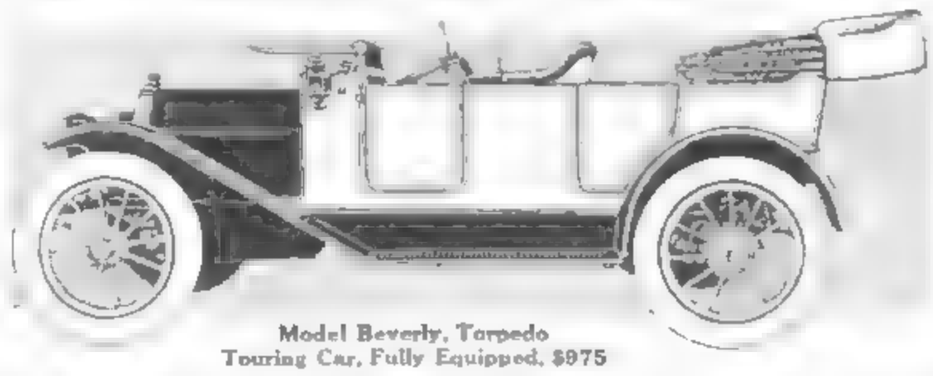

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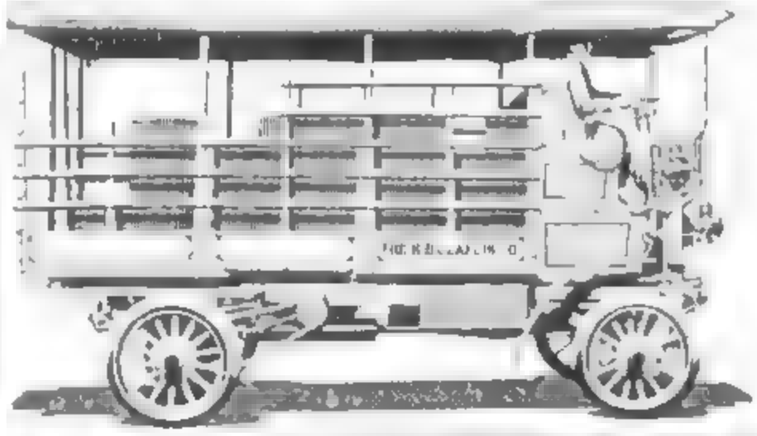

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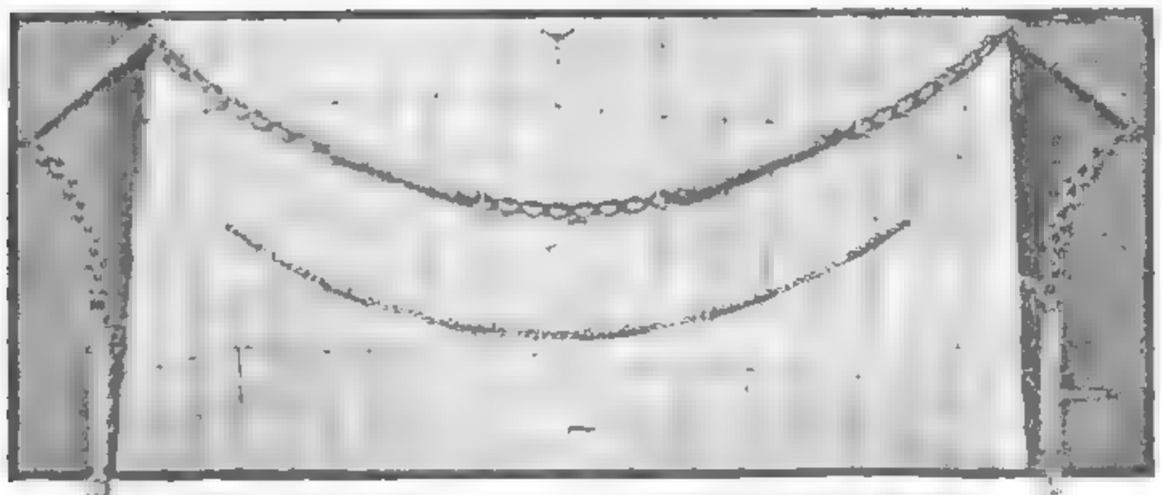

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crimes placed him where in time you knew they would place him. I mean that Alfred Rickey was sentenced to twenty years in Sing Sing for forgery and counterfeiting. In a man of his age and his broken health this meant life imprisonment. You knew it. But that is not what I want to talk about."

There was a certain timidity in his kindly and commonplace face as he looked up at the [illegible]-shouldered woman. When he spoke again, however, [illegible] the same quiet and matter-of-fact [illegible] before.

"What I have to talk about [illegible] another man, a younger man [illegible] of Crotty—Pipe Crotty. He [illegible] years in Sing Sing for perjury and false claims against transportation companies. He is what we call an accident faker. He made his living that way. In Sing Sing he came to know Alfred Rickey. From [illegible] Crotty found out certain things. On his release Crotty, knowing what he did, made it a point to look you up. He threatened to expose what he called your past. You were afraid to let your husband know your father was a criminal—you dreaded the idea of being associated in your husband's mind with a jailbird. So you bought Crotty off. You met his efforts at blackmail. You practically handed him over a necklace of emeralds and matched pearls. This is the necklace that was stolen some six months ago. You let him steal it. Then Crotty, sure of his ground, came still again. And this time, to buy him off, you took from your wall safe with your own hands the diamond chain your husband had locked up there. Crotty now has those stones and you know he has them!"

She sat silent and motionless until he had finished speaking. He did not look directly into her face, but he seemed conscious of the fact that behind that white mask the disordered legions of thought were being once more forlornly marshaled and arrayed to meet the enemy that had so completely disrupted them.

"I think you have made a terrible mistake," she slowly said. And for the first time he saw the great look of hunger that burned in her unhappy eyes.

Weidler stood up. "No, Mrs. Dunseith, I think it is you who have made a terrible mistake. You have not been honest and outspoken, when honesty might have made away with this whole problem."

Her throat shook with a sob.

"You mean that I, too, am a sort of accident faker, as you call it?"

"That is not the mistake I mean. Your husband is a man who lays claim to several millions. The loss of a necklace or a diamond chain is not of great importance to him. But the loss of his wife's confidence, of her trust in him, must be something quite different."

She made one forlorn effort, the last effort of pride, to recall the flying legions.

"I'm afraid," she tremulously complained, "that we are wandering very far from the case!"

"But that case will be repeated," persisted Weidler. "The emergency will arise again the same as before. This man Crotty has fixed his teeth in you and he'll hang on. He'll keep bleeding you. And each time he'll demand more than the last time."

She sat studying Weidler with wide and unseeing eyes. They were very beautiful eyes. And it was balm to Weidler's simple soul to see that the old antagonism no longer burned in them.

She was still facing the detective when the door opened and her husband stepped into the room. Dunseith's own face was heavy with trouble. So self-absorbed was he that neither the pallor nor the still heaving shoulders of his wife came to his attention.

"Well, it's over!" he grimly announced.

"What's over?" demanded Weidler.

"I've found the thief! She's confessed to taking the diamonds!"

"She's confessed?" And Weidler, as he found himself echoing the other man's words, turned about and faced Marion Dunseith.

"Everything," announced Dunseith, holding out a sheet of writing before them. Weidler could see that his hand was shaking a little. "And unless I knew it to be true, unless I'd seen this, I'd never have believed it!"

"I suppose not," assented Weidler, staring down at his shoes.

"And to think the thief was here in my own house all the time! To think that even my wife never suspected!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Weidler, looking up.

"Just what I say. It was Lucy Braley, the maid, who stole the diamonds. She's left this confession."

Weidler had long since learned, where his emotions were not involved, to be master of his own features. He merely sat studying the white face of the woman, who in turn sat watching her husband. He saw Dunseith cross to her side and place the written sheet in her hand.

Weidler's career had rendered him resentful of every situation he could not comprehend. A feeling of frustration crept through him. He was depressed by the consciousness of unmerited defeat. And even in that moment he remembered his first fleeting impression of her—that beauty such as hers would in some way always elicit the devotion, the allegiance, of those about her.

"Then I suppose the case is closed?" said the unhappy Weidler.

"Yes, the case is closed," said the equally unhappy owner of the house. And as he saw his wife bending white-faced over her maid's confession he crossed to her side and placed one hand on her shoulder. The movement was a trivial one, yet into it he was able to throw a sense of comradeship, of sympathy, that was infinite.

IV

WEIDLER, as he went slowly up the [illegible] stairway, looked at his watch. It was already close to midnight, and on his customarily stolid face were unmistakable signs of weariness, as though his day had been a long and trying one.

He was in turn conscious of Marion Dunseith's changed appearance the moment he stepped into the now familiar Louis Quinze room. And that change, he soon perceived, extended to more than her looks. The older trace of careless arrogance had gone from her. She seemed more fragile, more faded even—and it hurt him to think that a picture in which he had once taken so keen if at most an impersonal delight had been temporarily sullied by the aging pallor of time and sorrow.

"It was I who sent for you this time, Mr. Weidler," she said, with her fleeting shadow of a smile.

"I was hoping you would," was his quiet retort.

"But it was yesterday morning when I first telephoned," she began, as though his retort made it necessary to explain her position. "And I have been waiting ever since!"

"I'd have come sooner, Mrs. Dunseith, but I have been busy—busy with work I could not possibly neglect. That work, I'd now confess, is over and done with!"

She waited patiently until he had done. She waited with a purer quietness that did not escape him, for, inured to misery, she had no ear for the trivialities of life.

"I don't think I can stand this much longer!" she suddenly cried out with an unexpectedly odd and undulatory movement of the body. And it was not until Weidler looked up that he saw there were actual tears in her eyes.

"Stand what?" he inquired somewhat inadequately.

"What Lucy Braley said in her confession is not true. She did not steal the diamonds. She could never have done such a thing!"

"But she confessed to it. And her flight seems to make that confession rather plausible."

"That confession was an untruth. She did it deliberately. It was a fabrication to shield the real thief."

"Then who is the real thief?"

She met his gaze without flinching, but her face was as colorless as the ivory lace that encircled her throat.

"I think you know that," she said.

"But do you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she cried. "I took the diamonds. I'm the only thief in this house!"

She glanced up through her tears at Weidler's utterly unmoved face.

"Yes, I knew that, Mrs. Dunseith," he quietly acknowledged. "I knew that all along!" For one fleeting moment his homely face harbored a shadow of the trouble that made so tragic the eyes of the woman in front of him.

"I was too happy!" was her inapposite cry. "It was too much to expect! It was too good to last!"

"What was?" asked Weidler, his face now heavy with fatherly sympathy.

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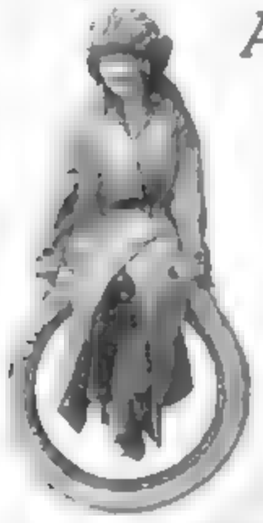

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"Everything!" was the unhappy woman's vague reply. And Weidler sat without moving, plainly embarrassed by her tears.

"Have you tried —— I mean have you thought to —— Have you talked it over at all with your husband?" he finally succeeded in saying.

"I've been afraid to," she confessed. "I'm too much of a coward to face it!"

Weidler waited in embarrassed silence, for she was crying again, notwithstanding her struggle to remain calm. She mopped her eyes with her lacework mockery of a handkerchief and looked up at him.

"This man Crotty said that with money he could obtain a pardon for—for Alfred Rickey. He made me believe he could get him away to Italy, where he wanted to live for the rest of his life. He claimed it was only a matter of money—of money that couldn't mean a great deal to me!"

"And you believed that?" demanded Weidler.

"I believed it, of course. He even brought me letters ——"

"Concocted by a colleague who is the cleverest forger outside of Ossining!"

"But you can't be sure of that!"

"I'm positive!"

"Why are you?"

"Do you insist upon knowing, even though it—it may make you feel bad?"

"Yes, I'd rather know," she murmured.

"Because Alfred Rickey died the same month that Crotty was released from Sing Sing."

"Died!" she echoed. She sat there for what seemed to Weidler an interminable space of time, staring in front of her. Her pallor and her sustained silence began to frighten him a little.

"It's over," he said in a lowered voice. And in the next breath he felt the need of excusing that lapse into emotionalism by a neutralizing burst of anger. "And this cur Crotty was lying—lying in everything!"

"But everything he said seemed so true," she absently contended.

"It must have seemed true or you'd never have done what you did!"

"Oh, I was too cowardly even to do what you think. I merely left the diamonds where he could come and take them. Lucy Braley saw me go down and unlock the door that night. She saw me, but she could not understand it all. She thought it was something different. And she thought she was helping me, shielding me, by doing what she did!"

"I knew Crotty had come to the house," admitted Weidler.

"How could you have known that?"

"By the fingerprints he left on the rosewood hall table when he took the stones. One hour at headquarters showed me who the owner of those fingerprints was and what his record was."

"But how will it end?" asked the unhappy woman. "How can it end?"

"It is already ended, Mrs. Dunseith. As I told you, I was delayed in answering your summons, urgent as it seemed. I was engaged in following up Crotty, for I knew he'd been afraid to sell the stones, that he still carried them. At eight o'clock tonight Crotty became involved in a quarrel with an East Side colleague of his. He accused this East Sider of picking his pocket. Before the end of that quarrel Crotty was blackjacked just below Suicide Corner, off the Bowery. At eleven o'clock tonight he died of a fractured skull on the operating table at the hospital."

"Oh, what a mistake it all was," Mrs. Dunseith cried out in her helpless misery.

"Yes, it was a mistake," acknowledged Weidler. "For it was not a friend of Crotty's who picked his pockets; it was a friend of mine."

"Of yours?"

"Yes," said Weidler, reaching down into his pocket and lifting out the small chain of diamonds mounted on flexible platinum. "But the greatest mistake, I think, was on your part, in not going to your husband and telling him everything from the first."

Her head dropped a little as she struggled to fight back her tears.

"I shall tell him," she finally said. "I shall tell him everything."

Weidler, rising to his feet, stood staring down at the crown of tangled gold above the slender column of her neck.

Then he took a deep breath and buttoned his coat. "And now, if you don't mind, I'm going down to get those wires busy and see how soon we can get that maid of yours back to you!"

Fred Clarke says:

GEO. P. IDE & CO.,
Troy, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I like to boost a good [illegible] and I O K [illegible] Troy Laundry [illegible] Yours very truly,

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14 Sizes — 2 for 25c

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are made in styles to fit every man and every occasion. The continued fit and individuality of each style of Ide Silver Collars is assured by the LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES that *won't stretch* and *don't tear out*. Ample scarf space. Prove this—they last longer in the laundry.

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Pound of sugar makes 30 five-cent packages delicious candy—sells like wild fire—eighth season—thousands used—one [illegible] investment returned many times over first season—Empire

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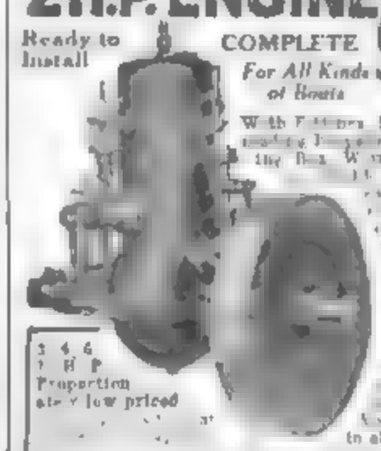

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So simple a woman or child can run it. Thousands in use in all sizes. Catalog Free

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JAP-A-LAC
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Everything from Cellar to Garret

Jap-a-lac is made in 21 different shades and Natural (Clear).

It pays the dealer to sell Jap-a-lac and not a substitute. It pays the housewife to insist on getting Jap-a-lac—and to refuse imitations.

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Factories: Cleveland, O., Toronto, Can.;
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10c and up

$84.30 for this new

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Until July 1, delivered ON APPROVAL by 7500 dealers, payment terms $7 a month—no interest, no extras—and subject to a guarantee of full satisfaction.

Or $75 flat for the instrument alone. No other upright instrument has ever been offered for less than $100, with NO records.

THIS new Grafonola "Princess" is a beautiful mahogany table, ready at all times to serve all the purposes of such a table, worthy of its place in any part of any room in the house, yet likewise ready to provide music of any class you happen to desire, and capable of all the quality of tone of any instrument by which you may happen to judge it.

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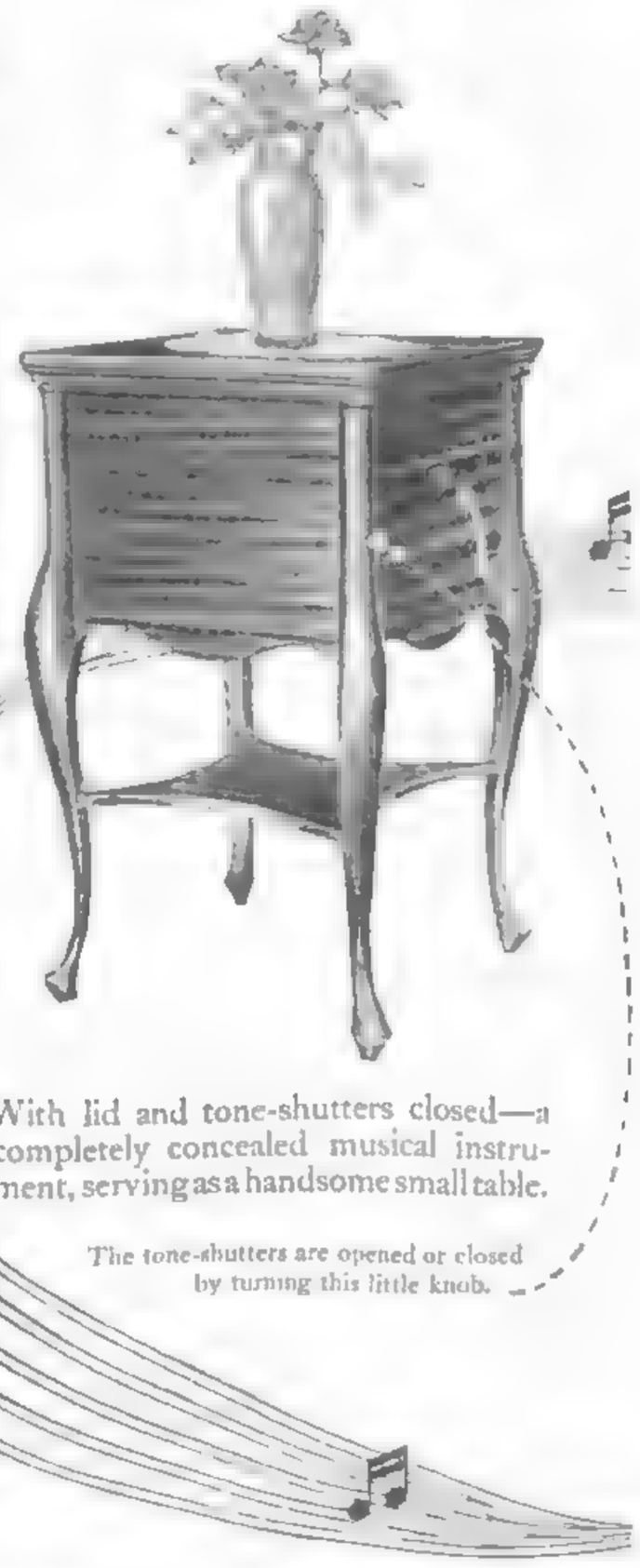

With lid and tone-shutters closed—a completely concealed musical instrument, serving as a handsome small table.

The tone-shutters are opened or closed by turning this little knob.

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The nearest one of 7500 dealers will place this complete outfit in your home on free trial, giving you an opportunity to combine an evening's entertainment with a thorough demonstration, and guaranteeing the outfit to be exactly as advertised or money refunded.

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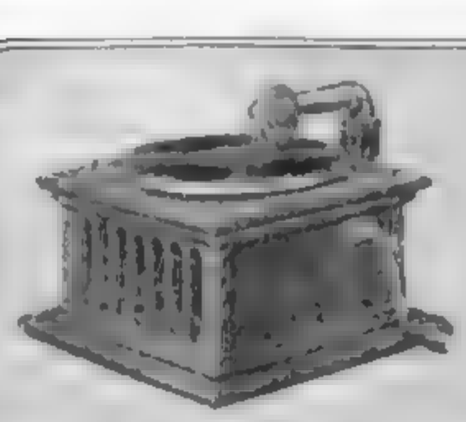
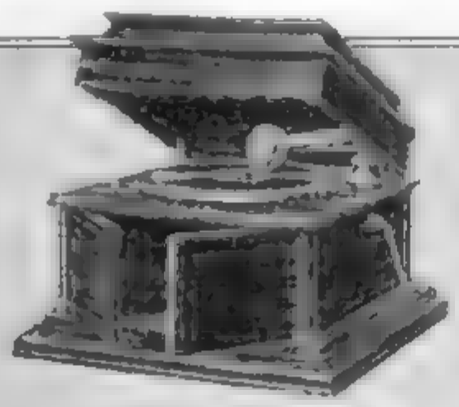
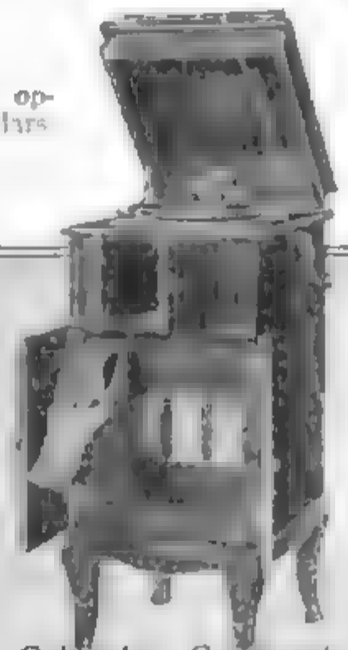
Dealers Everywhere, but the fast-increasing Columbia demand affords splendid opportunities for ***MORE DEALERS.*** Write in for trade particulars. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



Columbia Hornless Graphophone "Lyric"—$25



Columbia Grafonola "Favorite"—$50



Columbia Grafonola "Nonpareil"—$150

Columbia Grafonola "Regent"—$200

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First announcement of the *tone-shutters*, replacing the two small doors, and providing more sightly, more effective and more convenient control of tone-volume.

By turning the small knob, it is easy to partly or completely close the tone-shutters at the opening of the sound-chamber, regulating the *volume* of music without affecting its tonal integrity.

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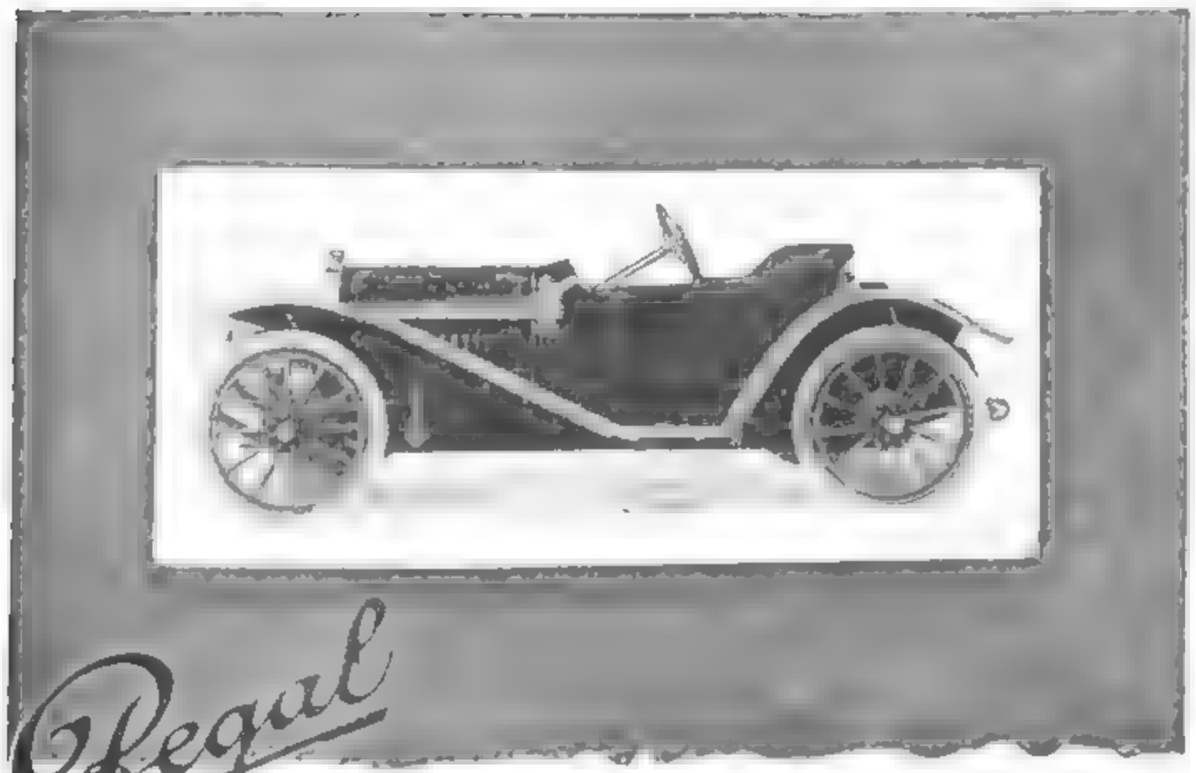

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In Every Sense of The Word

A "Perfect" Roadster—$900

BUILT on an "exclusive" chassis. Exclusively designed as a Roadster—every inch of it.

Looks "more" of a Roadster than nine-tenths of the cars sold as such, because "Underslung" construction and its graceful lines are remarkably adapted for Beauty, Comfort and

Speed. Fast enough to give you sixty miles and over without trying, but—

Safe, because "Underslung" construction carries the ***load*** close to the ***road*** with as much

Clearance as the ordinarily constructed car.

In Every Sense of the Word—"Perfect"

That is why it has "outsold" all others.

Specifications: Motor 25 H. P.; 3¾ x 4½; Wheel Base, 100 inches; Magneto and Batteries (dual ignition); Transmission (Selective); Hyatt Roller Bearings throughout Transmission and Axle; Three Speeds Forward, one Reverse; Morgan & Wright Tires, 32 x 3½; Standard Equipment; Five Lamps; Generator; Horn; Complete Tool Equipment. (Folding Glass Windshield and Mohair Top and Top Boot $50 extra.)

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Buy by name—Please ask your dealer for your choice—either

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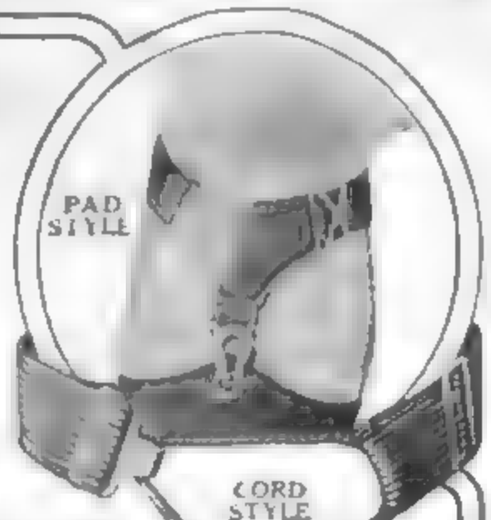
Velvet Grip



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Every Pair Guaranteed

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Also makers of the famous Velvet Grip Hose Supporter for women and children.

Inner Secrets of a Real-Estate Broker's Rise

(Continued from Page 17)

landscape was an ideal spot for a bleachery and that such a plant was even then contemplated. Within a year the home-lover was looking down into a belching chimney!

"Here, then, were two typical instances in which brokers had the power to guide and educate. These brokers, like many another, bartered away their chances to attain power and profit in their communities. As a result of such deals hundreds of real-estate men go about branded without realizing it. Then they wonder why shrewd operators always go round the corner to some other real-estate office when a big deal is on.

"Of course the owner who has bought undesirable property wants to unload, and he is always able to find a broker to help him. There will always be sellers and brokers of that sort. As for me, I want none of such business. When a man has been 'stung' I advise him to take his loss and next time to hunt up a dependable broker before he plunges.

"There is little satisfaction trying to educate the seller who sets out deliberately to swindle somebody; but there's a lot of satisfaction in educating men either sellers or buyers—who are led astray merely by their own lack of knowledge. Here is the golden field for the real-estate man. The owner can be taught to handle his property so that it pays a normal revenue and the purchaser can be shown the pitfalls that lurk in his path.

"I have often seen property rendered practically worthless through the ignorance of owners. On the other hand, I have repeatedly doubled the income on rental property by changing the class of tenants, or by alterations, or by the acquirement and improvement of adjacent property. One business building, for instance, stood vacant a year because it was out of date for merchandising purposes. When I took charge of the estate I sent a man out to investigate the requirements of various trades, with the idea of finding a class of tenants that might be colonized. We learned that a number of small concerns working in hairgoods, feathers, and the like, were dissatisfied with their conditions and willing to move. Some alterations in the vacant building were made and it became loft property that was fully taken within a few months. In net returns it became a very valuable holding. Moreover, it gave the neighborhood a personality that increased the value of the property adjacent. This sort of service—and there are a hundred variations through which it may operate—measures the value of the broker and agent."

The Need of Legal Knowledge

"Before the real-estate man can educate others, however, he must educate himself. Once a client sent me to another state to investigate a proposed purchase. The local broker, I found, could tell me practically nothing about special-assessment procedure, tax limitation or other things vitally important. What sort of advice, then, had he been giving his clients? Once I heard of a blind man who helped a lame man across the street. An automobile came along and knocked them both down, and after a while the lame man sued the blind man for damages. The latter resisted the suit on the ground that the plaintiff knew a blind man was leading him. The judge threw the case out of court, declaring that both were fools.

"Whichever way I turn in the real-estate field I see a blind broker helping a lame owner across the street. I can't recall an instance, however, in which a blind broker ever retired with a bank account big enough to support him. I've known a few who had mahogany-trimmed offices for a while, but the mahogany belonged to somebody else.

"Even before I had gone far with my first selling campaign, I saw that I was very short on real-estate law. To correct this defect I took a year's course of lectures in an evening law school. Here I discovered some astonishing things about contracts; about the relations of landlord and tenant, and broker and principal; about estates from marriage and inheritance; about titles and mortgages—and a hundred other points that affect real estate.

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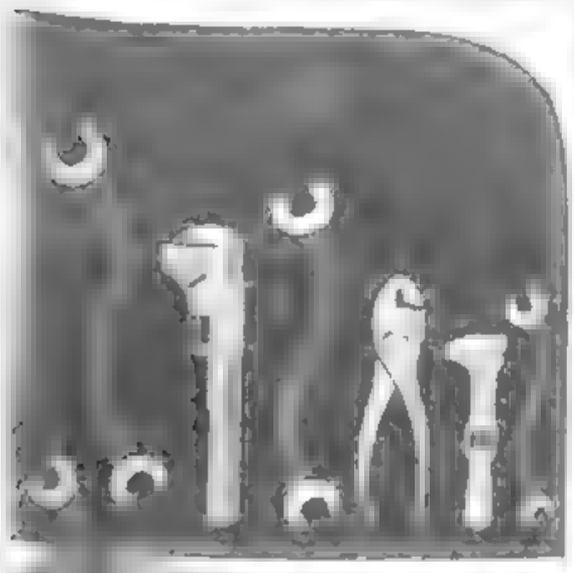

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"The tools that are guaranteed"

Contains just the tools that the motorist needs while on the road—compactly arranged in a well-made, durable canvas bag. Individual compartments prevent the tools from rattling, marring or scratching.

All are drop-forged of high-grade steel, properly hardened, and carefully assembled, insuring strength and easy action.

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AGENTS

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You know a vast number of situations and complications have arisen in the past, and have been decided by the courts and set down as established rules. Yet today brokers and owners are drifting on the same old rocks because they don't know how to navigate.

"I can put my finger right now on brokers who can't tell you the definition of 'constructive eviction,' or the meaning of a condemnation clause, or the legal situation that arises when a purchaser takes possession before the delivery of the deed. Very few owners know these things either. I knew one investor who secured an option on a piece of property which the vendor refused to sell when the time came. The announcement of extensive business improvements in the vicinity had made the property much more valuable. When the purchaser attempted to enforce the sale in court it developed that the option was void through the failure of the broker to specify some of the minor details of the proposed terms of sale. Thus the customer lost a hundred thousand dollars' profit and the broker lost his fee.

"You see, there are plenty of people who are glad to avail themselves of the knowledge and skill of the reliable real-estate expert. In the United States, for instance, there are pretty nearly a million widows with more or less property. Widows are rich plunder for crooks. For twenty years I've been a widows' man. I have a good many widows on my list who've grown wealthy during my administration of their affairs, and there isn't one who's grown poorer.

"Please understand me however. No ordinary real-estate methods will bring you this class of business. You can't sell one woman a gold brick today and expect to see a lot of women come up in their automobiles tomorrow."

The Real Estate of the Future

"I don't know of any other business that offers competent men without capital such opportunities—and I don't know of any other safe investment that offers the opportunity presented by real estate; but you can't handle real estate on a wrong basis and make a success of it, any more than you can handle drygoods or machinery. That's where most people blunder. The real-estate man is hedged in on every side by people who might be his customers yet they run away when they see him coming. They prefer to keep their money in the bank, or hidden away in a vault or a chest. They don't trust the real-estate chaps and they haven't the judgment to buy safely on their own account.

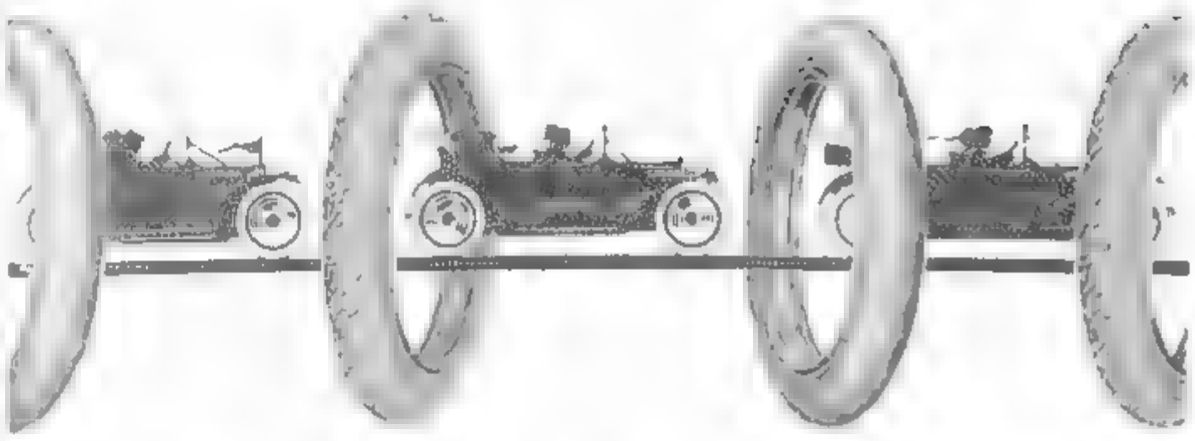
"Of course the mediocre, dishonest, short-sighted brokers will always be with us. You'll find plenty of them ten years from now and you'll find plenty of people who'll howl that real estate is a snare; but this doesn't alter the fact that the market for real estate is growing fast, and is bound to grow faster as the population increases and communities grow. The broker who sets out to do an honest business has plenty of work awaiting him. The harder he digs the more woodchucks he is sure to find. When I walk or ride about New York I speculate on the changes the next generation will bring. New York must expand—the people must get further away from their business. This means, for one thing, astonishing markets for the real-estate men. Suburban New York has scarcely begun to feel itself.

"What is true of New York is relatively true of other centers. The next few decades will witness vast changes in the mode of life of our city people. Suburban traffic will be revolutionized and the overflow will fill valley and hill.

"Then the coming of modern ideas and quick-traffic facilities mean ever-growing opportunities for the real-estate man in the country. A great many of these country brokers don't see their chance. I know one who did. He sent his boys to an agricultural school and then established them on a small experimental farm near his town. The things those boys accomplished opened the eyes of the whole countryside to the possibilities of the land thereabout. The broker suddenly found a most extraordinary market for farms that had lain dormant a lifetime!

"You see, success often lies at a man's door; but success is timid and it has to be coaxed before it'll come in."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The sixth will appear in an early issue.



What You Get for the Difference of About 5% in the Price of

"Firestone" TIRES

THE superiority of Firestone Tires has been proven so conclusively in speedway contests, road races and every day service, that many motorists believe they cost much more than ordinary tires. True, the extra value that quality always commands is there, but Firestone methods of manufacture enable a low selling price.

For Instance—

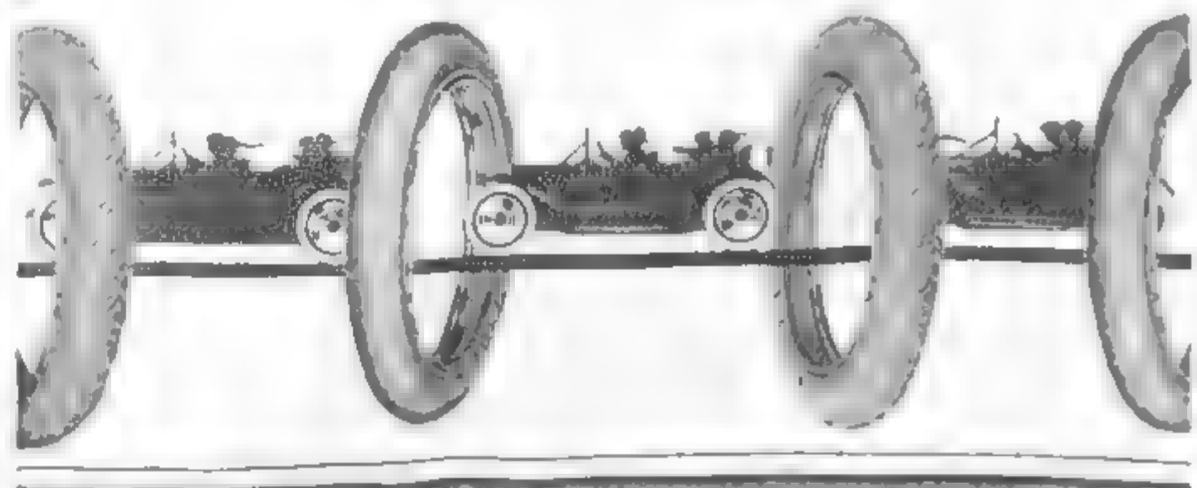
[redacted] newest of tire building are found in the world—completed last year, and [redacted] made tire but Firestone methods limit each workman to the utmost efficiency in each tire;—the enormous [redacted] never been accompanied by any short-cut [redacted] to a tensile strength of at least 300 lbs.;—less [redacted] enough for Firestone Tires [redacted] quality of [redacted] most durable known, and the most expensive to produce [redacted] devoted exclusively to perfection in tire manufacture [redacted]

In short, the Firestone way of getting extra mileage *out of* a tire is to build extra mileage *into* it;—and the best investment in tires today is the mileage you buy for that 5 per cent difference in price over tires made the ordinary way.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio, and All Principal Cities



Kenyon
Ken-reign
COATS
are widely distributed, because they are carefully-designed from advanced styles of London and Paris to the New York taste.
Under the KENYON label, you can buy any type of outer garment from a Great Coat to a Motor Duster.
The KENREIGN rain-proofing secures the addition of protection in all weathers, as well as preserving the appearance and life of the fabrics.
Moderately priced ($5 to $45), no article of apparel is so deservedly popular.
Sold by Reliable Dealers Everywhere
C. Kenyon Company
New York Fifth Ave. Bldg., At B'way & 23rd St.
(Wholesale Salesrooms)
Chicago Corner Jackson and Fifth

MANY novices in the delightful art of photography become dissatisfied with their work because they do not use the finest camera and film and paper that may be secured for the amount they spend for their initial outfit—just as beginners in music become discouraged when they practice on an instrument of indifferent quality. The theory that "anything is good enough to learn on" is costly and wrong. Because of this

The Superb

ANSCO

Camera has been produced by the makers of 98 per cent of the professional cameras made in the United States during the past 60 years.

It has been simplified so that *you* (if you have never photographed) may use it as easily as if it did not possess professional quality.

Ansco Film will make pictures that are sharp, clear, and of rich and correct color value, and Cyko paper, from the same factories, is used by the most noted amateur and professional photographers in this country. Cyko is the prize-winner at all photographic exhibitions.

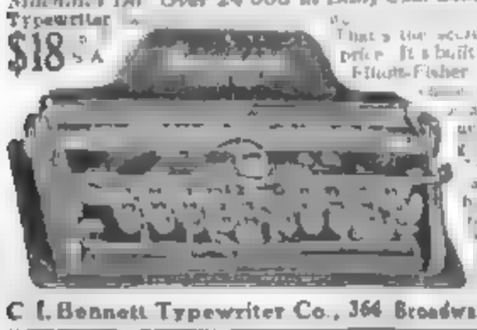
Twenty Styles of Ansco Cameras, $2 to $55, are shown in our catalog, "The Settled Fact." Elbert Hubbard has published a preachment, "Snap Shots and Education." We shall be glad to send both to you.

Independent dealers everywhere sell Ansco products. Let us put you in touch with your nearest Ansco dealer.

ANSCO COMPANY
Binghamton, N. Y.

New Typewriter $18 U.S.A.

A Remarkable Typewriter, Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does All that Higher Priced Machines Do. Over 24 000 in Daily Use. Bennett Portable Typewriter $18 U.S.A.



That's the secret of our low price. It's built in the famous Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine. [illegible] Agts Proposition.

C. F. Bennett Typewriter Co., 364 Broadway, New York

CORNELL COTTAGES

CORNELL Cottages, Garages, Churches, School Houses, and Portable Buildings of every kind are built in sectional units

Cornell Portable Buildings are better and less in price than home made. They are water and weather proof. Painted inside and out, colors of your selection. Illustrated Art Catalog, 4c stamps, tells more.

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO.
413 Lehigh St., Ithaca, N.Y.

Never Sleep on a Sagging Spring
It's Uncomfortable and Unhealthful

For Your
Comfort and Health Sleep
on a Foster "IDEAL" Spring

They are made to help refresh the tired and weary. With the Foster "IDEAL" Spring the night's sleep is more refreshing, because the Spring conforms to the body, gently supporting it in a natural, healthful position.

There is no sagging or rolling to the center, even with persons of unequal weight.

Foster IDEAL Springs

are sold on Thirty Nights' Free Trial. They are guaranteed for life. Cost but little more than the ordinary kind. They are made plain or upholstered, for metal or wood bedsteads.

Send for our new book, "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep" It is a book full of interest.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
140 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
20 Buchanan and Broadway St. Louis Mo.
Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Wide Awake Facts About Sleep

This plate on the genuine.

Sleep on the Foster IDEAL Spring
It's Hygienic and Healthful

WHIPPEN

(Continued from Page 15)

he meant to do; he meant to force the best people into his store. That really was the heart of his big idea. And he knew exactly how this could be done. The only question was how to do it with the capital at his disposal.

Whippen didn't know there was a science of advertising. He didn't know that there were advertising bureaus and men who had given their life to the work. Even if he had, it is doubtful whether he would have used them, for it was his habit to do things in his own way. So he bent his energies to this new task. Whippen had a knack of simplifying problems. He asked himself what he wished to accomplish and then made for that goal in a straight line. In this case he wished to reach the best people and force upon their attention the fact that his candy cost more than any other candy in the world. It was clear then that he must use the mediums read by them. To make this selection was after all only a matter of common-sense. It was as easy to recognize the best papers as it was the best people. He picked out three dailies and two weeklies and sought their advertising managers. Without bravado he talked big. He wanted plenty of space and he was willing to make a six months' contract. He told them that he was about to place upon the market the highest-priced candy that was ever sold. His factory and his lease of the finest store on the best street were vouchers for his responsibility. His personality and his enthusiasm did the rest. He secured his rates and secured his contracts. Then he wrote his advertisement. For the dailies, to run morning and evening for a week, he wrote the following—to be placed in the center of a three-column space:

WHIPPEN'S

THE HIGHEST-PRICED CANDY IN THE WORLD
ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF THE POUND
NEVER CHEAPER

543 —— STREET

For the weeklies he simplified this even more. Here he used just this:

WHIPPEN'S

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF THE POUND

543 —— STREET

Lacoureur had at work in his factory three nieces who were extremely pretty. Whippen borrowed them for his store. They were very French, and when gowned in the costume he had had made for them, patterned after a picture he had seen, they were very attractive in appearance. They were naturally dainty, and in their old-fashioned gowns and immaculate white aprons made three as pretty pictures as you would ask to see.

On October the fourth the store was ready and stocked with Lacoureur's finest creations; on October fourth several thousands of the best people of the great metropolis were confronted with Whippen's blunt announcement; on October fourth the doors of the new establishment were opened by Whippen himself; on October fourth the three pretty nieces stood ready to serve all who might enter. As for Whippen, he paced up and down upon the other side of the street and watched the best people as they passed before his door. It was at eleven-fifteen by his watch that he saw the first customer pause at the windows, look in and then enter. He himself crossed the street and entered. The man was looking over his wares. He saw him select five pounds, saw him gaze admiringly at one of the pretty nieces as she did up the package in the signed wrapper, saw him toss a bill upon the counter. Marie made change and handed him back what was left. He stared at it a moment.

"Say, these must be good!" he exclaimed.

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

And he went out.

Now the encouraging thing about that first week was that though the sales were small, they increased day by day. On Saturday Whippen sold fifty pounds. He was well satisfied. During the second week Whippen ran the following advertisement:

IF HE DOESN'T BUY YOU WHIPPEN'S HE DOESN'T BUY THE BEST
A DOLLAR AND A HALF THE POUND

On the whole Whippen liked that line better than any he had devised. It

Magnetism in Star Blades

This photograph shows two Star blades held together by their own magnetic attraction. Magnetism adds life and elasticity to the cutting edge. Star blades are hand forged — hollow ground — perfectly tempered — heavy like a barber's razor.

Other reasons for the

STAR
Safety Razor

popularity is a perfect frame with self-adjusting blade clips, large lather cup hinged for easy cleaning. Nothing to unscrew.

Buy one! Most good dealers sell them from $1.50 to $15.00. If it does not give you the most pleasant shave you ever had we will refund your money cheerfully.

Write for booklet—it has much interesting information

KAMPFE BROS.
8-12 Reade St., New York

American Boy

SUMMER COMFORT and good every-day service are what a boy gets out of "American Boy" Outing shoes. Mens "Ease" Elk, the upper leather, is unusually soft and pliable but still very tough and strong. Soles are Chrome, flexible as a rubber tire. Noted for their glove fit and their honest construction throughout. Also made in the Mens Ease for men. *Name always on sole and yellow label.*

Mens "Ease"
6 to 11 . $3.00
"American Boy"
1 to 5½ — $2.50
10 to 13½ — $2.00

CATALOG "C" illustrates all heights Mens "Ease" and "American Boy"

Our specialties are every day shoes in all heights for men and boys. One is called the Mens 'Ease', the other 'American Boy' and both have earned a reputation for service and comfort.

WRITE FOR CATALOG. [illegible] sample of Mens "Ease" [illegible]

Menzies Shoe Co. Makers Detroit, Mich.

BOYS! This Ball Glove and The Boys' Magazine (6 months) 50c

Edited by WALTER CAMP [illegible]

[illegible] leather [illegible] Outfits [illegible] factory or money refunded. Order today

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 446 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news stands 10c a copy

Smoke Talk No. 6

Your nerves are wiser

than your brain when they rebel against that heavy, oily Havana tobacco. Don't wait for your physician to order you to mild cigars. Smoke Havana blended with light domestic leaf—the

Robt. Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM since 1857

Ask your Doctor

14 ft. Hydroplane, Equipped with 6 H.P. 2 cyl. Gray Motor, Speed 16 to 17 miles per hour.

6 H P ... $114

Immediate delivery ... Largest Plant in the World Devoted Exclusively to the Manufacture of 2-cycle Motors.

3 H P ... $55

WRITE TODAY FOR BIG ENGINE BOOK

GRAY MOTOR CO. 6126 Motors Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL ... home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our ... the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal-keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made, until after we send you an EMERSON. YOU CAN EARN ONE for a slight service, with ... cent. We will mail you names of people ... wn or state who have recently earned ... at cost, or you may exchange your ... have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY. Liberal reward for your spare time. ... Write ... on a postal card or ... a letter to ... office.

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS

The stropper ... any razor ... Guaranteed for life

... old-style ... safety ...

A. Brandt Cutlery Co. 61 Hudson St. N. Y.

expressed exactly the fact he wished to establish. He wanted her to understand that unless she received Whippen's, she wasn't getting the best. Manifestly Whippen's was the best because it cost a dollar and a half a pound. Even if she couldn't detect the difference, it was clear that no swain was gallant to his utmost who didn't buy Whippen's. Admitting that it was an extravagance, was it not by extravagant methods that a man expressed his regard? Extravagant speech, extravagant flowers, extravagant seats at the theater, extravagant dinners, extravagant candies—they were all silent evidences of an extravagant esteem. If she didn't get Whippen's she didn't get the best. That was an end of the matter. Whippen was determined that every woman in the great metropolis should know that. He used the theater programs; he used the women's journals; he made special terms with the best hotels to serve Whippen's candies and no others. In two months there wasn't a lovesick youth in the city with the energy to lay aside a dollar and a half who hadn't bought a pound of Whippen's. The sales increased by leaps and bounds. The store on Saturdays was a study in the gentle passion. And the candies made good, you understand. If they were no better they were just as good -plus the prestige Whippen had established for them. This prestige the best people were not only willing but glad to pay for. It gave them one more opportunity to display the fact that they bought only the best of everything. Whippen really deserved their gratitude for so advertising the price of his product that one had only to breathe "Whippen's" for every one to understand that it cost one dollar and a half the pound.

Whippen's career was unusual in that it never received a setback. This was because his enterprise was founded on a great truth. At the end of six months Whippen installed a soda fountain. He charged twenty cents a glass for mixtures that cost him less than five. He received it because it was served at Whippen's, which as all the city by that time had learned stood for the highest price. Lacoureur was working day and night trying to keep pace with Whippen. It was impossible. He said as much to Whippen one day. "We must enlarge our plant," he suggested. Right here is where Whippen again proved his genius.

"No," he answered. "We'd better let well enough alone."

"But we could sell twice as much."

"Easy as rolling off a log," answered Whippen. "But we don't want to. We are making money enough, and what's the use of cheapening our product?"

Whippen has held steadfastly to this rule. That's why you can't order Whippen's by mail; that's why you can't buy it outside the great metropolis; that's why every visitor to the great metropolis takes home a box of Whippen's. That, in turn, is why Whippen's business is permanent.

Whippen goes back and forth to his fine estate in Centerville in a Limousine now. Lacoureur spends at least three months a year in Paris. It was after his return from his first trip that Lacoureur was all for establishing stores in Paris and London, but Whippen shook his head.

"We couldn't do this anywhere else on earth," he declared. "If people want Whippen's they must come to Whippen's."

So there the matter rests. It's rather hard on those who live outside the great metropolis, because every one now knows, of course, that "if he doesn't buy her Whippen's he doesn't buy the best." And there is at least one crisis in every man's life when he doesn't like to be thought mean.

A Pot Shot

A MAN who today is one of the biggest lawyers in California, physically and professionally, was defending his first case—a man charged with murder. The victim of the crime was a farmer, who had held several offices. The only eye-witness, a half-witted boy, was on the stand.

"Did he say anything when he was shot?" asked the lawyer.

"Uh-huh," replied the boy.

"Did you say anything in the presence of this defendant?"

"Uh-huh."

"What did you say?"

"I says: 'There! A road overseer, school trustee, constable, justice of the peace an' supervisor—all gone to hell in one pop!'"

A Better Day's Profits

ONE COPY FREE IF You fill out COUPON

Three out of every four Retailers who tried to figure out the simple problem given below got it wrong.

Wholesale price	*$1.00*
Cost of doing business . .	*22%*
Retailer's profit	*10%*
Retail selling price	*?*

Basing your percentages on selling price, the answer is not $1.32

Inability to compute profits correctly is only one source of loss to the retailer.

There are a dozen other holes through which your profits leak. Find them—and how to stop them—by getting this book.

For instance, one Retailer followed the common sense method advised in this book increasing his total profit nearly 400% in a single year without raising prices.

He learned the lines that paid, and those that didn't.

He learned the cost of conducting each department, where the losses crept in, where each clerk stood in sales and profit.

He abandoned guesswork methods and put his store on a scientific, money-making basis.

He made himself a bigger business man—a bigger factor in his community—through the aid of Burroughs Systems and a

BURROUGHS Bookkeeping Machine

There are retailers who state they would not be without their Burroughs machine and the service that goes with it for thousands of dollars. If your business or your profit is not what it should be, it will cost about a minute of time and a two-cent stamp to send in the coupon and find out how others in your line have solved the same problems.

We make adding and listing machines, listing and non-listing calculating machines—86 different models in 492 combinations of features—$150 to $950, easy payments if desired

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your book, "A Better Day's Profits," for Retailers.

My Name

Position

Firm Name

Address

NOTE—Unless this coupon is filled out, it will be necessary to write for the book.

MOVING WEST?

... Household Goods ship them at Reduced Rates ... Cars, avoiding transfer, ... ern States. Write today for colored maps and information.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
805 Bedford Bldg., Chicago. 29 Broadway, New York
1004 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brand. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and ...

CASH ... or express. We send full value the day goods are received and if our offer is not satisfactory, we return the ... We also sell diamonds, watches, jewelry at half the usual price. ¼ ct. genuine diamond $... Write for catalog showing 1000 bargains. Bank reference ... 1890.
Liberty Refining Co. 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEST STORIES FROM ALL THE WORLD — STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL

MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 67, Indianapolis

An easy way to keep tools sharp

is with a PIKE INDIA Oilstone—the only sharpening stone that *cuts fast*, yet *holds its shape* almost indefinitely *without grooving*. More than that, if properly oiled, the PIKE INDIA *positively will not glaze*.

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

The only line that includes every sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each best for some sharpening purpose.

PIKE INDIA is made of Alundum, a wonderful ... that's called great ... In all ... and sizes—and ... with ... exactness of ... Guarantee—... PIKE ... How to Sharpen ... Sent Free

Pike Indio Penknife Stone, 1¾ x 1 x ⅜ in., 15c.

Sold by hardware and tool dealers everywhere or sent direct

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO. 3 Main Street, Pike, N. H.

IF you issue Booklets or Circulars, let us send you this beautiful Specimen Book. It shows how you can add ten to fifty per cent. to the selling power of your printed matter by using this velvety, lustreless, halftone paper.

CAMEO PAPER

White or Sepia—for Printing

Enriches illustrations, deepens halftones, dignifies type

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY

Makers of the Best In Staple Lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers

162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 23)

"I didn't quarrel with him!" as indignantly denied Bezzanna.

They were silent a while, for they heard voices below the rock; and when the voices had retreated Bezzanna, her gaze fixed moar fully on the fleecy clouds hovering over the king's palace far to the north, observed longingly.

"I want to go home!"

"It seems years since we've come to this poky old place, with nothing but grand dinners and music and balls, and lawn parties and games, and silly love-making —— Why, Teddy says I won't know the place when I get home!"

"They're cheating me," said Bezzanna brokenly. "Jimmy sent me over that lovely present of a toothbrush and tooth-powder, to use in place of old hemp twists and charcoal—and that delicious vase of lilac toilet water. But think of it, Toopy—I wasn't there to see how they made them!"

Toopy, after a hasty reconnaissance to make sure that the coast was clear, supported her chin on her hands and tapped her daintily shod toes alternately on the rock.

"They've been stringing [illegible] copper threads across the valley on queer [illegible] poles for days now," she complained. "The men say it's for a telephone—a thing you can talk into and make Teddy or any one hear you, even if they are 'way up in the palace. I want to see a telephone."

"I'm going home," announced Bezzanna firmly, rising impulsively to her feet. "Golly Moses, my knees and elbows hurt!"

"What did you say?" puzzled Toopy. "Oh, I know—it's American. I'm going home too."

"You quarreled with Teddy," severely reproved Bezzanna. "I'll bet you abused him shamefully!"

"What difference does that make?" scorned Toopy. "He'll be so glad to see me he'll apologize for everything I said to him. Golly Moses!"

"Now what?" demanded Bezzanna as Toopy suddenly sat down. "Did they see us?"

"Yes," pouted Toopy.

"Then we may just as well stand up," reasoned Bezzanna—"or, rather, we'll meet them. We're going home anyhow." And, gathering up their cups and their straws and her own precious cake of soap in its golden box, Bezzanna entered airily upon the descent of the jagged and irregular steps, followed by the submissive Toopy.

"Here you are!" shouted Huppylac, meeting them at the turn behind the big boulder. "We're all going for a ride to Sky Lake before dinner."

"Sorry; but we can't," refused Bezzanna sweetly. "We have to see to our packing up. We're going home."

"Nonsense! This is to be the biggest night of all," objected Onalyon, looking scared as he brushed past Huppylac to help Bezzanna; and, the steps being particularly rough at that point and hard on dainty sandals, he picked that young lady up and carried her. Whereupon Huppylac, though his bones creaked, attempted to follow suit; but Toopy, furious at the indignity, wriggled from his arms and sat down flat and screamed.

Huppylac, attempting to laugh as lightly as ever, stooped to pick her up as she was; and in the struggle which ensued both of them tumbled from the steps and rolled down the hill. The prince released his own burden and scrambled after them to render assistance if any should be needed; whereupon Bezzanna, who saw they were not hurt and who had treated this whole incident with the haughty iciness which refuses to lower its dignity by a struggle, walked round to the front of the boulder with all the majesty of which her five-feet-four was capable—and then, being out of sight of the principals in the comedy, ran all the way to the palace, dashed into her rooms, clapped her hands for the maids and began hauling finery out of the cabinets.

Suddenly, needing the space on her table, she found there a small, flat wooden box with a hinged lid. Opening it, she pulled out straw until she came to a very heavy slab of something wrapped in a fine linen cloth, on which was marked in silver paint: "From Jimmy."

She shrieked for joy when she slipped off the cover and found herself looking at the pink, oval cheeks, the moistened brown

A New Product of the
NATIONAL RUBBER CO.

TIRENEW TRADE MARK

Protects Tires From
Water—Oil—Light

Tirenew is a [illegible] of automobile tires—a liquid unvulcanized rubber coating, made of pure [illegible] gum—will not flake, rub or wash off—wears like rubber.

Tires have an inner framework of heavy cotton fabric and a rubber coating which takes the wear of the road. The tires, in service, become a mass of cuts through which moisture enters, causing the fabric to rot. Tirenew will flow into these cuts and crevices, water-[illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible]

Tirenew will also make the tires look bright and new, and will give the entire car a well-groomed appearance.

Send us $1.00 and your dealer's name [illegible]

Accept No Substitutes

[illegible]

Dealers' Notice:

The demand for Tirenew is [illegible] write. If you [illegible] not stocked up to supply your trade, go to your jobber or write to us for price-list and terms.

Manufactured only by

NATIONAL RUBBER CO.
4402 Papin Street
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

A QUARTER CENTURY BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Over Five Million Free Samples Given Away Each Year.

The Constant and Increasing Sales From Samples Proves the Genuine Merit of

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease"

Shake Into Your Shoes

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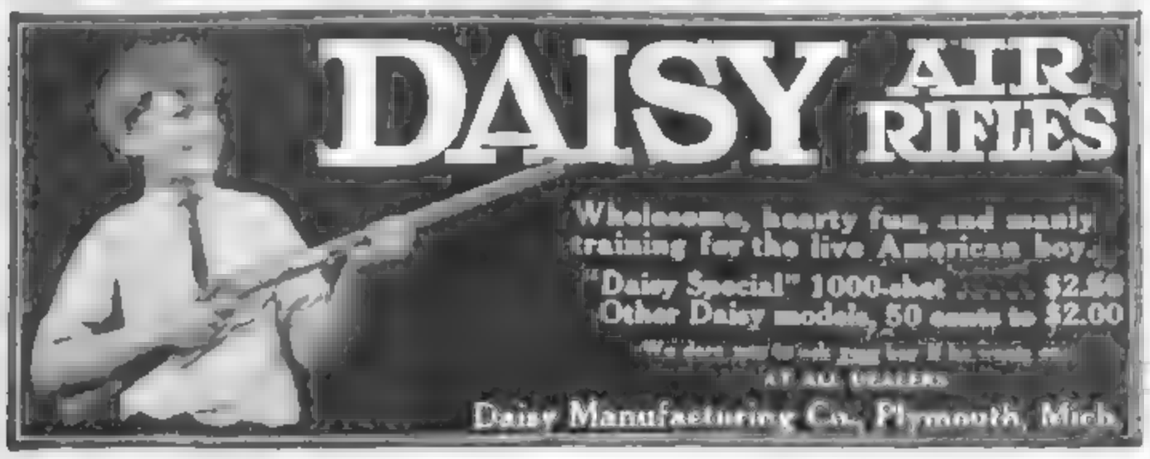

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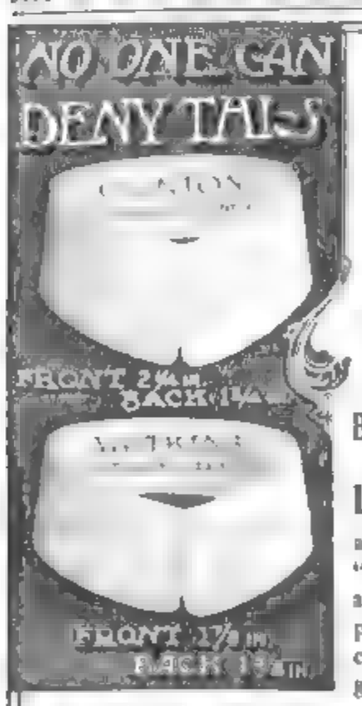

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eyes and the waving brown hair of the beautiful Princess Bezzanna! She had never known that she was so really pretty as this charming, richly tinted face she saw in the clear depths of the bevel-edged mirror backed with red cloth, which the wonderful Jimmy had sent her!

Later on, her aunt Gee-gee, a comfortably plump woman, with a laughing face but rather thoughtful eyes, found her there with two maids, vigorously packing.

"What are you doing, child?" inquired her aunt, prepared for anything, for she had been with Bezzanna since the latter's childhood. "The prince is asking for you."

"I'm going home," explained Bezzanna promptly, placing her soap and her toothpowder and her toilet water and her mirror in a separate place, to be packed last.

Aunt Gee-gee, whose name, before Bezzanna had mutilated it, had been one of soft and gracious sound, sat down and thought the matter over carefully.

"Are you quite sure you have a right to do so?" she inquired.

"Why not?" demanded Bezzanna, folding some daintily embroidered linen underfrocks herself for fear the maids would not do it properly. "I am the Princess Bezzanna!" She laughed as she delivered that bit of quiet sarcasm, for in the big things of life she had no choice. In little things like this, however, she intended to have her way.

"It is for that very reason I am afraid you must stay, without better authority than yours or mine to go. I have an idea this grand fête of Prince Onalyon's has some political significance; and the fact that your brother has granted his permission for you to be here at all means that he would prefer you to be here."

The two maids were just going out for another packing case, and Bezzanna waited until they had closed the door after them; then she sat down in front of her aunt and clasped one knee in her interlocked fingers.

"I know all about the political significance of this party," she declared, to her aunt's gasping surprise. "Prince Onalyon wants to marry me; and if he can't do that he intends to be king anyhow. If I were my brother I wouldn't come near the place—and I wouldn't let me stay here. I don't think he knows how the prince is talking to the rest of the nobles every day and getting them so friendly that they'll plug for him. I'm going home."

"Child, you must not!" protested her aunt, thoroughly frightened. "You do not know what damage you might do by leaving without your brother's consent."

"I'm going home," insisted Bezzanna, but her voice faltered and suddenly she sank on the floor and buried her head in her aunt's lap. "I don't want to be a princess!" she wailed.

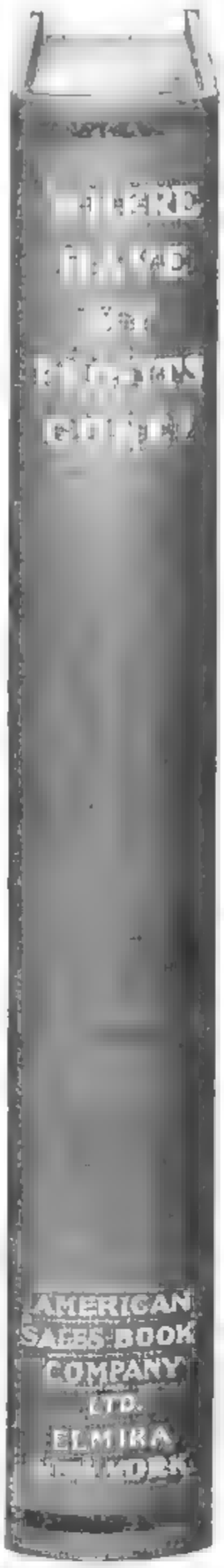
"I know," responded her aunt. "I am a princess, too, and I am still your aunt Gee-gee—and unmarried."

Bezzanna slipped her arm round her aunt Gee-gee's waist and, drawing closer, snuggled her brown head upon the older woman's shoulder. She had heard before some hint of tragedy in her aunt's life and she wished to show her sympathy, though she somehow felt she should not ask questions.

That night Bezzanna put on her very prettiest robe—the one, by-the-way, Jimmy had so much admired—and, by the remarkable power of transition which she possessed, was the gayest and apparently the happiest, to say nothing of being the prettiest, girl at Onalyon's moonlight party.

Tall iron braziers filled with blazing pineknots dotted the broad lawn at the side of the palace; and amid their streaming yellow flare the full moon shone down upon a laughing concourse deep in the fun of such hilarious lawn games as have insinuated themselves into the life of every nation in the world. The orchestra, hidden among the trees, discoursed the gayest music to be drawn from their instruments; and, in rhythmic movement with the music, gay-colored robes fluttered across the grass and brightly clad gallants pursued their fleeing owners for the payment of a forfeit.

The merriment had attained its height when suddenly, during a lull in the music, the shrieks of laughter died away and Bezzanna, about to elude the halted grasp of Onalyon, turned to see the strangest costume that had ever been worn in Isola. Descending from the terrace to the lawn, in the full flare of the braziers and the full glow of the moon, were three tall and



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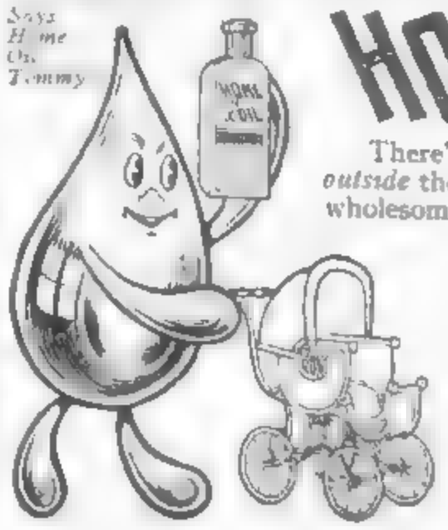

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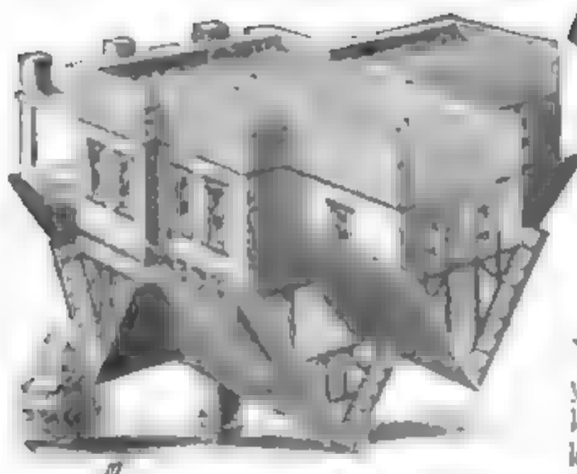

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All three wore splendidly fitting coats cut away in a straight line at the waist, and which dropped behind like the tails of a swallow; and they wore, too, trousers of a slender cut and fit, which explained in a measure why Jimmy Smith had wanted them.

The tall gentleman in the middle wore a brown beard and the gentlemen on each side of him—one an inch taller and the other an inch shorter—were smooth-shaven. All three carried their heads proudly and looked splendidly clean; and when Bezzanna, skimming across the lawn like a streak of violet, leaped into the arms of the king she discerned about him the faint and subtle and delicious fragrance of soap!

"You're a scream!" she exulted as, after kissing Teddy and shaking hands shyly with Jimmy, she stepped back to admire the three nice strangers.

"It's a shriek" admitted the king with pride. "This is to be the official costume of the state receptions of Isola."

"I want to dance with one of you," Bezzanna demanded. "That looks like a glorious costume for a dance. Why, do you know, it lends contrast to the colors of the girls! I wouldn't dance with Onalyon all last night because I was in pink and he was in an ugly red. Come on, everybody; let's go up on the terrace and dance."

The king had not danced, except in the most formal ceremonials, since the recent death of the queen. Bezzanna looked round for Teddy. That tall youth, now on the other side of the lawn, had just succeeded in taking Toopy away from Dymp Haplee by main strength. She looked hesitatingly—and then with mischievous boldness—at Jimmy.

"Won't Jimmy do?" pleaded that handsome young man; and offering his arm he led her up on the terrace.

The scarlet-clad orchestra was already trooping across the lawn—Teddy had seen to that—and Jimmy eyed them with a sudden clutch of fear.

"I don't know what I'm up against in this music," he worried. "Do you waltz?"

"I pass," she laughed. "Is it something to eat?"

"You'll eat it if you get one taste. It goes like this." And, while a place was being made for the musicians and the laughingly excited guests were streaming up on the terrace, Jimmy showed her the waltz step—and she had it while he was still explaining it.

When the music began Jimmy grinned. It wasn't exactly a waltz, but it was soft, flowing music—still with a good swing to it; and one second later Bezzanna was whirling down the center of the long, wide terrace in an absolute heaven of busy delight.

It was a dream! It was a fairyland! It was a paradise! Why, there was no dance in all the category of Isolian joy which could begin to compare with this! And Jimmy Smith, of course, had brought them everything! All the men now carried Jimmy Smith's matches in their pockets, and they each cherished a cake of Jimmy Smith's soap!

Bezzanna felt ashamed of herself. She had fancied Jimmy was clumsy and awkward merely because she had seen him in funny trousers; but now she saw how hideously mistaken she had been. Big, strong man as he was, he moved with the grace and ease of a bird—and dance? Why, he danced divinely!

She looked up at his smooth, clean face with its strong neck and its good jaws, its firm mouth and its clean-cut nose, its clear blue eyes and its finely arched brows, its broad, high forehead and its waving dark hair—and she wondered how any man could wear a beard! Of course it was all right for a grave, sedate man like her brother; but for a live member like Jimmy —— Why, the mere supposition was absurd! And she laughed aloud.

"What's the giggle?" he asked her.

They had been suddenly surrounded by a crush of couples dancing the clumsy old Isolian dances, which were now forever antiquated, and he guided her through the maze with the ease of a man choosing his path in an empty meadow.

"I'm going home!" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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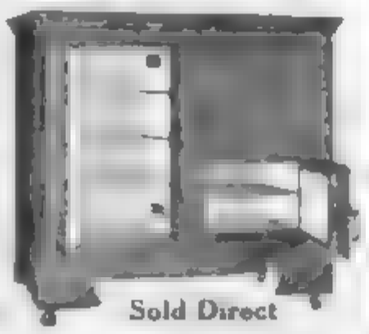

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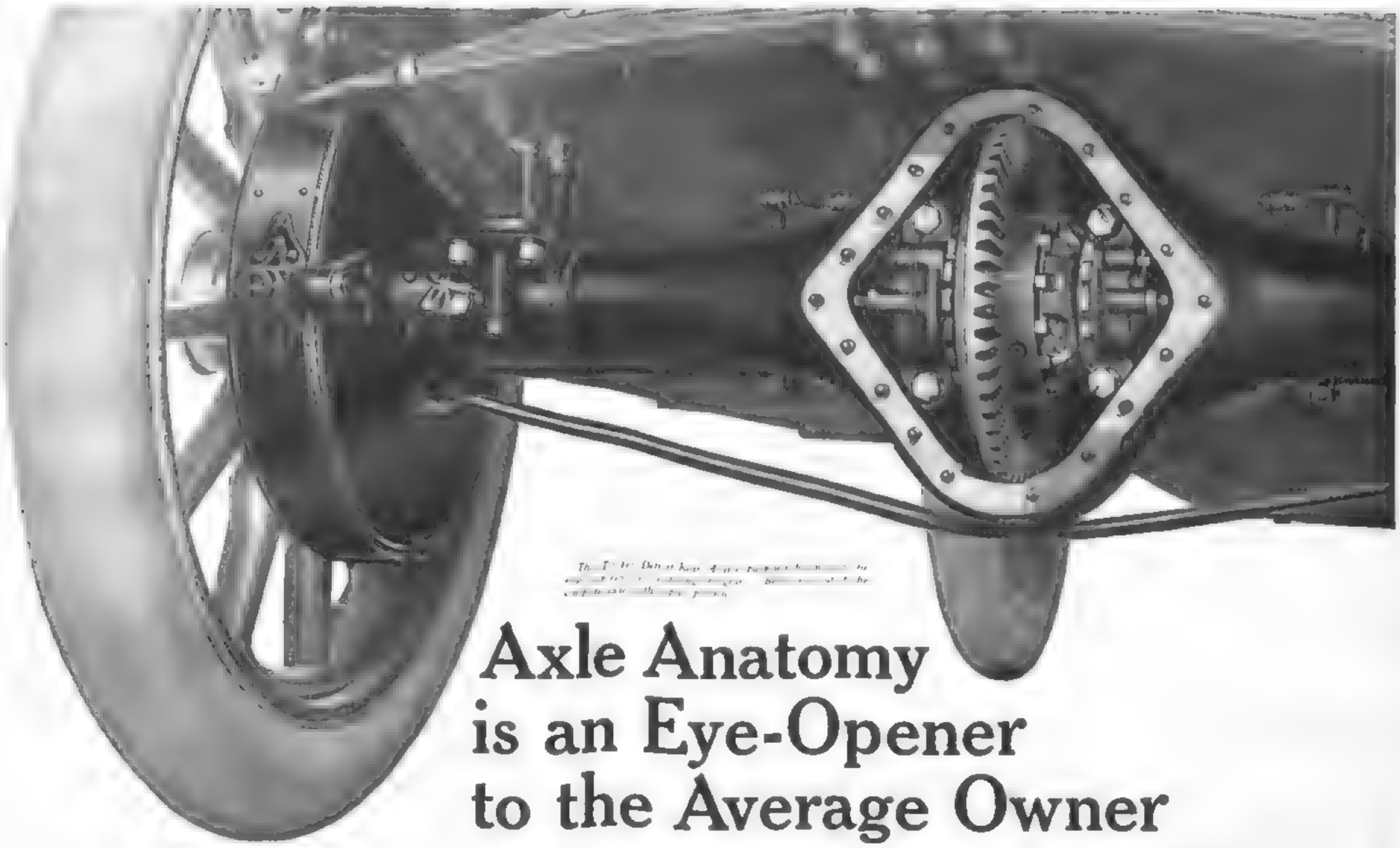

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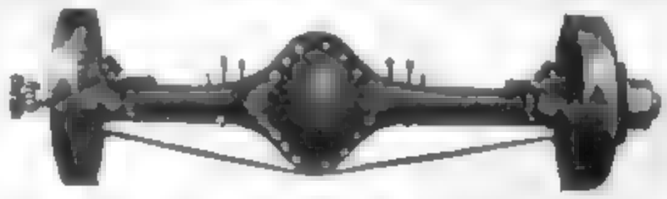

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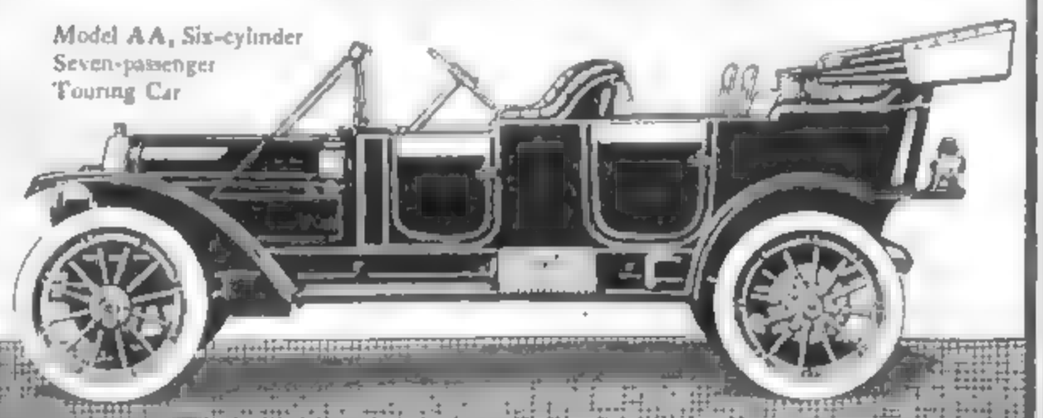

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The Aladdin catalog of 100 houses tells the story. Save 25 to 40 cents
NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.
Bay City, Mich.
ALADDIN READY-CUT HOUSES SAVE MONEY

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE GIRL

Concluded from Page 9

and business has been poor for the last year. He has to support four children younger than Mary, so that he cannot afford to clothe her and give her money for carfare and lunches." Mary leaves school and goes to work for two dollars and a half a week, at a blind-alley job that leads to a maximum of five or six dollars a week and puts a premium on her downfall.

Isn't it possible that some manufacturer could be induced to give Mary and another girl a chance to work on the alternating plan? On a given week Mary would go to the shop and her companion to the school. The next week they would change places. Are there not also thousands of good women in our cities who would take such girls into their homes to work on the same plan? From what we hear we judge that the servant problem could not thereby be made any worse than it is. The school could then give these girls in the alternate weeks a direct training to make them more efficient in their various occupations, conserve their health, train for the homes just ahead, and at the same time open to them the inspiration of literature, art, history, science, language or mathematics, according to their individual tastes and abilities. More valuable, perhaps, than any of these would be the social democracy and the moral and intellectual stimulus that would permeate the spirit of the school as a result of such a practice. Honest labor would be ennobled in the eyes of pupils more fortunately circumstanced, social distinctions would be diminished, and the interests and sympathies of all would be broadened.

Please understand that the above suggestion is not offered as a patent-medicine millennium for our educational and social ills. It is a suggestion. The school should study the problem and find what plan of procedure will in its particular community best meet the needs of this very considerable proportion of girls.

Odds prisms and prunes, Madam President, do you call that education? Well, why not? Can you find a better definition of education than this one by William James: "Education is the organization of acquired habits of action such as will fit the individual to his physical and social environment"? Isn't the public paying its good money to bring to every boy and girl the best possible preparation for the largest life he or she can live? Is there any class of society in greater need of opportunities for the improvement of its condition than the daughters of the poorer families? Is this rank socialism: Every girl should be kept in school until she is at least sixteen years old, and if she must earn her own living should receive technical training that will enable her to earn a living wage?

A Four Years' Course for Women

The introduction of this type of instruction into the high schools would necessitate great care that the brief course aimed directly at wage-earning does not short-circuit the courses giving more complete and more broadly educational advantages. The four years' course is within the means of many thousands of people, particularly in the large cities, who might not understand its immensely greater relative value. The high school can in four years give a pretty thorough training in vocational lines along with the English, history, science and mathematics necessary for a higher type of business service and an intelligent understanding of the world.

The complete course, a unit in itself, planned for those who expect to finish their formal education and their technical training in the high school, is the normal center round which the high school should revolve. There is, to be sure, no particular virtue in four years, but this number has come to be the commonly accepted standard. The school very generally offers ample work to occupy at least an additional year for those who wish it. The girl's high-school days should bring her pretty well through the age of adolescence and should discover to herself her particular aptitudes and possibilities. The course should be broad enough to meet a wide variety of individual needs. It should be adapted to its particular community, which it should furnish with workers trained to habits of promptness, accuracy and perseverance, as applied not only to learning lessons from books, but also to doing tasks with the hand.

If the high school is to do its full duty it must not be satisfied only to conserve health, train for efficiency in the home, and furnish a means of attaining economic independence. It must serve those larger interests of full and complete living which broaden the intellectual horizon, enlarge human sympathies, and bring to its fruition the spiritual awakening that comes in the high-school age. The social and intellectual environment at this critical age should be favorable to a sloughing off of the old, selfish and unsympathetic motivation and the assumption of the racial and altruistic interests so characteristic of the best type of womanhood.

What is the spirit of your girls' high school? First, is it pedagogically honest? Do pupils study from interest or compulsion? Are hard tasks conquered or played with and evaded? Do teachers teach or just hear recitations—or do they lecture? Fine word, that; gives one a sense of affinity with Emerson and the other transcendentalists. Is the education by platoon or by person? Is the course of study or the pupil the first consideration?

For the Progress of the Race

Second, is the school socially democratic? What determines popularity, worth or wealth? Would the fine student in gingham be patronized as a Latin "pony" or entertained as a companion? Do the girls dress like stage pictures or like just girls? Is their hair their own or "the dowery of a second head"? Is there a democracy of all the girls of the school?

The course of study, as frequently suggested above, must be so administered as to be easily adaptable to individual needs. It should provide Latin, Greek, German, French, mathematics, science, history, literature, and so forth, for the girl of scholarly ability and ambition, and plenty of handwork and practical training for the large majority who have no distinctively intellectual interests. It should require both mental and manual work of every girl throughout her course, even if this innovation makes it necessary to add an hour or two to the school day. It should give every girl the fullest instruction she can assimilate in oral and written English and in the masterpieces of our literature. It should require of all some acquaintance with scientific principles as applied to daily life, some familiarity with business practice and elementary accounting, and an introduction to the economic and governmental activities of organized society. Whether or not we favor woman suffrage, we must recognize the probability of its rapid extension. Woman's bewilderment in political matters is due to inexperience, and it is a problem for the public high school to give her the intelligent comprehension of civic matters that will make her a most salutary influence in our political life. Woman needs intellectual culture; she also needs abounding health; she needs an introduction to the riches of science, mathematics, history, language and literature, but she also needs to know the science, art and economics of the home. She often needs to go to college, but she more often needs to earn a living wage that shall deliver her from the ever-present temptation to sell her soul for temporary bodily comfort; and pervading all of her school training she needs a social democracy and a sympathetic intelligence that shall make easier her task as the moral and spiritual conservator of the progress of the race.

Isn't It True That:

1. The public is paying for the high school?
2. The public is, therefore, entitled to the largest service the school can render to all the people?
3. The high school's largest possible service, so far as the girls are concerned, is to conserve their health, train them for household efficiency and economic independence, and bring them into touch with the larger social and intellectual interests of humanity?

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the Problems of the High School. The first appeared in a recent issue.

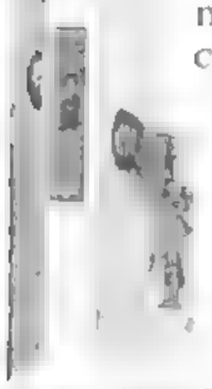
YALE

No Locks are Yale Locks unless made by Yale & Towne

When you feel the need of additional security remember that

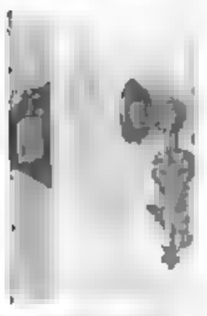
Yale Night-latches

give security with convenience. They are made in two forms—the "Rim" and the "Mortise" and are a comfort on



The Yale "Mortise" Latch No. 66

Front Entrance Doors
Outside Kitchen Doors
Outside Basement Doors
Grade Landing Doors
Store Room Doors
Closet Doors



The Yale "Rim" Latch No. 34

and many other doors about the house, garage, etc. The mission of the "Rim" and "Mortise" is the same, but the "Mortise" makes the neater job.

Yale Padlocks

Did you ever hear any one [illegible] Padlock key say is, it was as good as another?

Yale Hardware

New designs are constantly being [illegible]

Yale Door Checks

Simply shut the door—shut [illegible] Four styles to meet all conditions

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of YALE Products
9 Murray Street, New York
Local Offices: CHICAGO: 74 East Randolph Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 706 Phelan Building
Canadian Yale and Towne Limited, St. Catharines, Ont

Wick Fancy Hat Bands

Color **is so entirely *the* fashion in men's clothes this year that Wick has had to** bring out *one hundred and thirty-two new* Fancy Hat Bands.

Get a *Wick* Band today—with the Wick *Label* attached, if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Fasten it on in a jiffy with the "little hooks."

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct*. Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order

Wick Narrow Fabric Co.
931-937 Market Street Philadelphia

CHALLENGE WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

REAL MONEY SAVERS

[illegible]

The Arlington Co.
725 Broadway N Y

KEYSTONA FLAT FINISH

FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

Goes on Like Paint Looks Like Wall Paper You Can Wash It

[illegible]

KEYSTONE VARNISH CO., Brooklyn, N Y

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

I laughed at him. "I would," I said, "if I could. My sense of moral obligation to you will not allow me to. Besides, I would be sure to get into legal difficulties. Duty calls me and I must obey. I shall serve out my term."

"What do you mean?" he growled.

"Why, had you forgotten my contract? That binds me. I cannot evade the responsibilities of that instrument. I must remain, painful as it is to me and to you."

He scowled. "Let me see that contract," he demanded.

"You've got a copy," I retorted; "look at your own. I'll quit when you pay me the full remaining face value of that contract and not before."

He sent for the contract and his lawyer. It was the first time either of them had read that document. My lawyer friend had done his work well. There was fifteen hundred dollars due, but we compromised on twelve hundred dollars. The next morning I walked out of the place with twelve one-hundred-dollar bills in my pocket, and I never went back. I never blamed him for getting rid of me. I could not make his paper go, nor has anybody else been able to; but I have always blamed him for throwing out the others. They were doing good work and the fault was not theirs. However, all of them were soon provided for, and that, I suppose, was his way.

There was nothing left for me in that city. I went fishing for a time and then went to New York. I thought I was ripe for work down there. However, nobody else thought so to any great extent. One Park Row paper offered me a job at twenty-five dollars a week, but I wouldn't take that, and another managing editor held out hopes for several weeks and then refused to give me a chance. Still I had plenty of money and plenty of good friends in the business and I knew it was only a matter of time.

I Arrive at Last

Some of my friends put me in with one of the state committees to help in the literary bureau, and I wrote miles and miles of campaign stuff commending the hero of San Juan Hill, Colonel Roosevelt, who was then running for governor of the state. The Colonel squeaked through, and my job squeaked out at the identical moment he squeaked in.

Meantime I noticed that a certain magazine was running a series of articles called Great Business Organizations and was detailing the methods of some of the larger corporations. I had been observant while I was working with the committee and had learned a great deal about the business of running a state campaign. It was a business, too, not a haphazard venture, and it had that great business man and politician, Benjamin B. Odell, Junior, at the head of it. So I wrote for that series an article describing the business end of a state campaign, and I submitted it to the magazine.

A few days after the election I was taken on the local staff of one of the New York papers. It was one of the smaller papers. I had measly assignments and made forty-one dollars in ten days. On the tenth day I received a letter from the editor of the magazine to which I had sent my article, inclosing a check for fifty dollars and an invitation to come and see him. I went. We had a talk. He hired me to work for a newspaper syndicate he had bought and for his magazine. I went back to the newspaper office and quit. They didn't seem to mind.

I stayed with the magazine for nearly two years, getting a good general idea of the business, for I worked in the advertising department, the circulation department and, later, on the editorial side, where in a few months I became managing editor. I didn't get much salary at the start, but I was advanced rapidly and had a chance to do some writing. I had decided to stick to writing. I had had all the desk work I needed, for though I felt I had been successful on the first paper where I had an executive desk I knew I had failed on the second. Besides I had figured out there was more money in writing—if one could write—than in the executive work. I thought I could write.

THERE are imitations of "Porosknit" Underwear. But you can be sure of the GENUINE—for it alone has the actual "Porosknit" label and *unconditional* guarantee shown below—a guarantee with no time-limit or quibble. Read it.

The Genuine has this Label

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PAT. DEC. 12, 1905

and is **Guaranteed**

The absolute, exclusive guarantee is proof of *quality*, of durability. "Porosknit" is cool, light, elastic. "Porosknit" Union Suits are comfort idealized—no messy bulging at waist line—easy to button and unbutton—and *stay* buttoned.

For MEN **50c** All Styles Shirts and Drawers, Each For BOYS **25c**

Union Suits, $1.00 for Men, 50c for Boys

Write for booklet showing Styles

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY 1 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.

Porosknit Porosknit Porosknit Porosknit Porosknit

Chalmers Guarantee

If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

Be Sure It Has This Label

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It Means genuine "Porosknit"

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

POPE QUALITY WAS NEVER MEET QUESTIONED

After you have satisfied yourself that the

POPE MOTOR CYCLE *has no superior for all-round use*

Consider the PRICE $165 with Impulse Magneto

LIGHT, SILENT RELIABLE

Motor Cycle Catalog C THE POPE MFG CO Bicycle Catalog 25
479 Capitol Ave Hartford Conn U S A

25 YEARS BUILDING HIGHEST GRADE MECHANICAL VEHICLES

Special 50¢ Offer

This Bungalow [illegible] TWO BIG BUNGALOW BOOKS

This comfortable California bungalow of 7 rooms—designed upon most up-to-date lines and suited to any climate—can be built for $2700. If thinking of building you should have [illegible] for one of our big books on "PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"

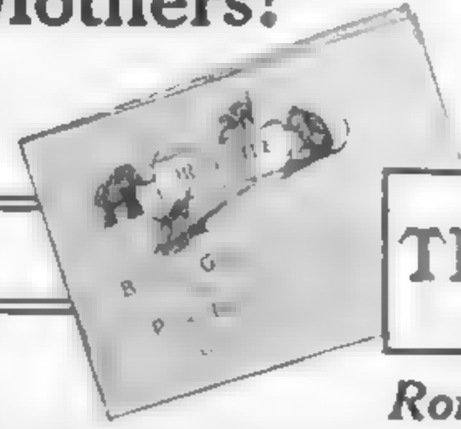
[illegible] Send 50c today [illegible]

$1 for both [illegible] LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY 335A Hollst Los Angeles California

Mothers!

Here is a Splendid Present for Your Little Girl or Boy

It's a most wonderful book, containing 20 paper dolls in color for the children to cut out and 22 games to amuse them while mother rests. There has never been another book like it—send for one to-day and learn all about it.



THE LITTLE ONE TRADE MARK

Rompers and Blouses

—the finest quality, the best made, the best fitting Rompers and Blouses made in America to-day. The beautiful pictures in the book will show how pretty these garments are, how well they fit and how stylish they make the children look. And the games—these Rompers and Blouses are just the sort to wear for any kind of children's play, because they withstand the hardest wear.

See them at your dealer's. If he does not carry them, we will see that your kiddies get the book of dolls and games, and that you can have "The Little One" Rompers and Blouses delivered promptly. Just mention your dealer's name when you write for the Book—we will do the rest. If you find "The Little One" there, say so, and we will send you the book right quick.

WISE BROTHERS, 66 Leonard Street, New York City

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Of the three languages do you speak—"English"—"Baseball"—or "Motor"? Half the motoring world talks "Ford"—and one-third of it will ride this year in Ford cars. Every Ford owner is an enthusiastic Ford "fan"—that's the reason we will make and sell seventy-five thousand new Ford cars this year.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two-passenger runabout costs $590—the five-passenger touring car $690—the delivery car $700—the town car $900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of your nearest Ford representative.

One afternoon—it was a holiday, Lincoln's Birthday, I think—I was coming downtown on the elevated road and happened on two friends who were on newspapers in the city. They had a day off, too, and we spent our liberty together. Along about six o'clock one of them said: "There is a big Chinese banquet down in Mott Street tonight. I've got several tickets in my desk. Let's get them and look it over."

We went. I was given a seat at the table next to a big, fine-looking man whom I had met before. He didn't remember it, but I did. He was the man who had so emphatically refused to give me a place in Chicago some years back. I didn't mention that, but talked the best I knew how to my editorial friend. He was then editorial director of the biggest New York paper. The New York grind killed him, but what a whale of an editor he was! One of the friends who went to the banquet with me had been urging me to get back into the game. I had already decided to do so some time before, because stuck away as I was in the editorial rooms of a magazine I missed the grip of active newspaper work.

The editorial director and I went uptown together. We talked a lot. I told him about myself and that I should like to get back into the game. Also my newspaper friends put in a few good words. Next day I got a telegram from him. It said: "I have been wondering since I talked with you last night if there is not some work on our paper you would like to take up. What do you think?"

I thought there was. I went down to see him and he hired me to go to Washington to run the Washington bureau for that paper. He gave me a good, big salary, which increased as the years went on. I was then thirty-two years old and I again felt I had arrived. That time it was true.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six articles on The Newspaper Game. The sixth will appear in an early number.

A Message to Garcia

THE Men's Club of Doctor Cadman's great church in Brooklyn recently listened to an address delivered by Mr. Henry Fosdick, an authority on certain forms of business efficiency, and a brother of New York City's commissioner of accounts. In order to illustrate the results that might be accomplished by methods of efficiency, even in practicing medicine, Mr. Fosdick told of an eminent medical man in New York who does nothing but make diagnoses. So great is his ability and so wide his fame as a diagnostician, this man is overwhelmed with patients. In order to save time otherwise wasted in his private consultation room while a patient was removing his clothes and afterward putting them on again, the doctor in question long ago made it an inflexible rule that no patient should be admitted to that room unless fully undressed.

When a patient calls he is shown into a general reception room, where he waits until an attendant takes him to a dressing room, in which he strips; then, on a signal, the attendant throws open a door and the patient walks into the consultation room.

Not long ago the doctor looked up from his desk and saw a man, fully dressed, standing before him—a tall, heavy man, with auburn hair, blue eyes and pink skin; also, with a smile that spread all over his face.

The eminent diagnostician half rose from his chair in sudden wrath.

"Get out!" he commanded. "Leave this room! Don't you know I never see anybody with clothes on?"

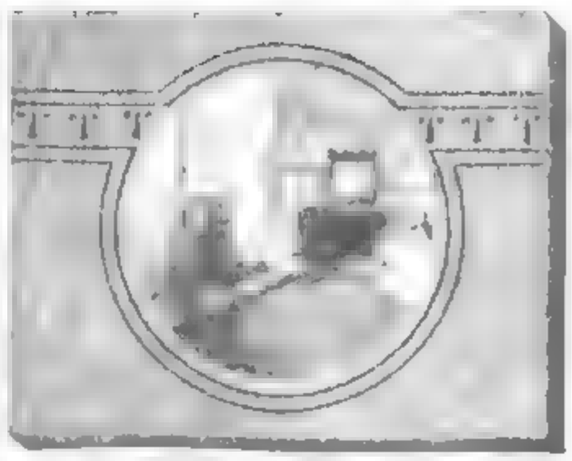
"But, doctor, I just wanted to say —"

"Never mind what you wanted to say. Clear out and wait your turn!"

There was something so threatening in the physician's attitude that the visitor suddenly withdrew, went to the reception room and there waited his turn. When it came he again found himself in the consultation room, stripped to the buff—two hundred pounds of flesh, simply exuding health at every pore. He waddled over to the doctor's desk and stood there a moment.

"Well," snapped the diagnostician, finally looking up, "what was it you said you wanted to tell me half an hour ago?"

"I wanted to tell you," said the pink-and-white gentleman, "that your subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has run out and it's time for you to renew it!"



Lewis of Beaver Falls, N.

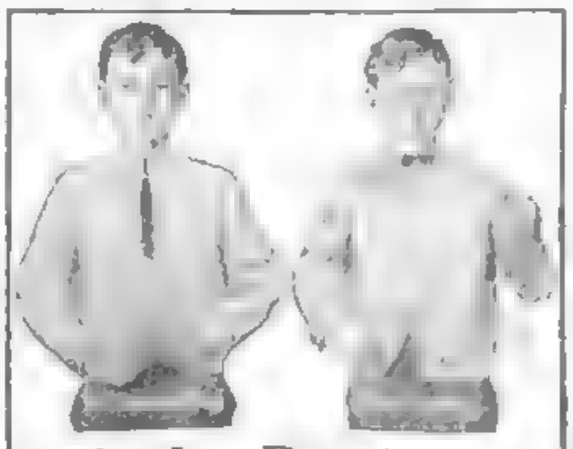
Whatever *your individual* wall and ceiling problem, Beaver Board is the answer.

It matters not whether you are building a new home or remodeling a single room; putting in a show window; constructing drop-ceilings and partitions or renovating an attic or cellar. The most great considerations of good taste, convenience, economy, durability and sanitary requirements point to Beaver Board.

BEAVER BOARD
PURE-WOOD FIBRE
Walls and Ceilings

Sold, table to all ... pure-wood fibre—painted and ... ware and Paint Dealers, and Decorators in large departments.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO
405 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.
The BEAVER COMPANY, LIMITED
345 Beaver Avenue, Ottawa, Canada
16 Eastcheap, London, E. C.



Ask the Boy Which HE Likes Best

He won't hesitate; he will ... blouse without ... He has bothered ... enough with those trouble ... comes from stock. On ...

Schaffner Brothers
TAPELESS BLOUSE PATENTED

Schaffner Brothers, Cleveland, O.
Complete line of Youths' shirts, pleated and negligee

ALL METAL GARAGE!

Fire-proof, storm-proof, vandal-proof. Easy to put up or take down. No wood! Made in rigid, patented perfect joining sections—steel frames covered with heavy corrugated rust-resisting iron.

THE GORDON PORTABLE

is guaranteed rust-proof for 50 years! Cheaper than wood. Write today for special Garage Folder giving complete descriptions, sizes and prices.

THE GORDON MFG. CO.
36 Forest Av. Middletown, O.

Other styles of all-steel portables for many purposes. Ask ...

Dessert Book Free

"What shall we have for dessert?"—is answered over a hundred times in the illustrated Knox recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It also contains many recipes for candies, salads, jellies, ices, etc.

This Book Sent Free

for your grocer's name and address. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine send his name and 2-cent stamp for pint sample.

KNOX Pure, Plain Sparkling GELATINE
223 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

LAW Study at Home

... Harvard, Chicago, Ill. Wis., Mich., Ia., Stanford others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law course.
LaSalle Extension University, Box 2355, Chicago, Ill.

Free Book of Class Pins

All that is new and beautiful in artistic designs for class pins, badges and fobs. Prices the lowest, consistent with quality and workmanship. Our line is out of the ordinary and is rich in unique and attractive combinations in gold, silver and enamel. Write today for our "Handy Book"—it will be sent entirely free upon request. The House of Wright & Street, 228 W. 42nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Agency Wanted ... Excellent enterprises. Address R. A. T., 607 Marquette Building, Chicago.

WE WILL SEND YOU TO EUROPE FREE
... on a small party and go at our expense. Also How to ...
EUROPEAN TOURS, BOX 33, NEW PARIS, OHIO

Where Can You Equal This Superb Table? $19.75

Finished to Your Order in Our Factory, of Quarter Sawn White Oak, for

This handsome Dining Table has top of 4 ft. 6 in. diameter, legs 3½ in. square with smooth running casters. Three 9 in. leaves included, but will take 6 leaves, extending to 9 ft. if desired. Shipped economically in sections at low freight rate. Drive six screws in holes provided and it is complete, solid, substantial.

Will You Prove "COME-PACKT" At Our Risk?

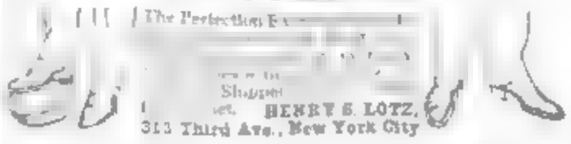
If you are not absolutely satisfied with this table or any other purchase, return it any time within a YEAR and get your money back.

Big Six Catalog Mailed Free

Six money saving departments in our 1912 book show big economies in Mission Furniture, Willow Weave Furniture, Lamps, Lace Curtains, Carpets and Rugs. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed on all. Write today.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., Designers and Manufacturers, 514 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Old Style LAME PEOPLE New Style



... The Perfection Foot ... Shapes ... HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Ave., New York City

50 MILE AN HOUR FLYER $140
AMERICAN ...

CALIFORNIA'S ... Santa Clara Valley ... known as the ... SUNNYVALE, the manufacturing ... Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 36 Grossman Bldg., Sunnyvale, California.

Many men of many minds all of one mind concerning the

Cadillac

Nearly all advertising is an effort to make people think well of a certain product.

This Cadillac advertising is more especially an effort to report what people already think of the Cadillac.

It is our experience that no man can long remain indifferent to the contagious enthusiasm of Cadillac owners.

We find that even those who are predisposed in favor of cars of the highest price are far from immune to its influence.

As like as not they will encounter some Cadillac owner who was formerly of the same mind; and the result is—interesting.

So we try to make this advertising reflect, not what we think, but what others think.

With this object in view—and because we like to learn for our own guidance the particular motives which impel people to buy the Cadillac—we wrote to a number of Cadillac owners.

And they have disclosed to us a depth, and breadth, and earnestness, of enthusiasm, which is a revelation even to us.

Why I bought a Cadillac

We have published these remarkable letters in book form.

You may have a copy for the asking.

Meanwhile, we shall try to tell you, as modestly as may be, some of the astounding things which they report concerning what is known as "The Cadillac Reputation."

To begin with, almost every letter compares the Cadillac to its own advantage with cars costing $3,000 and over.

Some confess frankly that they cannot see how the Cadillac Company can maintain its present price.

Practically every one of them says in effect: "If I had it to do over again, I would buy a Cadillac."

All of them admit that they were influenced in the first place by "The Cadillac Reputation."

Many of them analyze the meaning of that reputation.

They say they have always looked upon the company and the car as responsible and reliable.

They refer back to the dogged sturdiness of the old original Cadillac cars.

They speak, again and again, of their implicit confidence in the superior standardization of Cadillac construction.

Nearly every letter refers to repeated interviews with Cadillac owners; and personal observations of Cadillac economy and Cadillac efficiency.

"No one spoke ill of it—every one spoke well of it"—that is the consensus of this impressive and intensely interesting symposium.

We do not care to quote at length from this most gratifying testimonial of appreciation.

It is too intimate, too fine, too much a matter of personal pride with us, for public discussion.

But we do want you to read the letters—in your own home for your own enjoyment.

We do want to maintain and extend the splendid esteem in which the Cadillac is held.

And we want you to share that esteem, no matter what car you drive.

So we quote excerpts from a few of the letters.

And we invite you to ask any Cadillac dealer for the book itself, or write to us.

1st. Because all purchasers of Cadillac cars are entirely satisfied and when buying again they invariably purchase another Cadillac.

2nd. The up[illegible] is less than any car I have had an item[illegible] and this is the experience of myself and others who have taken the pains to keep the expense account in detail.

3rd. The durability of the parts is wonderful and the defects and indifferent parts are at the lowest minimum, as each component part seems to have been made with a single purpose of durability and to withstand the wear and tear.

R. H. Walker, Gonzales, Texas.

I will first say that a friend of mine who resides in New York, and who owned [illegible] for his own use, advised me to buy a Cadillac, and I found same to be the best built, and a most serviceable car, and one that can always be depended upon to take you "there" when in haste.

S. Hirsch, Nashville, Tenn.

It is one of the best constructed motors I have seen, for even when compared with others that cost 40 per cent. more it stands up better, runs with less trouble and expense to owner. I have used nothing but imported cars until I purchased the Cadillac.

George H. Pratt, Norwich, Conn.

I bought my first Cadillac in 1903, one of the first machines you turned out, and my last in 1911. In all, I have purchased eight Cadillacs and have at this present time two in service. Each and every machine has given me perfect satisfaction.

Otto H. Falk, Milwaukee, Wis.

Some of my reasons for deciding in favor of the Cadillac are these: The past record of the old one-cylinder Cadillac which are still in use and in fine condition. The reputation of your company for fair dealing and honest goods. Your engine is far superior to anything I have seen for less than $4,000.00. Your oiling system is the best. Your ignition system is the best. In fact, the car has so many advantages over any other car of a like price, it would be hard to enumerate them.

To make a long story short, I consider there is more money value in your car than in any other car made at any price.

Geo. S. Brantley, Charleston, S. C.

I was first attracted to the Cadillac car by the fact of the great [illegible] in the hands of people who [illegible] owned cars. After [illegible] owners I [illegible] that they have had [illegible], some [illegible] in as good condition as new. I consulted a friend who has had experience with high-class machinery (and owner of two high-[illegible]) and from his knowledge he advised me to buy a Cadillac over and above any other car costing $3,000 or less.

G. B. Long, Lancaster, Pa.

If I were to try to recall what induced me to buy a Cadillac, I should probably find that it was, first, the invariable good report which every owner of a Cadillac, including two or three of my closest friends, gave of it, and, second, the impression created on my mind by your advertisements about standardization and the accuracy used in making the parts.

Jesse Andre[illegible] Houston, Texas.

Because you get more for your money than from any other car on the market. The [illegible] difference between a Cadillac and the leading [illegible] cars is one of quantity.

J. F. McKitrick, M. D., Des Moines, Iowa.

1st. Because an expert engineer who is familiar with your motor said it was the best make in the country for the price.

2nd. Because the actual H. P. seems to be considerably higher than your claims.

3rd. Because some of my friends had used the Cadillac for several years without any serious [illegible] trouble.

J. M. Lang, Savannah, Ga.

I made inquiry of all the people of experience with whom I was in reasonably convenient touch, many of whom were experts, and I also rode in a large number of machines of different kind and makes. In the course of my inquiries, I either [illegible] of the prominent cars which [illegible] regarded as standard in the market. In my discussions of these machines I noticed that, while many of them were fairly [illegible] that scarcely one of them failed to receive one knock at least in one or more particulars. The Cadillac alone was an exception to this rule.

Joseph D. Brennan, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

[illegible] cars are of course sold here, but none of them compare with the Cadillac. The strongest point in favor of the Cadillac is the fact that every Cadillac owner is a Cadillac booster. I have not heard of [illegible] instance where an owner was not satisfied with his car.

E. K. Farmer, by L. L. Dickerson, Fitzgerald, Ga.

I have bought three Cadillac autos. I think they are the best car in the market for the money and equal to any $3,000 car. They are handsome in appearance, will take you any place any other car will go.

I have run my cars over the mountains thou[illegible] [illegible]. While I could [illegible], I could not say anything too good of the Cadillac.

Chas. H. McAteer, Johnstown, Pa.

Because I think it the best built car on the market [illegible] very much higher in price that were a [illegible] of trouble and expense for up-keep. I have now had three of your cars and every one of them has been what you claimed for them.

Geo. J. Schade, Sandusky, Ohio.

The reason is because I consider them the best value for the money on the market. Have owned seven machines at different times—four of them have been Cadillacs—and have always found them reliable and ready for business, with a minimum of expense and care.

J. O. Newell, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.

The reason why I bought a Cadillac is because you offer more value in motor car for the money expended than any other company I know of.

The Cadillac goes farther, runs smoother, looks better, and costs less for running expenses than do the cars of my neighbors of other makes.

H. D. Ardrey, Dallas, Texas.

Because I observed that the Cadillac held up under hard use better than all others.

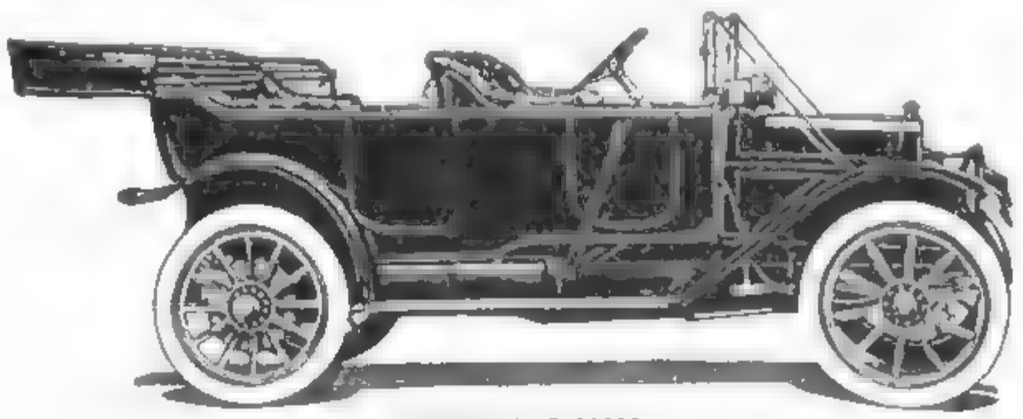
John W. McAlpine, Mobile, Ala.

Because I have already owned five Cadillac cars, and not one has ever disappointed me.

L. T. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

Because I never heard of a Cadillac going wrong and there are 150 Cadillac "fans" in town.

W. L. Wallace, Waterloo, Iowa.



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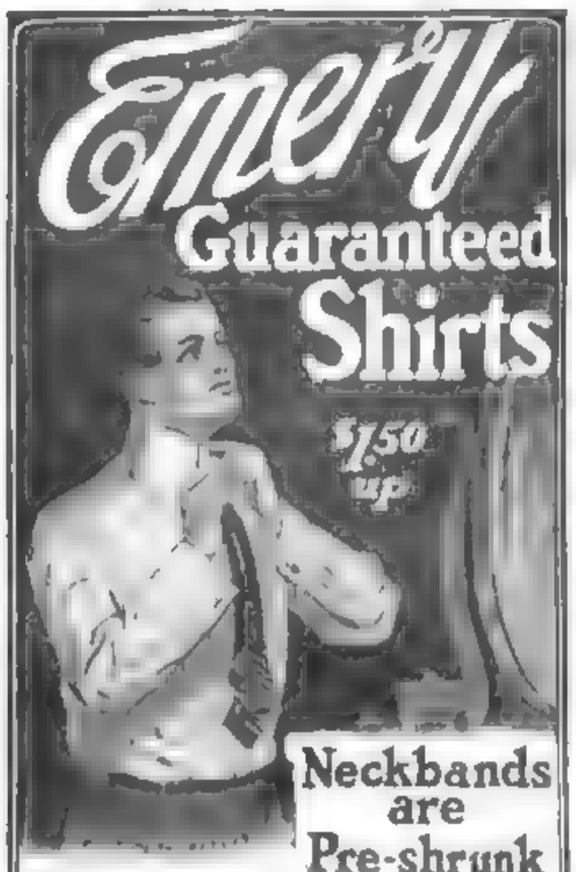

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PANAMA AND CHEAP FUEL

(Continued from Page 11)

Department of Commerce and Labor, and Secretary Nagel's sentiments are affected accordingly: "The country realizes that free navigation promotes commerce." Then he goes farther and points out that if tolls are charged on United States coast-to-coast trade it will practically be a violation of the River-and-Harbor Act of 1884, which provides that "no tolls or operating charges whatever be levied on any watercraft passing through any lock or canal for the use of navigation now belonging to the United States or hereafter acquired and constructed."

To tax ships—the contention is—that run from state to state, from California to Georgia, or Oregon to New York, will be just as unprecedented as to tax a train running from California to Georgia or from Oregon to New York. It will be taxing interstate commerce—a thing practically unheard of; and the four hundred million dollars spent on the canal is a mere bagatelle compared to the land granted to the railroads. Why levy a toll against the commerce carried in the ships and not levy a tax on the same commerce carried on the train?

"Because," answers Professor Emory Johnson, the transportation expert of the Panama Commission, "Congress has a perfect right to levy taxes where and when it may see fit. Because the country needs returns on the money for other public improvements. Because, too, commerce can stand it."

Here are his figures:

Maintenance, capital cost, operation—a year	$ 3,500,000
Sanitation and police	300,000
Interest on construction cost	11,250,000
Total yearly outlay	$15,250,000

"Now, in 1914-15, the available traffic for the canal will be ten million five hundred thousand vessel-tons net register, of which only ten per cent is American. If, by 1924-25, that increases to sixteen million tons a toll of from fifty cents to one dollar net will help to pay yearly charges. If traffic increases through Panama as it has through Suez that total should be 22,400,000 tons by 1934, when we could begin a fund to recoup the first cost."

The Two Ways Out

In other words, which is the more worth while to the United States—to make interest on investment and continue to present billions of dollars each decade to foreign carriers, or to sacrifice part of the interest on the investment, part of the possible fifteen million dollars a year, and save, by establishing an American marine, the billions now paid foreign carriers for conveying United States commerce to market?

"The tolls that Congress may adopt are more important to American navigation than any change in the navigation laws considered in a generation," declares the Federal commissioner of navigation, Mr. Chamberlain. "A deliberate conclusion to tax American shipping to pay for the maintenance of that canal, when no tolls are imposed on American or foreign vessels for the use of our other improved waterways, will be well-nigh inexplicable save as the definite surrender of the ocean to others by the United States. If American shipping be asked to help pay the cost of the canal the one industry already handicapped by revenue legislation will be asked alone to pay. Of course the American ship will not and cannot pay the tolls. The tolls must be met by the freight charged."

This point was still more emphatically put by another Government official, whose name cannot be given. "Tell me this!" he said: "The whole trend of both parties is to reduce or pare or let down tariffs—is it not? Then why, in the name of fortune, just at this juncture, when you are letting down tariffs that have created swollen trusts—why jack up a tariff to handicap our one weakest and most necessary industry? Why? Who is pulling the strings to make 'em jump?"

Is there no middle way out? Must the United States either lose the yearly fifteen million dollars, ninety per cent of which could be collected against foreigners, or lose the chance to build up a merchant marine?

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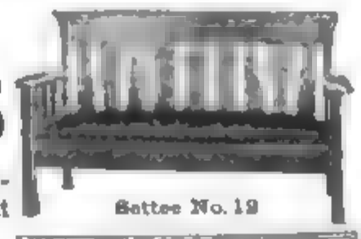

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The **BISSELL** is the original, genuine machine that has been thirty-six years on the market, and while imitated, has always maintained the foremost position, constantly growing in favor until today it is recognized throughout the world as the best. Sweeps easily, silently and thoroughly, raises no dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, and will outlast fifty corn brooms. Price $2.75 to $5.75. For sale by all first-class dealers. Booklet "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping" sent on request.

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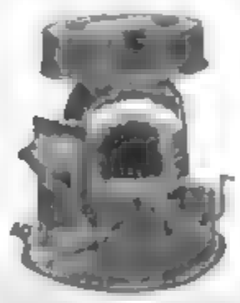
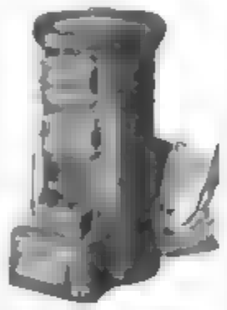


Cut Out View of Underfeed Furnace

Underfeed users of cheap slack soft coal testify just as enthusiastically as does S. W. S[illegible], 127 Pennsylvania Ave., Binghamton [illegible] who uses hard coal:

"Seven tons of buckwheat coal costing $23.80 heated four large and six small rooms which heretofore required nine tons of chestnut coal costing $57.60. The Underfeed saved me $33.80. Have steady heat 24 hours daily, few ashes to empty and but half the usual work in caring for furnace."



Underfeed Boiler

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If you are about to build—if your furnace or boiler is unsatisfactory—if you are tired of dirt [illegible] unequaled saving and efficiency [illegible]

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(indicate by X Booklet you desire)
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Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal

Yes; there are two ways out: One is to charge tolls on international shipping through the canal and to charge no tolls on interstate shipping, from which the law excludes foreigners. That is what the American shipping men unanimously desire; and, on the figures of the Panama commissioner, only ten per cent of the total Panama shipping will be United States coast-to-coast trade.

Immediately the howl is raised that, though foreigners are excluded from coastal trade, free tolls for United States ships and tolls for international ships would violate Article III of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; and it is rather comical that just at this juncture there should be half a dozen publicity agents in the United States howling about the rights of foreign steamship trusts and feeding out information to the press on the subject!

"All right!" say both Mr. Stimson and Mr. Chamberlain. "There is still another way: Charge equal tolls to all; but let Congress rebate tolls to American vessels. That is what the Frye Bill provided. That is what the Lodge Bill provides."

At once the howlers for the rights of foreign "pools" raise their voices to the welkin of very high Heaven. Ten times more is this suggestion of tolls rebated to American shipping an outrage of foreign treaty. Conservative foreign journals do not give vent to this crocodile indignation; but the extremists abroad have joined with the publicity agents here in a chorus of dirges that—to quote their own words—"such barefaced robbery may require the effective consideration of vessels of war; and we must act on the square: we really must act on the square."

How Other Nations Pay the Toll

The utter hypocrisy of these howls becomes at once apparent on examination of conditions at Suez. Suez is administered under an almost similar treaty of neutrality—all ships to be treated alike. Everybody pays tolls. Good! What next? To meet those tolls, here is a list of what is done by the different nations. Take a look at it:

The Spanish Cortes in 1909 voted an annual subsidy of $285,000 to a line which is to run through Panama.

The Russian budget of 1909 granted $334,750 to pay the tolls of a merchant fleet through Suez.

The British Peninsular & Oriental ships paid £357,989 in tolls to Suez in 1910 and received in subsidies £297,143.

The North German Lloyd through Suez has an annual mail subsidy of $1,385,160 for steamers to Asia and Australia, and has a surplus left after paying tolls.

The Japanese pay to steamers through Suez $1,336,947.

The French ships using Suez get a subsidy of $2,145,232.

The Austrian line through Suez enjoys a subsidy of 4,700,000 crowns.

News has just come that the British Government has just granted a new yearly subsidy of $[illegible] a year for a British line that is to use Panama.

So one might go on down the list. For foreign nations, who are thus paying their ships' charges at Suez and Panama, to say that the United States shall neither grant free tolls nor rebate tolls is—well—is taking for granted a colossal ignorance on matters maritime!

I asked an army man, high in the Panama service, what he thought would restore the American merchant marine.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Nothing—so far as the Atlantic is concerned. We can never have a marine so long as the cost of labor and material is so much higher here than abroad. Subsidies might help lines to Asia and South America. Subsidies can never help us against European lines. So we might as well put a toll on Panama and get a revenue from the foreigners who carry our commerce."

I asked the highest authority on maritime commerce in Washington what would restore the American flag to the seas.

"Two things only—either free tolls for United States ships or rebated tolls. If we get neither of those the chance to establish our marine is gone forever; then admit foreign-built ships to our international trade—not our coastal, but our international! Our registry law has stood on our books since 1792 and it has produced only one boat for foreign shipping in ten years. Let us buy our ships in the cheapest market for this foreign trade, where we are up against foreign and cheap competition. Leave our coast laws alone; but give us free ships and free tolls."

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You can see their advantages
The shape tells its own story of why Nufashond wear so long and always tie into neat, shapely bows.
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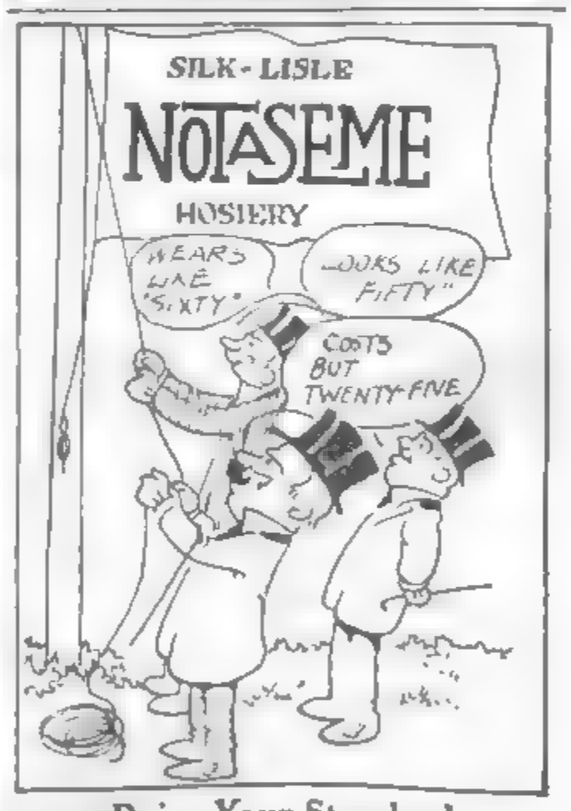

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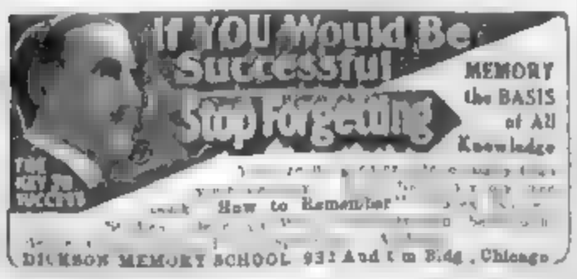
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Foreign Missions—An Interesting Report

EVERY SUPPORTER, MORAL OR FINANCIAL, AND EVERY ONE OPPOSING APPROPRIATIONS FOR FOREIGN MISSION WORK, AND EVERY EDUCATOR SHOULD SECURE FOR PRESENT AND FUTURE USE A COPY OF THE I.B.S.A. FOREIGN MISSION INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE'S REPORT, AS GIVEN BY PASTOR RUSSELL, CHAIRMAN, AT THE CHRISTIAN MASS MEETING IN THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 31, 1912.

A BRIEF CATEGORICAL SUMMARY of The FOREIGN MISSION INVESTIGATION REPORT

I — Are Foreign Missionaries ... [illegible]

Ans. — Without trying ... [illegible]

II — Do Missionaries ... [illegible]

Ans. — The success attained by Missionaries is small. We ... [illegible] ... in bringing intelligent and earnest as the average of that ... [illegible] ... different. The present methods ... [illegible] ... ably to have ceased! Although the ... [illegible] ... the results?

Ans. — There are evidences ... [illegible] ... done, because the people would ... [illegible] ... because with increasing intelligence ... [illegible] ... where spoiled by contact with the ... [illegible]

IV — What is the attitude of Heathendom toward the Missionaries and toward Christianity?

Ans. — The attitude of heathendom toward the Missionaries is very **honest** in respect to their religious professions ... [illegible] ... and opposition of Christian denominations. If [illegible] ... I know that the charge will be for the latter.

Many of the great nations of Christendom, Japan, China, India, Persia, Turkey, etc., prefer to take over the full control of their own affairs, rather than to have Missionaries ... [illegible] ... closer to the people than it is possible for the Missionaries to do.

V — What, if any, change can be made in the teachings and practical administration to make the Foreign Mission work more successful?

Ans. — The great change necessary to make Missionary work more successful ... [illegible] ... impart to the people a new logical Gospel. To ... [illegible] ... eternals of torture is not ... [illegible] ... ignorance of the true reason and ... [illegible] ... hearts of those they would ... [illegible] ... "**good-tidings** of great joy which shall be to all people." They cannot ... [illegible] ... nevertheless difficult for those of other religions to ... [illegible] ... heart.

VI — What are the teachings, and what are the results?

Ans. — What is there for the ... [illegible] ... Laymen's Foreign Missionary Movement, which proposes to spend ... [illegible] ... sum, were a thousand times ... [illegible] ... lands will help to bring in the more extravagant civilization of the West. It will increase the ... [illegible] ... purchasable or morally.

VII — To what extent do the monies located beside the heathen, etc., ... [illegible] ... along this line be suggested?

Ans. — Our judgment is that that portion of money controlled by Foreign Missions, which ... [illegible] ... tutes [illegible] ... to what extent this principle obtains with other societies. ... [illegible] ... a very thorough investigation of its own affairs, and to ascertain what proportion of the funds received ... [illegible] ... We know nothing to suggest, except that the true Gospel of salvation be preached ... [illegible] ... Gospel of the Kingdom to ... [illegible] ... quoted Scripture relating to the ... [illegible] ... best to ... [illegible] ... Your Committee found no time in which to visit Brooklyn, hence did not ... [illegible] ... suggests that it might be wise to send out another Committee to investigate ... [illegible] ... The purpose of their appointment ... [illegible] ... great privileges enjoyed in connection with the service.

NOTE—THE REPORT, ILLUSTRATED, SUPPLIES THE VERY INFORMATION ON MANY VITAL POINTS THAT LAYMEN HAVE FOR YEARS ENDEAVORED TO SECURE.

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TIM RILEY'S TOUCH

(Continued from Page 7)

And Tim sat there smoking the last of the three cigars he had bought that afternoon, and thinking—thinking—sometimes of the evening's work before him, but mostly of the old woman's story.

"Oh, yeh; if it was but a stone I had to put on their two graves in the cemetery below!" she said after a long silence.

"And why shouldn't you have the stone to put over them?" Tim jumped up and patted her white, straggling hair. "And you will have it, Nanna. Come with me tonight and I'll guarantee you'll have it."

"And where will I go?"

"With me and have a fine, hot supper at Kearney's -and then to the town hall to hear me speak."

"Indeed and I'd like that fine, Mr. Riley; but they don't be invitin' women—old women—to any rallies."

"'Tis me is giving the rally, and I'll invite whom I please—I mean, if you're not afraid of the rioting when they don't like, maybe, what I'm going to say to them."

"Me afraid? Of what? Sure and they could be liftin' the roof itself from the town hall and a lone woman like myself would be safe among them. But why should you be wanting me there?"

"Why? I'll tell you, Nanna, and you must take it for the true reason until I can give you a better. And who knows it isn't the true reason? I'm that vain, Nanna, that I want some one soul there that isn't against me—some one that, before ever I begin, I know will hear me out. If you're there I know whose heart will be warm to me while I'm speaking. For 'tis terrible discouraging to see nothing but cold faces staring up from the benches and your heart bursting to tell them what's in it."

"Sure and it must be, avic. The cold heart—'tis an awful thing. A bony black cat itself is more company in the house than one of ourselves when the heart is ice. But whisper"—she leaned doubtfully toward him—"d'y'think there'd be hope of you turnin' Dimicrat?"

"I'm afraid I'm fixed where I am. I'm not easily turned, Nanna."

"Oh, yeh! Well, well—in one minute, Timmie avic, I'll be along with you."

And she dusted the hearth and gathered up her cups and saucers, which, as she washed, Tim dried. And presently he was guiding her halting steps down the hill.

IV

AT EIGHT o'clock that night Tim was facing his audience, and a fine, large audience it was—not a hand's width in a single bench vacant; from the front row, where sat Buck Malone, almost smiling, to the back wall, where De Soto with some Indians and mailed companions was discovering the Mississippi—from stage to entrance, not a vacant seat. What hopes for a man in a fighting audience like that if he could but win them to him!

Tim was alone on the stage.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the Republican party in New Ireland seems to be very busy tonight. One-half of it has to attend a conference of bank cashiers over in Rocktown; and Rocktown, it appears, is four miles in a buggy over a rough road. That rough road and the buggy are, of course, an incontrovertible argument, gentlemen. And the other half has a rich prospective customer for a couple of town lots—also over in Rocktown. A busy little place that Rocktown must be! I don't wonder you're smiling. I smiled myself when they told me.

"But if they are not here, gentlemen, to accredit me, I am here to speak for myself. And, as you see, there is the table, the chair, the ice-water pitcher, the empty glass, all as"—he smiled down at the boss in the front row—"as Mr. Malone said it would be. 'Twas this very afternoon Mr. Malone spoke of it; and, myself happening to hear him, I would not for a lord lieutenant's income disappoint him. 'Twas my good old mother—God rest her soul!—who used to say—and many's the time she said it: 'Timmie dear, don't never disappoint people if you can help it.' And I never do—especially when it don't cost me anything; for water is the only thing I had to bring into the hall tonight—and water, gentlemen, is cheap."

"Yes, an' talk's cheap too!"

Tim bowed to the voice and smiled with the laugh that followed.

"God knows it is cheap. If it wasn't 'tisn't the likes o' me could afford to be

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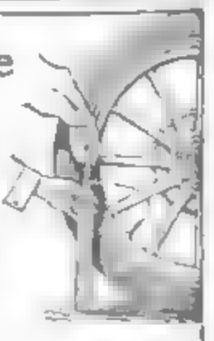

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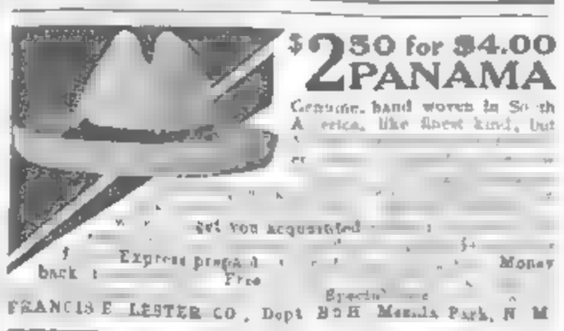

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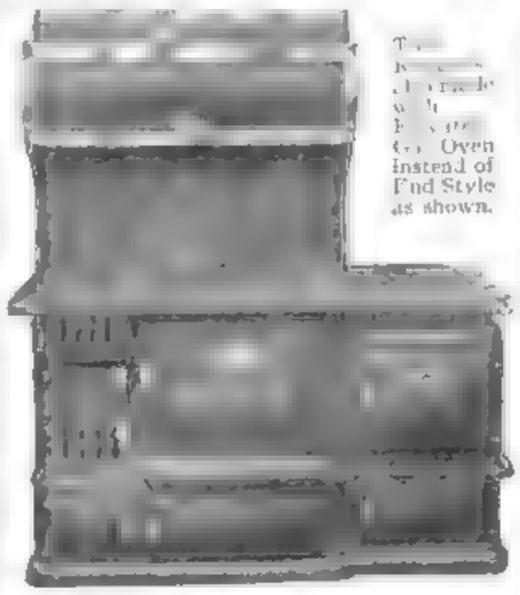

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"Say, Buck, his ten minutes'll be used up before ever he gets started!" came a voice from midway of the hall.

"True for you, boy. And so I'll be introducing myself. My history is short. Riley is my name, Timothy Joseph Riley—baptized by Father Kiley, in the parish of Ballymallow—and I'm a Republican."

"And there's what we'd like to have you tell us, Misther Riley—how came you to be a Republican?"

"Yes, you blarneyin' turncoat—how came ye?"

A man in the front row stood up to say that last, a rugged-looking man, who looked as if he would like mighty well to jump up on the stage and haul Tim down off it. Toward him Tim stepped, leaning over the edge of the stage so that the belligerent one would not miss a syllable.

"I'll tell you how I came to be a Republican. When I landed in this country and before I was fairly out of Castle Garden some thief of a pickpocket or worse stole the few little dollars I had to keep me until I could get a job. I was a seventeen-year-old boy, and that shy I couldn't beg. For two days not a morsel of food went into my mouth. And there I was, jumping sideways with the hunger, when a man comes along and saw me and brought me into a grand restaurant. 'And how'll I ever pay you?' I asks when I'd eaten my fill. He looked like a butcherman, with a white smock on him. And he laughs and says: 'You can't now; but by-and-by, when you get a vote, be sure and vote the Republican ticket.' And I says: 'Why the Republican ticket?' And he says: 'Oh, just by way o' variety—just to show that you people don't all go one way.'

"And"—Tim straightened up—"I took his hand, and 'Sir, I will!' I said. He was joking, maybe; but I wasn't. And I did vote the Republican ticket; and I'm still voting the Republican ticket. And I'm saying to you all tonight—the one Republican among five hundred of ye—that I'm not apologizing to any man in this hall or any other hall for it. And I'm saying to you"—in the face of the inquiring man in the front row, in the face of Buck Malone, in the face of the whole hall, Tim clenched his fist—"I'm saying that the man of Irish blood who ever forgets the promise that he's made to the one that befriended him—I say to ye all, and I don't care whether ye like it or not—his blood's been crossed somewhere; he's no Irish in him! No—nor fit to be called a man at all!"

Tim stepped back to pour out a glass of water; a form rose up midway of the hall and a voice roared out:

"Say, you Riley man, I don't like your politics, but you're Irish all right. Go on!"

Tim held the glass toward the speaker.

"And, my friend, you've got the Irish heart in you too. Here's to you! You stubborn, unconverted, hereditary Democrat, here's to you!" He drained the glass.

"Go on! Tell us more!"

"Yes; go on—talk up!"

"You'll get a show here. Go on!"

Tim glanced down at Buck Malone, swept the benches for the sight of a more cheerful face and caught the friendly eyes of Peter Kearney. Also he suddenly recognized the face of Malone's henchman—the man to whom he had given the cigar. He was wagging his head encouragingly.

"Gentlemen, I will go on—and thank you for the chance. And, with your permission, gentlemen, I'll speak of something besides politics. It is of charity. Gentlemen, a great quality is charity. Only because of the spirit of charity in you, gentlemen, am I allowed to speak to you here tonight; but it's another phase of charity I'd like to speak of. I will put it in the form of a story—and, gentlemen, not too long a story.

"There was an old lady in the old country, who received a letter from her oldest son, John, with passage-money for her second son, Pat, to come over and join him. She gave her consent. Why wouldn't she—when the living was so hard? Pat went, leaving his mother of nigh seventy and the last of his brothers with her. One son had already gone to South America and another to Australia; and now only a boy was left to her—and him with one leg gone in a railroad accident, for which they'd never got a farthing."

At this point Tim heard the side door softly open and close. He took a quick backward peek. Dinnie and old Nanna

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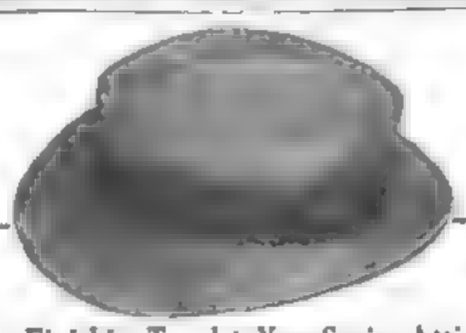

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Nolan were waiting in the wings. Tim signed to them to remain there. He stepped to the front of the stage then, just in time to see Malone, whose every move he was watching, uncross his legs and half rise in his seat. Tim looked at him steadily and waited. Malone did not move farther, and Tim resumed:

"Well, the two sons in America, strong and willing, worked side by side, earning their dollar and a quarter and their dollar and a half a day, with now and again a day's or a week's lay-off to set them back, but managing always between them to save four dollars in the week and send it over every month to the old mother—until by-and-by, she scrimping and saving, too, there was passage-money for herself and the lad to come to America. They took the steamer at Queenstown; and 'twas like a grand dream to them—until one day there came a great storm and the ship leaped and jumped, and the poor, helpless, crippled boy was thrown down an iron ladder; and when some one thought to help the poor mother pick him up he was dead. Well —— But, gentlemen, maybe I'm trying your patience?"

"Go on!" came a voice, and "Go on!" came another; and then three, four, a dozen voices called for him to continue.

"Thank you. Well, gentlemen, a tempest in the great ocean, with its tremendous winds and mountains of seas, must be a terrible sight; but surely a more terrible sight is to see that same ocean, as smooth as oil, and the blue heavens smiling down, while the body of one that's dear to you is lowered into it! So it was. With loose, wide stitches they'd sewed the boy into canvas; and to the one foot of him they tied a piece of an old grate-bar, and dropped him into that great ocean."

Tim saw Malone shoot a furtive glance sideways to learn how they were taking it in the front row. Plainly he was not liking it, for he stood up straight then and surveyed the rows of voters behind him. Tim waited, and every man there knew why he waited. There was an indrawing of breaths all over the hall. Malone, without showing the ordering forefinger, sat down again.

Tim bowed to him. "Thank you, Mr. Malone, for that fighting chance," which remark brought out the first applause of the evening.

"Well, gentlemen, that poor old woman landed in the strange country. Grief-stricken she was, but not yet utterly discouraged. The son Pat was to meet her at the dock. He was not there. Well, she could see a good reason for that. They could not leave their work—sometimes the bosses were strict—they had often written so in their letters. No matter. With not much left of her little savings, she bought a ticket and took the train for the town where her two sons were working. Well, neither was Pat at the station to greet her—but by-and-by she learned why.

"There had been a premature explosion in the quarries, and a fall of rock had knocked Pat senseless; and as he lay there, unconscious, a second blast came and killed him. Well, that was an awful thing; but still there was the son John. And they had then to tell her of John. Well, while Pat lay there helpless, another man had run in to carry him out of danger. He was a brave man, that second man, for the flame of the second fuse was then almost to the charge; but he ran in and he had the injured man in his arms when the second explosion came. They were killed together. That second man was her other son, John."

Tim paused; but he no longer had to ask their leave to speak. He was in full swing; and out there, beyond the ends of his nervous, spreading fingers, they were swinging with him. Sitting up straight and stiff they were—or leaning forward, bent and eager.

A potent gift, the orator's. A writer may never hope to achieve instantly his great intention. He is limited to monotonous-looking black words on a blank page. But a speaker! Added to the words are eyes, lips, hands, head, body and the immeasurable force of personality. Tim's voice softened and deepened, halted and quickened, rounded and trembled; the ruddy cheek took on a ruddier color; his deep-set eyes grew deeper and darker, and by-and-by they flamed. He grew taller; his body expanded. Tim spread his hands—fine, shapely hands, with nervous, expressive fingers—and as he gestured he quivered to his very fingertips, and down there on the benches they quivered with him. The cold words—he colored and revivified them. Under the caress of his beautiful, barely perceptible brogue the commonest, harshest lines took on smoothness and roundness; and from out his mouth the fine, tender words, they bloomed like summer flowers—and the larger, colorful words, they flashed like gems.

Tim, in short, was an orator. Then he said: "There, gentlemen, you have the story—and you know whose story it is. Poor old Nanna Nolan's—yes." And when he had said that, with arms and hands no longer gesturing, but drooping straight and motionless by his side, no one stirred—but a great sigh went up.

And not till that moment did Malone wake up to it that he had waited too long—but that moment he desperately chose to take his position at the end of the aisle and face his hitherto unbroken constituency; and while Malone was doing that Tim was motioning to Dinnie in the wings; and now Dinnie was leading her out—old Nanna Nolan, halting and bewildered, blinking at the audience—as Tim held up one hand for a last word.

"Here she is! I've tried to tell you her story, gentlemen; but there's only one living person can tell that story right, and I'm not that one. If you could have heard her telling it—she in her little cabin on that windy hillside, before her little stove, with the dark coming down and the lights beginning to shine through ——"

And that instant, while Tim's arm was across her poor thin shoulders, covered as ever with the worn man's coat—that instant Malone, whose back was to the stage, chose to raise his fateful forefinger.

And Tim waited. And Malone waited.

Not a man left the hall.

Malone turned and faced Tim.

"You win," he said; "but that two-faced chairman of yours—and he ain't any friend of yours—he never tipped me off you could fight any way except with your hands. Speak your piece. You win!"

. . . . . .

The chairman had been for an hour trying to extract a little comfort from the newspaper story of the New Ireland upheaval when the tall boss came in. To the boss, of course, he had to make some comment and he made it.

"This man Riley," he began cautiously, "I've been trying to discover whether he's a Republican or a Democrat by what he says here."

"How's that?"

"He says: 'Take your leaders: and if they don't carry out your will fire 'em out!' If the men you have set on high betray you, he puts it, lasso 'em off their pedestals and set 'em on the street level again! If that isn't ——"

"—— government by the people?"

"I wasn't going to say that, sir."

"Why not? Isn't that what it amounts to? Let me see your paper, please. H-m! I don't see what there is here to object to. He is not against a party government; in fact, he's all for party. Only make sure the party leaders are honest, he says, in politics, religion, business—in everything; and if they do not live up to their promises read them their lesson. Well, why not? I think he's right. The people know more than they did and we might as well reckon with that new knowledge. The men who don't do that might as well give up the leadership!"

There was a whole page of it in the New Ireland Record about Tim. The senator read it all. When he at last looked up he murmured:

"Raised twelve hundred and odd dollars for the widow Nolan. That was surely well done! Two hundred and fifty votes pledged to him before he left the hall. He surely has the touch! And Malone says he's going to stick to his contracting hereafter. Good idea!" The senator read on: "And Malone also says—also says—— H-m!"

The chairman was startled out of his silence.

"I set Malone on to Riley—to fool him."

"You did!" The senator scratched his beard with his fingernails, drew his chin in to his neck and looked over his pince-nez at the chairman. "Too bad he misunderstood you—wasn't it? It would be so nice if we could give you the credit; but I'm afraid we'll have to hand it to Riley."

It was not said loudly; but the tone and the glint of the eyes—and the cultured boss stirred into using slang! The chairman knew that he might as well pick up his hat and go.

Sense and Nonsense

A Good Indian

WHILE Congressman William Kent was campaigning in the mountains of Mendocino County, California, he stopped at a wayside inn one evening, joined the group of mountaineers round the big fireplace, and listened to the general conversation, which in that section is limited to two topics—sheepdogs and deerhounds.

"The best dog I ever knew," observed one of the old settlers, "was a kind o' mixture of hound, shepherd an' waterspan'el; an' a Injun owned it. If he tuck out his rifle the dog wouldn't run nothin' but deer. If he tuck out his shotgun it wouldn't look at nothin' but quail or grouse. One day he tuck down his fish-pole. The dog glanced at it an' run down by the spring an' went to diggin' bait!

"The Injun used to make good money hirin' it out to fellers that come up fum the city a-huntin' deer—gettin' his five dollars a day. He'd go 'long with the dog, beat up a cañon, jump a deer an' chase it up where the fellers could get a shot at it—the Injun yippin' right 'long with the dog. After while it got old an' fat, an' couldn't run no more; so the Injun used to hire himself out to do it. He wasn't so fast as the dog, but he was surer, 'cause he savvied a little better which way to herd 'em."

"I'd like to see that Indian," observed Kent. "Is he round here?"

"No!" The old man shook his head regretfully. "You see, deer got scarce after while an' the Injun got to chasin' jackrabbits—so they had to kill him!"

Really Not His Fault

A SOUTHERN woman who moved to the City of Mexico, where her husband was a railroad official, had three exceedingly wideawake and lively small sons. Parental correction was frequently needed to keep them in bounds, and it was the habit of the mother to punish first and inquire afterward, she feeling that she could not go amiss.

One day, soon after her arrival in her new home, hearing a rumble and a crash in the next room, she jumped up and ran in to see what damage had been done. A handsome vase lay on the floor in fragments and by it stood one of her sons with a startled look on his face.

Without asking any questions, the lady laid him across her knee and started operations. At that moment other ornaments began to tumble off the mantel and a couple of pictures dropped off the wall. So she stopped spanking.

She felt that it would be unfair to hold her son at fault for an earthquake!

Slattery's Cipher

"SPIKE" SLATTERY, sporting editor of the San Francisco Call, whose specialty is baseball, had delayed his account of the opening game of the season until after the little dinner that followed. He rushed into the local room, threw off his coat, settled himself at his typewriter and glanced at the keyboard to get his bearings. He squinted a little closer, wiped his glasses, took a good look and began turning out copy with his usual speed. As he worked, his eyes wandered round the room. If any one thought he would not be able to get his stuff in on time he'd show him! Half an hour later the copy-reader glanced at a pile of scrupulously neat sheets, rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"What in seventy splattering blazes is this!" he bawled, as he read:

Og Fsmmu :pmh re⅃rvyd yp eom s ⅃rmamsmy yjod drsdpm jr jsf nryyrt hry s ytpi⅃r pg yteomrf drs;d coyj g;⅃⅃rtd noh rnpihj yp d;s⅃s ;pndyrt pm yjr etody pmvr om yrm ytordt S ⅃ovl;rf vtsn sy s yu⅃retoyrt vpi;fm(y gi,n;r eptdr yjsm yjr nimvj jr jsd!

There was page after page of it—and Spike had gone. It was passed up to the puzzle editor, and in half an hour he discovered the key. Spike, who used the touch system exclusively, had started one row too far to the right on his keyboard and had kept to it. Deciphered, the opening paragraph read:

If Danny Long expects to win a pennant this season he had better get a troupe of trained seals with flippers big enough to slap a lobster on the wrist once in ten tries. A pickled crab at a typewriter couldn't fumble worse than the bunch he has!

Goethals' Method

THE following story is told of Colonel George W. Goethals, who at the time it occurred was an instructor in engineering at West Point.

One day, during a recitation, he gave out this question to a class of cadets:

"The post flagpole, sixty feet high, has fallen down. You are ordered by your commanding officer to put it up again. You have under your command a sergeant and ten privates of the engineer corps. How would you get the pole back into place?"

Each cadet, after long consideration and much figuring over derricks, blocks, tackle, and so on, evolved a different method.

"No," said Goethals, "you are all wrong. You would simply say: 'Sergeant, put up that flagpole!'"

Counterfeit Words

THERE used to be a war veteran in Owen County, Kentucky, who was always running for office and never getting it. He was a candidate by profession, breeding and instinct. He also had the gift of tongues. When he needed a word and couldn't find it he made up one out of his head and went right on. Once, in delivering an impromptu eulogy over a dead citizen of his town, he said of him:

"And, finally, our friend was, above all, a man of great migosity and general understanding throughout the neighborhood!"

At another time he was making the race for county judge. He and his opponent were holding a joint debate. He thought some of the other man's statements rather reflected on him and up he jumped.

"Mr. Green," he demanded, "are you trying to recronicate upon my feelings?"

"Not at all," said the other man, wondering what recronicate meant.

"Then, sir, in that case I extend to you the oliver branch of peace!" said the coiner of language.

A Fish With False Teeth

CAP WILSON, the inventor of as many different kinds of spoons as there are fish that will take them, has discovered a new lure for catfish. He was on an outing among the sloughs of the Sacramento River when one of his companions found him on the deck of his launch, roaring loudly.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Matter! Huh? There's a twenty-dollar catfish down under this boat—an' I'm agoin' to get him if I have to seine him out!"

"How do you figure a catfish worth twenty dollars?"

"Thisaway: I was standin' right here a-cleanin' my new set of false teeth when he come up to the top, looked at me an' opened his mouth. I grabbed for the boathook to gaff him—an' dropped the teeth. Plump they went, right square into his mouth! Now he's down there crackin' crabs with my teeth—an' I got to eat clam chowder outen a salmon spoon!"

There Were Others

IN THE old Fourth Ward of New York, where there was a big Irish population, there used to be a character who lived off of wakes. He watched the papers for death notices; and when a death occurred in his neighborhood he would put on his shabby best, drop round to the house of mourning, weep over the bier, even though the deceased had been a total stranger to him, extol the virtues of the departed—and then eat and drink until he could hold no more.

One night, according to Dick Malloy, the Tammany politician, the old chap reached a wake. He walked in with leaky eyes, to be met by the two stalwart sons of the dead man.

"You didn't know our father and he didn't know you," they told him. "You only came to get some free drinks. Now you get out or we'll throw you out!"

The old man got out; but at the door he paused for a parting shot.

"I'd have you know," he said, addressing the coffined form, "that you're not the only corpse in New York tonight! There are others—and a blamed sight better-lookin' wans too!"

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